

Bell's Edition

OF

SHAKSPERE.

THE CHURCH

THE CHURCH

THE
DRAMATICK WRITINGS
OF
WILL. SHAKSPERE,

With the Notes of all the various Commentators;

PRINTED COMPLETE FROM THE BEST EDITIONS OF

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS.

Volume the Tenth.

CONTAINING
MACBETH.
KING JOHN.

L O N D O N :

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M D C C L X X X V I I I .

BRAMMACK WRITINGS

WILL. SHAKSPERE

Printed by the University of Cambridge Press

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MACBETH,

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Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

4

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of

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WILLIAM

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Printed by the University Press

Cambridge

1894

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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE *Fable* AND *Composition* OF

MACBETH.

IN order to make a true estimate of the abilities and merit of a writer, it is always necessary to examine the genius of his age, and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents, would be censured as transgressing the bounds of probability, be banished from the theatre to the nursery, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies; but a survey of the notions that prevailed at the time when this play was written, will prove that Shakspeare was in no danger of such censures, since he only turned the system that was then universally admitted, to his advantage, and was far from overburthening the credulity of his audience.

The reality of witchcraft or enchantment, which, though not strictly the same, are confounded in this play, has in all ages and countries been credited by the common people, and in most, by the learned themselves. The phantoms have indeed appeared more frequently, in proportion as the darkness of ignorance has been more gross; but it cannot be shown, that the brightest gleams of knowledge have at any time been sufficient to drive them out of the world. The time in which this kind of credulity was at its height, seems to have been that of the holy war, in which the Christians imputed all their defeats to enchantments or diabolical opposition, as they ascribed their success to the assistance of their military saints; and the learned Dr. Warburton appears to believe (*Suppl. to the Introduction*

to *Don Quixote*) that the first accounts of enchantments were brought into this part of the world by those who returned from their eastern expeditions. But there is always some distance between the birth and maturity of folly as of wickedness: this opinion had long existed, though perhaps the application of it had in no foregoing age been so frequent, nor the reception so general. Olympiodorus, in Photius's extracts, tells us of one Libanius, who practised this kind of military magic, and having promised *χωρίς ὀπλιτῶν κατὰ βαρβάρων ἐνεργεῖν*, to perform great things against the Barbarians without soldiers, was, at the instance of the empress Placidia, put to death, when he was about to have given proofs of his abilities. The empress shewed some kindness in her anger, by cutting him off at a time so convenient for his reputation.

But a more remarkable proof of the antiquity of this notion may be found in St. Chrysostom's book *de Sacerdotio*, which exhibits a scene of enchantments not exceeded by any romance of the middle age: he supposes a spectator overlooking a field of battle attended by one that points out all the various objects of horror, the engines of destruction, and the arts of slaughter. *Δεικνύτο δὲ ἔτι παρὰ τοῖς ἐναντίοις καὶ πιτομένους ἵππους διὰ τινος μαγανείας, καὶ ὀπλίτας δὲ αἴρος φερομένους, καὶ πάσῃ ληπτείας δύναμιν καὶ ἰδίαν.* Let him then proceed to shew him in the opposite armies horses flying by enchantment, armed men transported through the air, and every power and form of magic. Whether St. Chrysostom believed that such performances were really to be seen in a day of battle, or only endeavoured to enliven his description, by adopting the notions of the vulgar, it is equally certain, that such notions were in his time received, and that therefore they were not imported from the Saracens in a later age; the wars with the Saracens, however, gave occasion to their propagation, not only as bigotry naturally discovers prodigies,

prodigies, but as the scene of action was removed to a great distance.

The Reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian, and though day was gradually increasing upon us, the goblins of witchcraft still continued to hover in the twilight. In the time of queen Elizabeth was the remarkable trial of the witches of Warbois, whose conviction is still commemorated in an annual sermon at Huntingdon. But in the reign of king James, in which this tragedy was written, many circumstances concurred to propagate and confirm this opinion. The king, who was much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in England, not only examined in person a woman accused of witchcraft, but had given a very formal account of the practices and illusions of evil spirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies used by them, the manner of detecting them, and the justice of punishing them, in his dialogues of *Dæmonologie*, written in the Scottish dialect, and published at Edinburgh. This book was, soon after his accession, reprinted at London; and as the ready way to gain king James's favour was to flatter his speculations, the system of *Dæmonologie* was immediately adopted by all who desired either to gain preferment or not to lose it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as the greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion, it cannot be doubted but this persuasion made a rapid progress, since vanity and credulity co-operated in its favour. The infection soon reached the parliament, who, in the first year of king James, made a law by which it was enacted, chap. xii. That "if any person shall use any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit; 2. or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward any evil or cursed spirit to or for any intent or purpose; 3. or take up any dead man, woman, or child

child out of the grave,—or the skin, bone, or any part of the dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 4. or shall use, practise, or exercise any sort of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 5. whereby any person shall be destroyed, killed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in any part of the body; 6. That every such person being convicted shall suffer death." This law was repealed in our own time.

Thus, in the time of Shakspeare, was the doctrine of witchcraft at once established by law and by the fashion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal, to doubt it; and as prodigies are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some places, that bishop Hall mentions a village in Lancashire, where their number was greater than that of the houses. The Jesuits and sectaries took advantage of this universal error, and endeavoured to promote the interest of their parties by pretended cures of persons afflicted by evil spirits; but they were detected and exposed by the clergy of the established church.

Upon this general infatuation Shakspeare might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he has followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting. JOHNSON.

It may be worth while to remark, that Milton, who left behind him a list of no less than CII. dramatic subjects, had fixed on the story of this play among the rest. His intention was to have begun with the arrival of Malcolm at Macduff's castle. "The matter of Duncan (says he) may be expressed by the appearing of his ghost." It should seem from this last memorandum, that Milton disliked the licence that his predecessor

predecessor had taken in comprehending a history of such length within the short compass of a play, and would have new-written the whole on the plan of the ancient drama. He could not surely have indulged so vain a hope, as that of excelling Shakspeare in the *Tragedy of Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

Macbeth was certainly one of Shakspeare's latest productions, and it might possibly have been suggested to him by a little performance on the same subject at Oxford, before king James, 1605. I will transcribe my notice of it from *Wake's Rex. Platonius*: "Fabulæ ansam dedit antiqua de Regiâ prosapiâ historiola apud Scoto-Britannos celebrata, quæ narrat tres olim Sibyllas occurrisse duobus Scotiæ proceribus, Macbetho et Ban-choni, et illum predixisse Regem futurum, sed Regem nullum geniturum; hunc Regem non futurum, sed Reges geniturum multos. Vaticinii veritatem rerum eventus comprobavit. Ban-chonis enim è stirpe Potentissimus Jacobus oriundus." p. 29.

Since I made the observation here quoted, I have been repeatedly told, that I *unwittingly* make Shakspeare learned at least in Latin, as this must have been the language of the performance before king James. One might perhaps have plausibly said, that he probably picked up the story at *second-hand*; but mere accident has thrown an old pamphlet in my way, intitled *The Oxford Triumph*, by one Anthony Nixon, 1605, which explains the whole matter: "This performance, says Anthony, was first in Latine to the kinge, then in English to the queene and young prince;" and, 'as he goes on to tell us, "the conceipt thereof, the kinge did very much applaude." It is likely that the friendly letter, which we are informed king James once wrote to Shakspeare, was on this occasion. FARMER.

This play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fictions, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action, but it has no nice discriminations of character; the events are too great

to admit the influence of particular dispositions, and the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents.

The danger of ambition is well described ; and I know not whether it may not be said in defence of some parts which now seem improbable, that, in Shakspeare's time, it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions.

The passions are directed to their true end. Lady Macbeth is merely detested ; and though the courage of Macbeth preserves some esteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall. JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

MALCOLM,

DONALBAIN,

MACBETH,

BANQUO,

LENOX,

MACDUFF,

ROSSE,

MENTETH,

ANGUS,

CATHNESS,

FLEANCE, *Son to Banquo.*

SIWARD, *General of the English Forces.*

Young SIWARD, *his Son.*

SEYTON, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*

Son to Macduff. An English Doctor, A Scotch Doctor.

A Captain. A Porter. An old Man.

WOMEN.

Lady MACBETH.

Lady MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE, *and three Witches.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE, *in the end of the fourth act, lies in England ; through the rest of the play, in Scotland, and chiefly at Macbeth's castle.*



MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 Witch.

WHEN shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 Witch. When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won:

3 Witch. That will be ere th' set of sun.

1 Witch. Where the place?

2 Witch. Upon the heath:

3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

1 Witch. I come, Gray-malkin!

All. Paddock calls:—Anon.—

10

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

B

SCENE

SCENE II.

Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou did'st leave it.

20

Cap. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonel
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him), from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Shew'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion, carved out his passage,
'Till he fac'd the slave:
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
'Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chops;

And

And fix'd his head upon our battlements,

King. Oh, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Cap. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion,
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break; 40
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels;
But the Norway lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault,

King. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Cap. Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As canons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell:

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help. 59

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy
wounds;
They smack of honour both:—Go, get him surgeons,

Enter ROSSE.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthythane of Rosse.

B ij

Len.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes? So
should he look,
That seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king!

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold. 70
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict:
'Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and to conclude,
The victory fell on us;—

King. Great happiness!

Rosse. That now 80
Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
'Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

King. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest.—Go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been sister? 90

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuds in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht:—*Give*
me, quoth I.

Aroint thee, Witch! the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tyger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind. 100

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;
And the very points they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid,
He shall live a man forbid: 110

Weary seven-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet

Yet it shall be tempest-toſt.

Look what I have.

2 *Witch*. Shew me, shew me.

1 *Witch*. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come. [*Drum within*.]

3 *Witch*. A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come. 120

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Mac. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores?—What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth, 130
And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand
me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Mac. Speak, if you can;—what are you?

1 *Witch*. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of
Glamis!

2 *Witch*.

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter. 140

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth, Are ye fantastical, or that indeed Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner You greet with present grace, and great prediction Of noble having, and of royal hope, That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not: If you can look into the seeds of time, And say, which grain will grow, and which will not; Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear, 150 Your favours, nor you hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none: So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail! 159

Mac. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more: By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis; But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives, A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king, Stands not within the prospect of belief, No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence You owe this strange intelligence? or why

Upon

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
 With such prophetick greeting?—Speak, I charge
 you. *[Witches vanish.]*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has, 169
 And these are of them :—Whither are they vanish'd ?

Mac. Into the air ; and what seem'd corporal,
 melted

As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid !

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about ?
 Or have we eaten of the insane root,
 That takes the reason prisoner ?

Mac. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Mac. And thane of Cawdor too ; went it not so ?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's
 here ?

Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth, 180
 The news of thy success : and when he reads
 Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,
 His wonders and his praises do contend,
 Which should be thine, or his : Silenc'd with that,
 In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
 He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
 Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
 Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
 Came post with post ; and every one did bear
 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence, 190
 And pour'd them down before him.

Ang.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true? 200

Mac. The thane of Cawdor lives: Why do you
dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him. 210

Mac. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths; 220

Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—Cousins, a word I pray
you.

Mac. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act,
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I amthane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion 230
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Mac. If chance will have me king, why, chance
may crown me, 240

Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Mac. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Mac.

Mac. Give me your favour :—my dull brain was wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn 250
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd ; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Mac. 'Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Flourish. Enter King, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,
LENOX, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor ? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd ?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke 260
With one that saw him die : who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons ;
Implor'd your highness' pardon ; and set forth
A deep repentance : nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it ; he dy'd
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Cij

King.

King. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face ; 270
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin !

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me : thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompence is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd ;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine ! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Mac. The service and the loyalty I owe, 280
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties : and our duties
Are to your throne, and state, children, and servants ;
Which do but what they should, by doing every
thing

Safe toward your love and honour.

King. Welcome hither :
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee, 290
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves

In

In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must 300
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness
And bind us further to you.

Mac. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor! 309

Mac. The prince of Cumberland!—That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [*Aside.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

King. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.* 320

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter MACBETH's Wife alone, with a Letter.

Lady.—*They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them further, they made themselves—air, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hail'd me, Thane of Cawdor; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with, Hail, king that shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

333

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
 What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy nature;
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
 To catch the nearest way: thou would'st be great;
 Art not without ambition; but without
 The illness should attend it. What thou would'st
 highly,

339

That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
 And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'd'st have, great
 Glamis,

That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it;*
 And that which rather thou do'st fear to do,

Than

Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your tidings?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The king comes here to-night. 350

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it:

Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mes. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,
[*Exit Mes.*]

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan. 360
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances 370

You

You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night;
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, *Hold, hold!*—Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present time, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Mac. My dearest love, 330
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Mac. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. Oh, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters:—To beguile the time,
Look like the time; 'bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming 390
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Mac. We will speak further.

Lady. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear;
Leave all the rest to me. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, and Attendants.

King. This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself 400
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here : no jutty frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle :
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

King. See, see ! our honour'd hostess ! — 410
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house : for those of old,
D And

And the late dignities heap'd up to them, 420
We rest your hermits.

King. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us: fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in
compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure, 430
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

Hautboys and Torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with Dishes and Service over the Stage. Then enter MACBETH.

Mac. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere
well

It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might

Might be the be-all and the end-all here, 449
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
 We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
 We still have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor: this even-handed Justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door, 452
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off:
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only 461
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
 And falls on the other.—How now! what news?

Enter Lady.

Lady. He has almost supp'd; why have you left
 the chamber?

Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?

Dij

Lady.

Lady. Know you not, he has?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

471

Lady. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? from this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

480

Mac. Pr'ythee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady. What beast was it then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place, 490
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness
now

Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:

I would,

I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out,—had I but so sworn
As you have done, to this.

Mac. If we should fail,—

Lady. We fail!

500

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him, his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon 510
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Mac. Bring forth men-children only!

For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
'That they have don't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,

520

As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Mac. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.

Away,

Away, and mock the time with fairest show :
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act II. SCENE I.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE, with a Torch before him.

Banquo.

How goes the night, boy.

Fle. The moon is down ; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword :—There's husbandry
in heaven,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep : Merciful powers !

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature 9

Gives way to in repose !—Give me my sword ;—

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a Torch.

Who's there ?

Mac. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest ? the king's a-bed :

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

Sent forth great largess to your officers :

This diamond he greets your wife withal,

By the name of most kind hostess ; and shut up

In measureless content.

Mac.

Mac. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect ; 20
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters :
To you they have shew'd some truth.

Mac. I think not of them :
Yet, when we can intreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Mac. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you. 31

Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.

Mac. Good repose, the while !
Ban. Thanks, sir ; the like to you ! [*Exit BANQUO.*]

Mac. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Ser.*]
Is this a dagger, which I see before me, 40
The handle toward my hand ? Come, let me clutch
thee :——

I have thee not ; and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight ? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind ; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As

As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use. 56
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf, 60
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—While I threat, he lives.
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[A Bell rings.]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell 70
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath
made me bold;

What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—

Hark!—Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,

Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms

Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd
their possets

That death and nature do contend about them,

Whether they live, or die.

Mac. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho! 80

Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,

And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,

Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,

He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled

My father as he slept, I had don't.—My husband?

Enter MACBETH.

Mac. I have done the deed:—Didst thou not hear
a noise?

Lady. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Mac. When?

Lady. Now. 90

Mac. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

E

Mac.

Mac. Hark!—Who liest' the second chamber?

Lady. Donalbain.

Mac. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*]

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Mac. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one
cry'd, *murder!*

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard
them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep. 100

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Mac. One cry'd, *God bless us!* and, *Amen*, the
other;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear. I could not say, *amen*,
When they did say, *God bless us*.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce, *amen*?
I had most need of blessing, and *amen*
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought 110
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Mac. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast;——

Lady. What do you mean?

Mac. Still it cry'd, *Sleep no more!* to all the house:

Glamis

S. H. A. K. E. R. E.



MACKBETH.

*I'll go no more
Look on't again. I dare not.*

Act 3

Scene 4

P. I. de Loutherbourg Inveni.

F. Bartolucci Sculp.

Printed for J. Bell, British Library Strand London Aug^r 9th 1784.

*Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!* 120

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? Why, worthy
thane,

You do unbrace your noble strength, to think
So brain sickly of things.—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Mac. I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not. 130

Lady. Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,

For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Mac. Whence is that knocking?

How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood 141
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking [*Knock.*]

Eij

At

Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor 120
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? Why, worthy
thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things:—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Mac. I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done; 130
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Mac. Whence is that knocking!

How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood 141
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking [*Knock.*]

E i j

At

At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber :
 A little water clears us of this deed :
 How easy is it then ? Your constancy
 Hath left you unattended.—Hark ! more knocking :
[*Knock.*

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us, 151
 And shew us to be watchers:—Be not lost
 So poorly in your thoughts.

Mac. To know my deed,—’twere best not know
 myself. [*Knock.*

Wake Duncan with thy knocking ! I would, thou
 could’s’t ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter a Porter.

[*Knocking within.*] *Port.* Here’s a knocking indeed !
 If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old
 turning the key. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock :
 Who’s there, i’ the name of Belzebub ? Here’s a far-
 mer, that hang’d himself on the expectation of plenty :
 come in time ; have napkins enough about you ; here
 you’ll sweat for’t. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock : Who’s
 there, i’ the other devil’s name ? ’Faith, here’s an
 equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against
 either scale ; who committed treason enough for God’s
 sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven : oh, come
 in, equivocator. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock :
 Who’s there ? ’Faith, here’s an English taylor come
 hither,

hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, taylor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose-way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knock*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. 176

Enter MACDUFF, and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to-bed, That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing 'till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off: it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i'the very throat o'me: but I requited him for his lie; and I think, being too

too strong for him, though he took up my legs
sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes. 200

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Enter MACBETH.

Mac. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Mac. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipt the hour.

Mac. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.

Mac. The labour we delight in, physicks pain. 210
This is the doqr.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit MACDUFF.*

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Mac. He does: he did appoint so,

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death;
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events, 220
New hatch'd to the woeful time: the obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night: some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

Mac. 'Twas a rough night.

Len.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Mac. and Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope 231
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Mac. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!

[Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX.]

Ring the alarm bell:—Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake! 240
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror!—Ring the bell.

Bell rings. Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak.—

Macd. O, gentle lady,

'Tis

'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak : 250
 The repetition in a woman's ear,
 Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo ! Banquo !

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal master's murder'd !

Lady. Woe, alas !

What, in our house ?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.—

Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
 And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH, and LENOX.

Mac. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
 I had liv'd a blessed time ; for, from this instant,
 There's nothing serious in mortality : 261
 All is but toys : renown, and grace, is dead :
 The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
 Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM, and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss ?

Mac. You are, and do not know it :
 The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
 Is stopt ; the very source of it is stopt.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom ? 270

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had don't :
 Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
 So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
 Upon

Upon their pillows; they star'd, and were distracted;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Mac. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Mac. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and
furious,

Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man: 280

The expedition of my violent love

Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,

His silver-skin lac'd with his golden blood;

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,

For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers

Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage, to make his love known?

Lady. Help me hence, ho! 290

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:— 300
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,

And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us :
In the great hand of God I stand ; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Mac. And so do I.

All. So all.

Mac. Let's briefly put on manly readiness, 310
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented. [*Exeunt.*

Mal. What will you do ? Let's not consort with them :
To shew an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy : I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I ; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer : where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles : the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot, 320
Hath not yet lighted ; and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse ;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away : there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Rosse, with an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well :
Within the volume of which time, I have seen

Hours

Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father, 330
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd. 340

Rosse. And Duncan's horses (a thing most strange,
and certain),
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine
eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Mac-
duff:

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not? 350

Rosse. Is't known, who did this more than bloody
deed?

Fij

Macd.

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled: which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:

Thrifless ambition, that will ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill;
The sacred store-house of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

370

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there;
—adieu!—

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse. Farewel, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter BANQUO.

THOU hast it now ; King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
 As the weird women promis'd ; and, I fear,
 Thou playd'st most foully for't : yet it was said,
 It should not stand in thy posterity ;
 But that myself should be the root, and father
 Of many kings : if there come truth from them,
 (As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine)
 Why, by the verities on thee made good,
 May they not be my oracles as well,
 And set me up in hope ? but, hush ; no more. 10

Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH as King ; Lady MACBETH, LENOX, ROSSE, Lords, and Attendants.

Mac. Here's our chief guest.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,
 It had been as a gap in our great feast,
 And all things unbecoming.

Mac. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
 And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your highness'
 Command upon me ; to the which, my duties
 Are with a most indissoluble tye
 For ever knit. 20

Mac. Ride you this afternoon ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Mac. We should have else desir'd your good advice
 (Which

(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council ; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride ?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper : go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour or twain. 30

Mac. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Mac. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland ; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention : but of that to-morrow ;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse : Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord : our time does call upon us.

Mac. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot ; 41
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewel. ——— [Exit BANQUO.

Let every man be master of his time
'Till seven at night ; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
'Till supper-time alone : while then, God be with you.

[Exeunt Lady MACBETH, and Lords.

Sirrah, a word with you : attend those men our pleasure ?

Ser. They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.

Mac. Bring them before us. — To be thus is nothing ; [Exit Servant. 50

But

But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo
 Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
 Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;
 And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
 He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
 To act in safety. There is none, but he,
 Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
 My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
 Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
 When first they put the name of king upon me, 60
 And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
 For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel 70
 Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
 Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
 And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?—

Re-enter Servant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Servant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Mac.

Mac. Well then, now
 Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
 That it was he, in the times past, which held you 80
 So under fortune; which, you thought had been
 Our innocent self: this I made good to you
 In our last conference, past in probation with you;
 How you were borne in hand; how cros't; the instru-
 ments;
 Who wrought with them; and all things else, that
 might,
 To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd
 Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 Mur. You made it known to us.

Mac. I did so; and went further, which is now
 Our point of second meeting. Do you find 90
 Your patience so predominant in your nature,
 That you can let this go? Are you so gospel'd,
 To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
 Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
 And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 Mur. We are men, my liege.

Mac. Ay, in the catalogue you go for men;
 As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,
 Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
 All by the name of dogs; the valued file 100
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
 The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
 According to the gift which bounteous nature
 Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
 Particular addition, from the bill

That

That writes them all alike : and so of men.
 Now, if you have a station in the file,
 Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it ;
 And I will put that business in your bosoms,
 Whose execution takes your enemy off ;
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
 Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
 Which in his death were perfect.

110

2 Mur. I am one, my liege,
 Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
 Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
 I do, to spite the world.

1 Mur. And I another,
 So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
 That I would set my life on any chance,
 To mend it, or be rid on't.

120

Mac. Both of you
 Know, Banquo was your enemy.

Mur. True, my lord.

Mac. So is he mine : and in such bloody distance,
 That every minute of his being thrusts
 Against my near'st of life : and though I could
 With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
 And bid my will avouch it ; yet I must not,
 For certain friends that are both his and mine,
 Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall,
 Whom I myself struck down : and thence it is,
 That I to your assistance do make love ;
 Masking the business from the common eye,
 For sundry weighty reasons.

130

G

Mur.

Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 Mur. Though our lives——

Mac. Your spirits shine through you. Within this
hour, at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves; 140

Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,

The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,

And something from the palace; always thought,

That I require a clearness: and with him,

(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work)

Fleance his son, that keeps him company,

Whose absence is no less material to me

Than is his father's, must embrace the fate

Of that dark hour: resolve yourselves apart;

I'll come to you anon. 150

Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Mac. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.

It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,

If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Lady MACBETH, and a Servant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam; but returns again to-night.

Lady. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*

Lady:

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent, 160
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Mac. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it,
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth. 171
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds
suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.—Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

Lady. Come on; gentle my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.

Mac. So shall I, love;

Gij

And

And so, I pray, be you : let your remembrance
 Apply to Banquo ; present him eminence, both
 With eye and tongue : unsafe the while, that we
 Must lave our honours in these flattering streams ;
 And make our faces vizards to our hearts, 191
 Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leave this.

Mac. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife !
 Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Mac. There's comfort yet, they are assailable ;
 Then be thou jocund : ere the bat hath flown
 His cloister'd flight ; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
 The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums, 200
 Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
 A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done ?

Mac. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
 'Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
 Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day ;
 And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
 Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
 Which keeps me pale !—Light thickens, and the crow
 Makes wing to the rooky wood : 210
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse ;
 While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
 Thou marvell'st at my words : but hold thee still ;
 Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill :
 So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just. 220

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.

[*Banquo within.*] Give us a light there, ho!

2 *Mur.* Then it is he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' the court. 230

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE, with a Torch.

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.*

1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [*They assault BANQUO.*]

Ban. Oh, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou may'st revenge.——Oh slave! 241

[*Dies.* FLEANCE escapes,

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the son is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is
done. } [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, Lady, ROSSE,
LENOX, Lords, and Attendants.*

Mac. You know your own degrees, sit down: at
first,

And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Mac. Ourselves will mingle with society, 250

And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,

We will require her welcome.

Lady. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the Door.

Mac. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks:——

Both

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

260

Mac. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him:

Mac. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's
good,

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the non-parcail.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

Mac. Then comes my fit again: I had else been per-
fect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock; 270
As broad, and general, as the casing air:
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Mac. Thanks for that:—

There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.* 281

Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd while 'tis a making,

'Tis

'Tis given with welcome : to feed, were best at home ;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony ;
Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghost of BANQUO, and 'sits in MACBETH's Place.

Mac. Sweet remembrancer !—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both !

290

Len. May it please your highness sit.

Mac. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present ;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance !

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company ?

Mac. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

300

Mac. Where ?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves
your highness ?

Mac. Which of you have done this ?

Lords. What, my good lord ?

Mac. Thou can'st not say, I did it : never shake
Thy goary locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise ; his highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friends :—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth : pray you, keep seat ;
The fit is momentary ; upon a thought

310

He

He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Mac. Ay, and a bold one; that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady. O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn-dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear) would well become 320
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Mac. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how
say you?—

Why, what care I? If thou can'st nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back; our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

Lady. What! quite unmann'd in folly? 330

Mac. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie, for shame!

Mac. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden
time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,

H

With

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools : this is more strange
Than such a murder is. 341

Lady. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Mac. I do forget :—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends ;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all ;
Then I'll sit down :—Give me some wine, fill full :—
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Re-enter Ghost.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss ;
Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst, 351
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties and the pledge.

Mac. Avant ! and quit my sight ! Let the earth
hide thee !

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with !

Lady. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom : 'tis no other ;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time. 360

Mac. What man dare, I dare :
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tyger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble : Or, be alive again,

And

And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit, then protest me
The baby of a girl? Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still. 379

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the
good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

Mac. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheek,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord? 380

Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and
worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady. A kind good night to all! [*Exeunt Lords.*]

Mac. It will have blood, they say; blood will have
blood:

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have 390
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Hij

Lady.

Lady. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Mac. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,

At our great bidding?

Lady. Did you send to him, sir?

Mac. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(And betimes I will) unto the weird sisters: 400
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Mac. Come, we'll to sleep: my strange and self-
abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use: — 410

We are yet but young in deed. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting HECATE.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecat'? you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare

To

To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
 In riddles, and affairs of death;
 And I, the mistress of your charms,
 The close contriver of all harms,
 Was never call'd to bear my part,
 Or shew the glory of our art? 429
 And, which is worse, all you have done,
 Hath been but for a wayward son,
 Spightful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
 Loves for his own ends, not for you.
 But make amends now: get you gone,
 And at the pit of Acheron
 Meet me i' the morning; thither he
 Will come to know his destiny.
 Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
 Your charms, and every thing beside: 439
 I am for the air; this night I'll spend
 Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
 Great business must be wrought ere noon:
 Upon the corner of the moon
 There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
 And that, distill'd by magic slights,
 Shall raise such artificial sprights,
 As, by the strength of their illusion,
 Shall draw him on to his confusion: 449
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
 And you all know, security
 Is mortals' chiefest enemy, [Musick and a Song.
 Hark,

Hark, I am call'd ; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[*Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.*

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be
back again. [Exeunt,

SCENE VI.

Enter LENOX, and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your
thoughts,
Which can interpret further : only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne : the gracious
Duncan 450
Was pitied of Macbeth :—marry, he was dead :—
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late ;
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father ? damned fact !
How it did grieve Macbeth ! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep ?
Was not that nobly done ? ay, and wisely too ; 461
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well : and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key

(As,

(As, an't please heaven, he shall not), they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he
fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell 470
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect: thither Macduff is gone
To pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these (with Him above 480
To ratify the work) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy messenger turns me his back, 490
And hums; as who should say, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance

His

His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
 Fly to the court of England, and unfold
 His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
 May soon return to this our suffering country,
 Under a hand accurs'd!

499

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.*

THrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3 *Witch.* Harper cries:—'tis time, 'tis time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;

In the poison'd entrails throw.—

Toad, that under the cold stone,

Days and nights hast thirty-one,

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

All. Double, double toil and trouble; 10

Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

1 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake:

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,

Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

20

3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy: maw, and gulf,
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew:
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tyger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

30

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, and other three Witches.

Hec. Oh, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

40

MUSICK and a SONG.

Black spirits and white,

Blue spirits and grey;

Mingle, mingle, mingle,

You that mingle may.

1

2 Witch.

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
 Something wicked this way comes :
 Open, locks, whoever knocks.

50

Enter MACBETH.

Mac. How now, you secret, black, and midnight
 hags ?

What is't you do ?

All. A deed without a name.

Mac. I conjure you by that which you profess,
 (Howe'er you come to know it) answer me :
 Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
 Against the churches ; though the yesty waves
 Confound and swallow navigation up ;
 Though bladed corn be lodg'd ; and trees blown
 down ;

Though castles topple on their warder's heads ; 60
 Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
 Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasure
 Of nature's germins tumble all together,
 Even 'till destruction sicken, answer me
 To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'd'st rather hear it from our
 mouths,

Or from our masters' ?

70

Mac. Call them, let me see them.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten

Her

Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibber, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly show. [Thunder.

1st Apparition, an armed Head.

Mac. Tell me, thou unknown pow'r,—

1 Witch. He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought. 80

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware
Macduff;

Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me :—Enough.
[Descends.

Mac. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright :—But one word
more—

1 Witch. He will not be commanded: here's ano-
ther,
More potent than the first. [Thunder,

2d Apparition, a bloody Child.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Mac. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to scorn
The power of man; for none of woman born 90
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends,

Mac. Then live, Macduff, what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,

Iij

And

And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spight of thunder.—What is this,

[*Thunder.*

3d Apparition, a Child crowned, with a Tree in his Hand.

That rises like the issue of a king ;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty ?

All. Listen, but speak not to't. 100

App. Be lion-mettled, proud ; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are :
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

Mac. That will never be ;
Who can impress the forest ; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root ? sweet bodements ! good !
Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth 110
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing ; tell me (if your art
Can tell so much), shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom ?

All. Seek to know no more.

Mac. I will be satisfy'd : deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you ! let me know :—
Why sinks that cauldron ? and what noise is this ?

[*Hautboys.*

1 Witch.

1 *Witch.* Shew!

120

2 *Witch.* Shew!

3 *Witch.* Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

[*A shew of eight Kings, and BANQUO; the last
with a Glass in his Hand.*]

Mac. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—And thy air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags:
Why do you shew me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the li e stretch out to the crack of
doom?—

130

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shews me many more: and some I see,
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry;
Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What? is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so:—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,

140

And shew the best of our delights;

I'll charm the air to give a sound,

While you perform your antique round:

That this great king may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Musick.*

[*The Witches dance and vanish.*

Mac,

Mac. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious
hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar! —

Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Mac. Saw you the weird sisters?

150

Len. No, my lord.

Mac. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Mac. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you
word,

Macduff is fled to England.

Mac. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

160

Mac. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits;
The flighty purpose never is o'er-took,
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and
done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;

This

This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool : 171
 But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
 Come, bring me where they are. • [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter MACDUFF's Wife, her Son, and ROSSE.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the
 land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:

His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
 Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,

Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear. 180

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his
 babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place
 From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
 He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
 The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
 Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
 All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
 As little is the wisdom, where the flight
 So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz',

190

I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband
 He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
 The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:

But

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin, 201
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [Exit ROSSE.]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies? 210

Son. With what I get I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net nor
lime,

The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are
not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a
father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any
market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet
'ifaith,

220

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor, and
must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and
lie?

230

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for
there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest
men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! but
how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you
would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly
have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,

K

Be

Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve
you! 250

I dare abide no longer. [Exit Messenger.

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm?—What are these
faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified, 260
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg?

Young fry of treachery?

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:

Run away, I pray you.

[Exit *L. MACDUFF*, crying Murder.

SCENE

SCENE III.

England. Enter MALCOLM, and MACDUFF,

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and
there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather

270

Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our down-falln birthdom: Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;

What know, believe; and, what I can redress,

As I shall find the time to friend, I will.

What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,

Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but

something

283

You may deserve of him through me: and wisdom

To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,

To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil,

K ij

In

In an imperial charge, but I shall crave your
pardon; 290

That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of
grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my
doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife, and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of
love)

Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours, 300
But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!

Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee!—Wear thou thy
wrongs,

His title is affear'd!—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended: 310

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,

There

There would be hands uplifted in my right ;
 And here, from gracious England, have I offer
 Of goodly thousands : but, for all this,
 When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
 Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
 Shall have more vices than it had before ; 320
 More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
 By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be ?

Mal. It is myself I mean : in whom I know
 All the particulars of vice so grafted,
 That when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
 Will seem as pure as snow ; and the poor state
 Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
 With my confineless harms. 330

Macd. Not in the legions
 Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd,
 In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
 Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
 Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
 That has a name : But there's no bottom, none,
 In my voluptuousness : your wives, your daughters,
 Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
 The cistern of my lust ; and my desire
 • All continent impediments would o'er-bear, 340
 That did oppose my will : better Macbeth,
 Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
 In nature is a tyranny : it hath been

The

The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
 And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
 To take upon you what is yours: you may
 Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
 And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
 We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
 That vulture in you, to devour so many 351
 As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
 Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this there grows,
 In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
 A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
 I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
 Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
 And my more-having would be as a sauce
 To make me hunger more; that I should forge 369
 Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
 Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
 Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
 Than summer-seeming lust: and it hath been
 The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
 Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will,
 Of your mere own: all these are portable,
 With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming
 graces, 370
 As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
 Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
 Devotion,

Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:

I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!

No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd every day she liv'd. Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains, hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above

Deal

Deal between thee and me! for even now
 I put myself to thy direction, and
 Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet
 Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
 At no time broke my faith; would not betray 410
 The devil to his fellow; and delight
 No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
 Was this upon myself: What I am truly,
 Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
 Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
 Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
 All ready at a point, was setting forth:
 Now we'll together; and the chance, of goodness,
 Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?
Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
 'Tis hard to reconcile. 421

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I
 pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched
 souls,

That stay his cure: their malady convinces
 The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
 Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
 They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

[*Exit.*

Macd.

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil :

430

A most miraculous work in this good king ;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures ;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks ;
Put on with holy prayers : and 'tis spoken ;
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy ;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne ;
That speak him full of grace.

441

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here ?

Mal. My countryman ; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now : good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers !

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did ?

450

Rosse. Alas, poor country ;
Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave : where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to-smile ;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the
air,

L

Are

Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy : the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom ; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken. 460

Macd. Oh, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true !

Mal. What is the newest grief ?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker ;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife ?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children ?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ?

Rosse. No ; they were all at peace, when I did leave
them. 471

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech ; how goes it ?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out ;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot :
Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses. 480

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither : gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men ;
An older, and a better soldier, none

That

That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not catch them.

Macd. What concern they? 490
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard. 500

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd; your wife, and
babes,
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too? 510

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!

Lij

My

My wife kill'd too ?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted :

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones ?
Did you say, all ?—Oh, hell-kite !—All ? 520
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop ?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so ;

But I must also feel it as a man :

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part ? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee ! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine, 530
Fell slaughter on their souls : Heaven rest them now !

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword : let grief
Convert to anger ; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. Oh, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue !—But, gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission ; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself ;
Within my sword's length set him ; if he 'scape,
Heaven, forgive him too !

Mal. This tune goes manly. 540

Come, go we to the king ; our power is ready ;
Our lack is nothing but our leave : Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above

Put

Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you
may;

The night is long, that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doctor.

I HAVE two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep. 9

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech, 19

Enter

Enter Lady MACBETH, with a Taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise;
and upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand
close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her
continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she
rubs her hands. 29

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem
thus washing her hands; I have known her continue
in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what
comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more
strongly.

Lady. Out, damned spot! out I say!—One; Two;
Why, then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is murky!—
Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afraid? what need
we fear who knows it, when none can call our power
to account?—Yet who would have thought the old
man to have had so much blood in him? 42

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she
now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—
No more o' that my lord, no more o' that: you mar
all with this starting.

Doct.

Enter Lady Marcella, and a Zepher.

Lady. Here she comes! This is the very guise;
and every ray has but a sleep. Observe her; stand
close.

Doct. How can she be so fair?
Lady. Every ray seems to love her; she has light by her
side, and yet she is so pale.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Lady. Ay, but they seem so dead.

Doct. What is it she says? Look, how she
runs her hands—

Lady. It is an act of piety, with her, to wash
thus washing her hands, she has known her own
mind a quarter of an hour.

Doct. Yet here's a spot.

Lady. Here, she speaks: I set down what
comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more
strongly.

Doct. Out, out, you say, but I say—O, O, O,
what, then, do I have to do? Is it my duty?—
No, my lord, no, it is a soldier's duty; what need
we fear who know it? When none can give our power
to account?—Yet who would have thought the old
man to have had so much blood in him?—

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The theme of life has a while, where is she
now?—What, what, these hands, are they dead?—
No more is that my lord, no more is that, you may
all with this starting.

Doct.

Act 5.

MACBETH.

Line 33.



J. Rhamberg del.

D. Lewis sc.

MR. SIDDONS in LADY MACBETH.

Yet here's a Spot.

Printed for John Bell, British Library London: Aug^t 26. 1784.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she hath known. 51

Lady. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God, it be, sir.

60

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; what's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit Lady.]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

72

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.—

God,

God, God; forgive us all! Look after her;
 Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
 And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night: 89
 My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight:
 I think; but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Drum and Colours. Enter MENTETH, CATHNESS,
 ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
 His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
 Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes
 Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,
 Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
 Shall we well meet them; that way are they
 coming. 90

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his
 brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
 Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,
 And many unrough youths, that even now
 Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
 Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
 Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,

He

He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule. 100

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands ;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love : now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start, 110
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd :
Meet we the medecin of the sickly weal ;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. 120

[*Exeunt marching.*]

SCENE III.

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Mac. Bring me no more reports ; let them fly all :
'Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm ?

M

Was

Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
 All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd me thus:
*Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,
 Shall e'er have power upon thee.*—Then fly, false
 thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures:
 The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
 Shall never sagg with doubt, nor shake with fear. 130

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
 Where got'st thou that goose look?

Ser. There is ten thousand—

Mac. Geese, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, sir.

Mac. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
 Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
 Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
 Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Ser. The English force, so please you. 140

Mac. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick
 at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
 Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.

I have liv'd long enough: my May of life
 Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have; but in their stead,
 Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
 Which

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton! —

151

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Mac. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Mac. I'll fight, 'till from my bones my flesh be
hack'd.—

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Mac. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round;

Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine ar-
mour.—

160

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,

That keep her from her rest.

Mac. Cure her of that:

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;

Raze out the written troubles of the brain;

And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,

Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff,

170

Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

Mac. Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it.—

Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—

Mij

Seyton,

Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me :
 Come, sir, dispatch:—If thou could'st, doctor, cast
 The water of my land, find her disease,
 And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
 I would applaud thee to the very echo, 180
 That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
 What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
 Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou of
 them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
 Makes us hear something.

Mac. Bring it after me.—

I will not be afraid of death and bane,
 'Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. 188

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
 Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*Drum and Colours. Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MAC-
 DUFF, SIWARD'S Son, MENTETH, CATHNESS,
 ANGUS, and Soldiers marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
 That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
 And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow

The

The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done. 200

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down befor't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope :
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt ;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on 210
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate ;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate :
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt marching.*]

SCENE V.

*Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers, with Drums
and Colours.*

Mac. Hang out our banners on the outward walls ;
The cry is still, *They come* : Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn : here let them lie, 220
'Till famine, and the ague, eat them up :

Were

Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[*A Cry within of Women.*]

Scy. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Mac. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't: I have supt full with horrors; 230
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

Scy. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Mac. She should have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle! 240
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an ideot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.——

Enter a Messenger.

'Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

Mes. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which, I say I saw,

But

But know not how to do't.

Mac. Well, say, sir.

250

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Mac. Liar, and slave! [*Striking him.*]

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Mac. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
'Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth, 260
I care not if thou do'st for me as much.—
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: *Fear not, 'till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunsinane!—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I gin to be a-weary of the sun, 269
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum bell:—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Drum and Colours. Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, and their Army, with Boughs.

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,

And shew like those you are:—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night, 280
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all
breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[Exeunt. Alarums continued.]

SCENE VII.

Enter MACBETH.

Mac. They have ty'd me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he;
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter

Enter Young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Mac. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter
name 290

Than any is in hell.

Mac. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a
title

More hateful to mine ear.

Mac. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my
sword

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[Fight; and Young SIWARD is slain.]

Mac. Thou wast born of woman.—

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn, 299
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. *[Exit.]*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is:—Tyrant, shew thy
face;

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.

I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note

N

Seems

Seems bruited : Let me find him, fortune ! and
More I beg not.

[Exit. Alarum. 310

Enter MALCOLM and Old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord ;—the castle's gently render'd ;

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight ;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war ;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle. [Exeunt. Alarum.

Re-enter MACBETH.

Mac. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword ? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them. 321

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Mac. Of all men else I have avoided thee :
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword : thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out ! [Fight. Alarum.

Mac. Thou losest labour :
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air 330
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed :
Let

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm ;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Mac. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man ! 340
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense ;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the shew and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole ; and under writ,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Mac. I will not yield, 350
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last : Before my body
I throw my warlike shield ; lay on, Macduff :
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough.*

[Exeunt fighting. Alarums.]

Re-enter fighting, and MACBETH is slain.

*Retreat and Flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours,
MALCOLM, Old SIWARD, ROSSE, Thanes, and
Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miss, were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought. 360

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause
of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end. 370

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score: 380
And

And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's Head.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands

The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. Hail, king of Scotland! [*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves, 390
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—This, and what needful else 400
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

THE END.

The

The following Scenes are not in the original Copies, but have been introduced in Representation, and set to Musick by Mr. LOCKE, with Alterations by Dr. ARNE.

[AT THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.]

*The SCENE changes to a Wood. Thunder and Lightning.
Enter several Witches and sing.*

1 Witch.

SPEAK, sister,—is the deed done?

2 Witch. Long ago, long ago;

Above twelve glasses since have run,

3 Witch. Ill deeds are seldom slow,

Or single, but following crimes on former wait.

4 Witch. The worst of creatures safest propagate.

Many more murders must this one ensue;

Dread horrors still abound,

And ev'ry place surround,

As if in death were found

Propagation too.

2 Witch. He must!

3 Witch. He shall!

4 Witch. He will spill much more blood,

And become worse, to make his title good.

Chor. He will, he will spill much more blood,

And become worse, to make his title good.

1 Witch. Now let's dance.

2 Witch. Agreed.

3 Witch. Agreed.

4 Witch. Agreed.

All. Agreed.

Chor. We should rejoice when good kings bleed.

When cattle die, about, about we go;

When lightning and dread thunder

Rend stubborn rocks in sunder,

And fill the world with wonder,

What should we do?

Chor.

Chor. Rejoice—we should rejoice.
When winds and waves are warring,
Earthquakes the mountains tearing,
And monarchs die despairing,
What should we do?

Chor. Rejoice—we should rejoice.

I.

1 Witch. Let's have a dance upon the heath,
We gain more life by Duncan's death.

2 Witch. Sometimes like brinded cats we shew,
Having no musick but our mew,
To which we dance in some old mill,
Upon the hopper, stone, or wheel,
To some old saw, or bardish rhyme,

Chor. Where still the mill-clack does keep time.

II.

Sometimes about a hollow tree,
Around, around, around dance we;
Thither the chirping crickets come,
And beetles sing in drowsy hum;
Sometimes we dance o'er ferns or furze,
To howls of wolves, or barks of curs;
Or if with none of these we meet,

Chor. We dance to th' echoes of our feet.

Chor. At the night-raven's dismal voice,
When others tremble we rejoice,
And nimbly, nimbly dance we still,
To th' echoes from a hollow hill.

[END OF THE FIFTH SCENE IN THE THIRD ACT.]

Witches within.

Witch. Hecate, Hecate,—come away.

Hec. Hark, hark, I'm call'd,
My little merry airy spirit see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and waits for me.

Witch. Hecate, Hecate, Hecate.

Hec. Thy chirping voice I hear,
So pleasing to my ear.

[*Within.*

At

At which I post away,
With all the speed I may.
Where's Puckle?

Enter Witches.

Witch. Here.

Hec. Where Stradling?

Witch. Here.

And Hopper too, and Hellway too.

We want but you, we want but you.

3 Witch. Come away, come away, make up th' account.

Hec. With new fall'n dew,

From church-yard yew,

I will but 'noint, and then I'll mount.

Now I'm furnish'd for my flight.

[Symphony, whilst Hecate places herself in the Machine]

Now I go, and now I fly,

Malkin my sweet spirit and I.

O what a dainty pleasure's this,

To sail in the air,

When the moon shines fair,

To sing, to dance, to toy and kiss,

Over woods, high rocks and mountains;

Over hills and misty fountains;

Over steeples, tow'rs, and turrets,

We fly by night 'mong troops of spirits.

Chor. We fly by night 'mong troops of spirits.



ANNOTATIONS

BY

SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,

AND

THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS

UPON

MACBETH.

WRITTEN BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

—SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

VIRG.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

MR. JOHNSON'S RECEPTION

THE YOUNG COMMUNITARIAN

MAR 28

WILL SHAKSPERE

THE YOUNG COMMUNITARIAN

THE YOUNG COMMUNITARIAN



ANNOTATIONS
UPON
MACBETH.

ACT I.

Line 3. Hurly-burly.] HOWEVER mean this word may seem to modern ears, it came recommended to Shakspeare by the authority of Henry Pecham, who, in the year 1577, published a book professing to treat on the ornaments of language: it is called *The Garden of Eloquence*, and has this passage “Onomatopeia, when we invent, devise, fayne, and make a name, imitating the sownd of that it signifyeth, as *hurliburly*, for an *uprore*, and *tumultuous stirre*.” HENDERSON.

4. *When the battle's lost and won:]* i. e. the battle, in which Macbeth was then engaged. These wayward sisters, as we may see in a note on the third scene of this act, were much concerned in battles.

Hæ nominantur Valkyriæ; quas quodvis ad prælium Odinus mittit.

WARBURTON.

A ij

8. *There*

8. *There to meet with Macbeth.*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope, and after him other editors, read :

There I go to meet Macbeth.

The insertion, however, seems to be injudicious. To *meet with Macbeth*, was the general design of all the witches in going to the heath, and not the particular business or motive of any one of them in distinction from the rest; as the interpolated words, *I go*, in the mouth of the third Witch, would most certainly imply. Perhaps Shakspeare wrote, *to GREET*.— STEEVENS.

9. ——— *Gray-malkin!* ———] From a little black letter book, entitled, *Beware the Cat*, 1584, I find it was permitted to a Witch *to take on her a cattes body nine times*. Mr. Upton observes, that, to understand this passage, we should suppose one familiar calling with the voice of a cat, and another with the croaking of a toad.

Again, in *Newes from Scotland, &c.* (a pamphlet, of which the reader will find the entire title in a future note on this play) “Moreover she confessed, that at the time when his majestie was in Denmarke, shee beeing accompanied with the parties before specially mentioned, tooke a *cat* and christened it, and afterward bound to each part of the *cat* the cheefest part of a dead man, and several jointes of his bodie, and that in the night following the said *cat* was conveyed into the midst of the sea by all these witches sayling in their riddles or cives as is aforesaid, and so left the said *cat* right before the towne of Leith in Scotland.

This

This doone, there did arise such a tempest at sea, as a greater hath not been seene," &c. STEEVENS.

"——Some say, they [witches] can keepe devils and spirits, in the likeness of *todes* and *eats*." Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, Book I. c. 4. TOLLET.

10. *Paddock calls*:——*Anon.*——] This, as well as the two following lines, is given in the folio to the three Witches. Preceding editors have appropriated the first of them to the second Witch.

According to the late Dr. Goldsmith, and some other naturalists, a *frog* is called a *paddock* in the North; as in the following instance in *Cæsar and Pompey*, by Chapman, 1602:

"——*Paddockes*, *todes*, and *watersnakes*."

In Shakspeare, however, it certainly means a *toad*. The representation of St. James in the witches' house (one of the set of prints taken from the Painter called *Hellish Breugel*, 1566) exhibits witches flying up and down the chimney on brooms; and before the fire sit *grimalkin* and *paddock*, i. e. a *cat* and a *toad*, with several *baboons*. There is a cauldron boiling, with a witch near it, cutting out the tongue of a snake, as an ingredient for the charm. A representation somewhat similar likewise occurs in *Newes from Scotland*, in a pamphlet already quoted. STEEVENS.

11. *Fair is foul, and foul is fair*:] i. e. we make these sudden changes of the weather. And Macbeth, speaking of this day, soon after says:

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

WARBURTON.

The

The common idea of witches has always been, that they had absolute power over the weather, and could raise storms of any kind, or allay them, as they pleased. In conformity to this notion, Macbeth addresses them in the fourth act :

Though you untye the winds, &c. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is, that *to us*, perverse and malignant as we are, *fair is foul, and foul is fair*.

JOHNSON.

This expression seems to have been proverbial. Spenser has it in the 4th book of the *Faery Queen* :

“Then *fair grew foul, and foul grew fair* in sight.”

FARMER.

16. *This is the serjeant,*] Holinshed is the best interpreter of Shakspeare in his historical plays; for he not only takes his facts from him, but often his very words and expressions. That historian, in his account of Macdowald's rebellion, mentions, that on the first appearance of a mutinous spirit among the people, the king sent a *serjeant at arms* into the country, to bring up the chief offenders to answer the charge preferred against them; but they, instead of obeying, *misused the messenger with sundry reproaches, and finally slew him*. This *serjeant at arms* is certainly the origin of the *bleeding serjeant* introduced on this occasion. Shakspeare just caught *the name* from Holinshed, but the rest of the story not suiting his purpose, he does not adhere to it. The stage direction of entrance, where the *bleeding captain* is mentioned, was probably the work of the player editors, and not of Shakspeare.

STEEVENS.

23. ——— *Macdonel*] According to Holinshed we should read *Macdowald*. The folio reads *Macdonwold*.

STEEVENS.

26. ——— *from the western isles*

Of *Kernes and Gallow-glasses* is supplied;] *Of* and *with* are indiscriminately used by our ancient writers. So, in the *Spanish Tragedy*:

“Perform’d of pleasure by your son the prince.”

Again, in *God’s Revenge against Murder*, hist. vi.

“Syponthus in the mean time is prepared of two wicked gondaliers,” &c. Again, in *The History of Helyas, Knight of the Sun*, bl. let. no date: “—he was well garnished of spear, sword, and armour,” &c. These are a few out of a thousand instances which might be brought to the same purpose.

STEEVENS.

28. *And fortune, on his damn’d quarry smiling,*]

Thus the old copy; but I am inclined to read *quarrel*. *Quarrel* was formerly used for *cause*, or for *the occasion of a quarrel*. The sense therefore is, *Fortune smiling on his execrable cause*, &c. This is followed by Dr. Warburton.

JOHNSON.

The reading proposed by Dr. Johnson, and his explanation of it, are strongly supported by a passage in our author’s *King John*:

“——And put his *cause* and *quarrel*

“To the disposing of the cardinal.” MALONE.

The word *quarrel* occurs in Holinshed’s relation of this very fact, and may be regarded as a sufficient proof of its having been the term here employed by Shakspeare: “Out of the western isles there came to
Macdowald

Macdowald a great multitude of people, to assist him in that rebellious *quarrel*." STEEVENS.

35. And ne'er shook hands, &c.] The old copy reads—*which never*. STEEVENS.

36. —he unseam'd him from the nave to the chops,] So, in *Dido, Queene of Carthage*, by Tho. Nash, 1594:

"Then from the *navel* to the throat at once

"He ript old Priam." STEEVENS.

39. *As when the sun 'gins his reflection*] The thought is expressed with some obscurity, but the plain meaning is this:—*As the same quarter, whence the blessing of day-light arises, sometimes sends us, by a dreadful reverse, the calamities of storms and tempests; so the glorious event of Macbeth's victory, which promised us the comforts of peace, was immediately succeeded by the alarming news of the Norweyan invasion.* STEEVENS.

Sir William Davenant's alteration of this passage affords a reasonably good comment upon it:

"But then this day-break of our victory

"Serv'd but to light us into other dangers,

"That spring from whence our hopes did seem to rise." MALONE.

40. —thunders break;] The word *break* is wanting in the oldest copy. The other folio and Rowe read *breaking*. Mr. Pope made the emendation. STEEVENS.

53. *As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;*

So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:]

The word *cracks* is used in the old play of *King John*, 1591, and applied, as here, to ordnance:

"—as

"——as harmless and without effect,
" As is the echo of a cannon's *crack*."

MALONE.

Thus, in *Richard II.* act i.

" And let thy blows, *doubly redoubled*,

" Fall," &c.

STEEVENS.

See *Cracks*, in catch-word Alphabet.

57. ——*memorize another Golgotha,*] That is, to transmit another Golgotha to posterity. The word, which some suppose to have been coined by Shakspeare, is used by Spenser, in a sonnet to lord Buckhurst, prefixed to his *Pastorals*, 1579:

" In vaine I thinke, right honourable lord,

" By this rude rime to *memorize* thy name."

WARTON.

62. *Enter Rosse and Angus.*] As only the thane of Rosse is spoken to, or speaks any thing in the remaining part of this scene, Angus is a superfluous character, the king expressing himself in the singular number:

Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

I have printed it, *Enter Rosse* only.

STEEVENS.

In scene III. Angus, who enters with Rosse, says to Macbeth,

——*We* are sent

To give thee from our royal master thanks, &c.
So that the old stage direction is certainly right.

MALONE.

64. ——*So should he look*

That seems to speak strange things.] *i. e.* that

B

seems

seems *about* to speak strange things. Our author himself furnishes us with the best comment on this passage. In *Antony and Cleopatra* we meet with nearly the same idea :

“ The business of this man *looks out of him.*”

MALONE.

69. *Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.]* So, Gray :

“ Ruin cease thee, ruthless king !

“ Confusion on thy banners wait,

“ Tho’ *fann’d* by conquest’s crimson wing

“ They *mock* the air with idle state.” HENLEY.

To *flout* is to *mock* or *insult*. The banners are very poetically described, as waving in *mockery* or *defiance* of the sky. So, in *King Edward III.* 1599 :

“ And new replenish’d pendants cuff the air,

“ And beat the wind, that for their gaudiness

“ Struggles to kiss them.” STEEVENS.

So, in *King John* :

“ *Mocking* the air with *colours* idly spread.”

MALONE.

74. *Till that Bellona’s Bridegroom—]* This passage may be added to the many others, which shew how little Shakspeare knew of ancient mythology.

HENLEY.

75. ————*with self-comparisons,*] *i. e.* give him as good as he brought, shew’d he was his equal.

WARBURTON.

83. ————*Saint Colmes’ inch,*] The folio reads :
At Saint Colmes’ ynoch.

Colmes-

Colmes-inch, now called *Inchcomb*, a small island lying in the Frith of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columb: called by Camden *Inch Colm*, or the *Isle of Columba*.

Holinshed thus mentions the whole circumstance: "*The Danes that escaped, and got once to their ships, obtained of Macbeth for a great sum of gold, that such of their friends as were slaine, might be buried in Saint Colmes' Inch. In memory whereof many old sepulchres are yet in the said Inch, graven with the arms of the Danes.*" *Inch*, or *Inshe*, in the Irish and Erse languages, signifies an island. See *Lhuyd's Archæologia*.

STEEVENS.

95. Aroint thee, —————] Aroint, or avaunt, be gone. POPE.

In Hearne's Collections is a print from a very old drawing, in which St. Patrick is represented visiting hell, and putting the devils into great confusion by his presence, of whom one, that is driving the damned before him with a prong, has a label issuing out of his mouth with these words, OUT OUT ARONGT, of which the last is evidently the same with *aroint*, and used in the same sense as in this passage. JOHNSON.

Rynt you witch, quoth Besse Locket to her mother, is a north country proverb. The word is used again in *King Lear*:

"And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee."

STEEVENS.

95. —the rump fed ronyon————] The chief
B ij cooks.

cooks in noblemen's families, colleges, religious houses, hospitals, &c. anciently claimed the emoluments or kitchen fees of kidneys, fat, trotters, *rumps*, &c. which they sold to the poor. The weird sister in this scene, as an insult on the poverty of the woman who had called her *witch*, reproaches her poor abject state, as not being able to procure better provision than offals, which are considered as the refuse of the tables of others.

COLEPEPER.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, old Penny-boy says to the Cook :

"And then remember meat for my two dogs ;

"Fat flaps of mutton, kidneys, *rumps*," &c.

STEEVENS.

95. ——— *ronyon* cries.] *i. e.* scabby or mangy woman. French, *rogneux*, *royne*, scurf.

Thus Chaucer, in the *Romaunt of the Rose*, p. 551 :

"———her necke

"Withouten bleine, or scabbe, or roine."

Shakspeare uses the word again in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

STEEVENS.

97. ——— *in a sieve I'll thither sail*,] Sir W. Davenant, in his *Albovine*, 1629 :

"He sits like a witch sailing in a sieve."

Again, in *Newes from Scotland*. Declaring the damnable life of Doctor Fian, a notable sorcerer, who was burned at Edinbrough in Januarie last, 1591 : which Doctor was register to the Devill, that sundrie times preached at North Baricke Kirke, to a number of notorious Witches. With the true examinations of the said Doctor and Witches, as they

they uttered them in the presence of the Scottish king. Discovering how they pretended to bewitch and drowne his Majestie in the sea comming from Denmarke, with such other wonderfull matters as the like hath not bin heard at anie time. Published according to the Scottish copie. Printed for William Wright.—“ and that all they together went to sea, each one in a riddle or cive, and went in the same very substantially with flaggons of wine, making merrie and drinking by the way in the same riddles or cives,” &c. Dr. Farmer found the title of this scarce pamphlet in an interleaved copy of Maunsell's Catalogue, &c. 1595, with additions by Archbishop Harsenet and Thomas Baker the Antiquarian. It is almost needless to mention, that I have since met with the pamphlet itself.

STEEVENS.

98. *And like a rat without a tail,*] It should be remembered (as it was the belief of the times), that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the tail would still be wanting.

The reason given by some of the old writers for such a deficiency, is, that though the hands and feet, by an easy change, might be converted into the four paws of a beast, there was still no part about a woman which corresponded with the length of tail common to almost all four-footed creatures.

STEEVENS,

100. *I'll give thee a wind.*] This free gift of a wind is to be considered as an act of sisterly friendship, for witches were supposed to sell them. So, in *Summer's last Will and Testament*, 1600:

“ —in

“ — in Ireland and in Denmark both,
 “ *Witches for gold will sell a man a wind,*
 “ Which in the corner of a napkin wrap’d,
 “ Shall blow him safe unto what coast he will.”
 Drayton, in his *Moon-calf*, says the same.

STEEVENS.

106. — *the shipman’s card.*] The card is the paper on which the winds are marked under the pilot’s needle. So, in the *Loyal Subject*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ The card of goodness in your minds, that shews
 you

“ When you sail false.”

STEEVENS.

110. *He shall live a man forbid :*] *i. e.* as one under a curse, an *interdiction*. So, afterwards, in this play:

“ By his own *interdiction* stands *accurs’d*.”

So, among the Romans, an outlaw’s sentence was, *Aqua & Ignis interdiction*; *i. e.* he was forbid the use of water and fire, which implied the necessity of banishment.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has very justly explained *forbid* by *accursed*, but without giving any reason of his interpretation. To *bid* is originally *to pray*, as in this Saxon fragment:

He 1r pir þ bit 7 boze, &c.

He is wise that prays and makes amends.

As to *forbid* therefore implies to *prohibit*, in opposition to the word *bid* in its present sense, it signifies by the same kind of opposition to *curse*, when it is derived

derived from the same word in its primitive meaning.

JOHNSON.

It may be added that "*bitten* and *Verbieten* in the German signify to pray and to interdict." S. W.

112. *Shall he dwindle, &c.*] This mischief was supposed to be put in execution by means of a waxen figure, which represented the person who was to be consumed by slow degrees.

So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Mally*, 1623:

"——it wastes me more

"Than were't my picture fashion'd out of wax,

"Stuck with a magick needle, and then buried

"In some foul dunghill."

So Holinshed, speaking of the witchcraft practised to destroy king *Duffe*:

"——found one of the witches roasting upon a wooden broch an image of wax at the fire, resembling in each feature the king's person," &c.

"——for as the image did waste afore the fire, so did the bodie of the king break forth in sweat. And as for the words of the inchantment, they served to keep him still waking *from sleepe*." &c.

This may serve to explain the foregoing passage:

"Sleep shall neither night nor day

"Hang upon his penthouse lid."

See *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act ii. line 469, and
Note.

STEEVENS.

113. *Though his bark cannot be lost,*

Yet it shall be tempest-tost.] So in *Newes from Scotland*, &c. a pamphlet already quoted. "Again
it

it is confessed, that the said christened cat was the cause of the *Kinges Majesties shippe*, at his comming forth of *Denmarke*, had a contrarie winde to the rest of his shippes then beeing in his companie, which thing was most straunge and true, as the *Kinges Majestie* acknowledged, for when the rest of the shippes had a faire and good winde, then was the winde contrarie and altogether against his Majestie. And further the sayde witch declared, that his Majestie had never come safely from the sea, if his faith had not prevayled above their ententions." To this circumstance perhaps our author's allusion is sufficiently plain.

STEEVENS.

121. *The weyward sisters hand in hand,*] Thus the old copies: Mr. Theobald restored the genuine reading.

* * *

These sisters were the *Fates* of the northern nations; the three hand-maids of Odin. *Hæ nominantur Valkyriæ, quas quodvis ad prælium Odinus mittit. Hæ viros morti destinant, & victoriam gubernant. Gunna, & Rota, & Parcarum minima Skullda: per æra & maria equitant semper ad morituros eligendos; & cædes in potestate habent.* Bartholinus de Causis contemptæ à Danis adhuc Gentilibus mortis. It is for this reason that Shakspeare makes them three; and calls them,

Posters of the sea and land;

and intent only upon death and mischief. However, to give this part of his work the more dignity, he intermixes, with this northern, the Greek and Roman superstitions, and puts Hecate at the head of their enchantments.

enchantments. And to make it still more familiar to the common audience (which was always his point) he adds, for another ingredient, a sufficient quantity of our own country superstitions concerning witches; their beards, their cats, and their broomsticks.

WARBURTON.

Wierd comes from the Anglo-Saxon *wýrd*, and is used as a substantive signifying a *prophecy*, by the translator of *Hector Boethius* in the year 1541, as well as for the *Destinies* by Chaucer and Holinshed. *Of the weirdis geuyn to Macbeth and Banquo*, is the argument of one of the chapters. Gawin Douglas, in his translation of *Virgil*, calls the *Parce* the *weird sisters*; and in *Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatise intituled PHILOTUS, quhairin we may persave the greit inconveniences that fallis out in the Mariage betweene Age and Youth*, Edinburgh, 1603, the word appears again:

“How dois the quheill of fortune go,

“Quhat wickit *wierd* has wrocht our wo.”

Again:

“Quhat neidis Philotus to think ill,

“Or zit his *wierd* to warie?”

The other method of spelling was merely a blunder of the transcriber or printer.

The *Valkyria*, or *Valkyriur*, were not barely *three in number*. The learned critick might have found, in *Bartholinus*, not only *Gunna*, *Rota*, et *Skullda*, but also, *Scogula*, *Hilda*, *Gondula*, and *Geiroscogula*. *Bartholinus* adds, that their number is yet greater, according to other writers who speak of them. They

C

were

were the *cup-bearers* of *Odin*, and *conductors* of the *dead*. They were distinguished by the *elegance* of their *forms*, and it would be as just to compare youth and beauty with age and deformity, as the *Valkyriæ* of the *North* with the *Witches* of *Shakspeare*. STEEVENS.

The following passage in Bellenden's translation of *Hector Boece* fully supports the emendation that has been made: "Be aventure Macbeth and Banquho were passand to *Fores*, quhair Kyng Duncane hapnit to be for the time, and met be the gait thre women clothit in elrage and uncouth weid. They were jugitt be pepill to be *weird* sisteris." MALONE.

128. *How far is't call'd to Fores? —*] The king at this time resided at *Fores*, a town in *Murray*, not far from *Inverness*. "It fortun'd (says *Holinshed*), as Macbeth and Banquo journeyed towards *Fores*, where the king then lay, they went sporting by the way, without other company, save only themselves, when suddenly in the midst of a laund there met them three women in strange and wild apparell, resembling creatures of the elder world," &c. STEEVENS.

132. *That man may question? —*] Are ye any beings with which man is permitted to hold converse, or of whom it is lawful to ask questions? JOHNSON.

134. *You should be women,*] In *Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Divell*, 1592, there is an enumeration of Spirits and their offices; and of certain watery spirits it is said—"by the help of *Alynach*, a spirit of the west, they will raise stormes, cause earthquakes, rayne, haile, or snow, in the clearest day that

that is; and if ever they appeare to anie man, they come in *women's* apparell." HENDERSON.

135. ————your beards———] *Witches* were supposed always to have hair on their chins. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635 :

"——Some women have *beards*, marry they are half *witches*." STEEVENS.

138. *All Hail, Macbeth!*———] It hath lately been repeated from Mr. Guthrie's *Essay upon English Tragedy*, that the *portrait* of Macbeth's *wife* is copied from Buchanan, "whose spirit, as well as words, is translated into the play of Shakspeare; and it had signified nothing to have pored only on Holinshed for *facts*."—"Animus etiam, per se ferox, prope quotidianis conviciis uxoris (quæ omnium consiliorum ei erat conscia) stimulabatur."—— This is the whole that Buchanan says of the *Lady*, and truly I see no more *spirit* in the Scotch, than in the English chronicler. "The wordes of the three weird sisters also greatly encouraged him [to the murder of Duncan], but specially his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as she that was very ambitious, brenning in unquenchable desire to beare the name of a queene." Edit. 1577, p. 244.

This part of Holinshed is an abridgement of Johne Bellenden's translation of the *noble clerk*, Hector Boece, *imprinted at Edinburgh*, in fol. 1541. I will give the passage as it is found there. "His wife impacient of lang tary (*as all women ar*) specially quhare they are desirus of ony purpos, gaif hym gret artation to pur-

sew the third weird, that sche might be ane quene, calland hym oft tymis febyl cowart and nocht desyrus of honouris, sen he durst not assailze the thing with manheid and curage, quhilk is offerit to hym be benivolence of fortoun. Howbeit sindry otheris hes assailzeit sic thinges afore with maist terribyl 'jeopardyis, quhen they had not sic sickernes to succed in the end of thair laubouris as he had." p. 173.

But we can *demonstrate*, that Shakspere had not the story from Buchanan. According to *him*, the weird sisters salute Macbeth: "*Una Angusiæ Thanum, altera Moraviæ, tertia Regem.*"—Thane of Angus, and of Murray, &c. but according to Holinshed, immediately from Bellenden, as it stands in Shakspere: "The first of them spake and sayde, All hayle Makbeth, Thane of Glamis,—the second of them sayde, Hayle Makbeth, Thane of Cawder; but the third sayde, All hayle Makbeth, that hereafter shall be *king of Scotland.*" p. 243.

1 Witch. *All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Glamis!*

2 Witch. *All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!*

3 Witch. *All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter!*

Here too our poet found the equivocal predictions, on which his hero so fatally depended: "He had learned of certaine wysards, how that he ought to take heede of Macduffe:—and surely hereupon had he put Macduffe to death, but a certaine witch, whom
he

he had in great trust, had tolde, that he should neuer be slain with *man borne of any woman*, nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castell of Dun-sinane." p. 244. And the scene between Malcom and Macduff, in the fourth act, is almost literally taken from the *Chronicle*. FARMER.

138. ———*thane of Glamis*!] The thaneship of *Glamis* was the ancient inheritance of Macbeth's family. The castle where they lived is still standing, and was lately the magnificent residence of the earl of Strathmore. See a particular description of it in Mr. Gray's letter to Dr. Wharton, dated from *Glames Castle*. STEEVENS.

139. ———*thane of Cawdor*!] Dr. Johnson observes, in his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, that part of *Calder castle*, from which Macbeth drew his second title, is still remaining. STEEVENS.

143. *Are ye fantastical*,———] So, in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584: "He affirmeth these transubstantiations to be but *fantastical*, not according to the veritie, but according to the appearance."

Shakspeare took the word from Holinshed, who in his account of the witches, says, "This was reputed at first but some vain *fantastical* illusion by Macbeth and Banquo." STEEVENS.

146. *Of noble having*,———] *Having* is estate, possession, fortune. See note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii. line 189. STEEVENS.

161. *By Sinel's death*,———] The father of Macbeth. POPE.

174. ——— *eaten of the insane root,*] Shakspeare alludes to the qualities anciently ascribed to hemlock. So, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616: "You gaz'd against the sun, and so blemished your sight; or else you have *eaten of the roots of hemlock*, that makes men's eyes *conceit unseen objects*." Again, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*:

"——they lay that hold upon thy senses,

"As thou hadst snuft up *hemlock*." STEEVENS.

183. *His wonder and his praises do contend,*

Which should be thine, or his:——] *i. e.*

private admiration of your deeds, and a desire to do them publick justice by commendation, contend in his mind for pre-eminence.—Or—There is a contest in his mind, whether he should indulge his desire of publishing to the world the commendations due to your heroism, or whether he should remain in silent admiration of what no words could celebrate in proportion to its desert. STEEVENS.

184. *Silenc'd with that——*] *i. e.* wrapp'd in silent wonder at the deeds performed by Macbeth, &c.

MALONE.

188. ——— *As thick as tale*

Came post with post;——] That is, posts arrived as fast as they could be counted. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry IV.* Part III. act ii. sc. 1.

"Tidings, *as swiftly as the post could run,*

"Were brought," &c.

STEEVENS.

Milton has used *tale* in a similar sense, in *L'Allegro*:

"And

"And every shepherd tells his *tale*,

"Under the hawthorne in the dale." HENLEY.

206. ——— *with Norway* ———] The folio reads:

———— *with those of Norway.* STEEVENS.

216. — *trusted home*,] *i. e.* carried as far as it will go, suffered to prevail in its utmost extent; of argument confidentially received or admitted home into your bosom. STEEVENS.

217. *Might yet enkindle you, &c.*] Might fire you with the hope of obtaining the crown. HENLEY.

224. ——— *swelling act*] *Swelling* is used in the same sense in the prologue to *Henry V.*

———— "princes to act,

"And monarchs to behold the *swelling scene*."

STEEVENS.

226. *This supernatural soliciting*] *Soliciting* is *incitement*. JOHNSON.

233. ——— *Present fears*

Are less than horrible imaginings:] *Present fears* are *fears of things present*, which Macbeth declares, and every man has found, to be less than the *imagination* presents them, while the objects are yet distant.

JOHNSON.

So, in the *Tragedie of Cræsus*, 1604, by lord Sterline:

"For as the shadow seems more monstrous still,

"Than doth the substance whence it hath the being,

"So th' apprehension of approaching ill

"Seems greater than itself, whilst fears are lying."

STEEVENS,

236.

236. ——— *single state of man,*——] The *single state of man* seems to be used by Shakspeare for an *individual*, in opposition to a *commonwealth*, or *conjunct body*.
JOHNSON.

It is observed in the Critique upon the last edition of Shakspeare (see Monthly Review, August 1786), that the expression *SINGLE sol'd jest*—which is there said to be “solely singular for the *singleness*; *i. e.* for its tenuity”—explains “*SINGLE state of man*” to signify *feeble state of manhood*. * * *

236. ——— *function*

*Is smother'd in surmise ; and nothing is,
But what is not.]*

All powers of action are oppressed and crushed by one overwhelming image in the mind, and nothing is present to me but that which is really future. Of things now about me I have no perception, being intent wholly on that which has yet no existence.

JOHNSON.

247. Time and the hour *runs through the roughest day.*]

By this, I confess, I do not with his two last commentators imagine is meant either the tautology of time and the hour, or an allusion to time painted with an hour-glass, or an exhortation to time to hasten forward, but rather to say *tempus & hora*, time and occasion will carry the thing through, and bring it to some determined point and end, let its nature be what it will.

This

This note is taken from an *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakspeare*, &c. by Mrs. Montagu.

Such tautology is common to Shakspeare.

"The very *head* and *front* of my offending"
is little less reprehensible. *Time and the hour*, is time with his hours. STEEVENS.

The same expression is used by a writer nearly contemporary with Shakspeare: "Neither can there be any thing in the world more acceptable to me than death, whose *hower* and *time* if they were as certayne," &c. Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*, 1579. Again, in Davison's *Poems*, 1621:

"*Time's* young *howres* attend her still,

"And her eyes and cheeks do fill

"With fresh youth and beauty."

Again, in Hoffman's *Tragedy*, 1631:

"The *hour*, the place, the *time* of your arrive."

MALONE.

248. —my dull brain was wrought

With things forgotten.——] My head was worked, agitated, put into commotion. JOHNSON.

253. *The interim having weigh'd it,*——] This intervening portion of time is almost personified: it is represented as a cool impartial judge; as the pauser Reason.

STEEVENS.

261. *With one that saw him die:*——] The behaviour of the *thane of Cawdor* corresponds in almost every circumstance with that of the unfortunate earl of Essex, as related by Stowe, p. 793. His asking

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the

the queen's forgiveness, his confession, repentance, and concern about behaving with propriety on the scaffold, are minutely described by that historian. Such an allusion could not fail of having the desired effect on an audience, many of whom were eye-witnesses to the severity of that justice which deprived the age of one of its greatest ornaments, and Southampton, Shakspeare's patron, of his dearest friend.

STEEVENS.

266. ———studied in his death,] His own profession furnished our author with this phrase. To be *studied* in a part, or to have *studied* it, is yet the technical term of the stage.

MALONE.

270. *To find the mind's construction in the face.*] The meaning, I think, is—*We cannot construe or discover the disposition of the mind by the lineaments of the face.* The same expression occurs in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.*

“*Construe* the times to their necessities.”

In *Hamlet* we meet a kindred phrase :

“———These profound heavens

“You must *translate*; 'tis fit we understand them.”

Our author again alludes to his grammar, in *Troilus and Cressida*, act ii. sc. 3.

“I'll *decline* the whole question.”

Dr. Johnson understood the word *construction*, in this place, in the sense of *frame* or *structure*; but the school-term was, I believe, intended by Shakspeare.—In his 93d *Sonnet*, we find a contrary sentiment asserted :

“In

"In many's looks the false heart's history

"Is writ."

MALONE.

279. *More is thy due* than more than all can pay.]
More is due to thee, than, I will not say *all*, but,
more than all, *i. e.* the greatest recompence can pay.
Thus in Plautus we have *nihilo minus*.

There is an obscurity in this passage, arising from the word *all*, which is not used here personally (more than all persons can pay), but for the whole wealth of the speaker. So, more clearly, in *King Henry VIII*.

"More than my *all* is nothing."

MALONE.

283. ————servants;

Which do but what they should, by doing every thing.—] From Scripture: "So when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which it was our duty to do."

HENLEY.

284. *Which do but what they should, by doing every thing*

Safe toward your love and honour.] Of the last line of this speech, which is certainly, as it is now read, unintelligible, an emendation has been attempted, which Dr. Warburton and Mr. Theobald once admitted as the true reading:

———our duties

Are to your throne and state, children and servants,

Which do but what they should, in doing every thing,

Fiebs to your love and honour.

My esteem for these criticks inclines me to believe

Dij

that

that they cannot be much pleased with these expressions *fiefs to love*, or *fiefs to honour*, and that they have proposed this alteration rather because no other occurred to them, than because they approved of it. I shall therefore propose a bolder change, perhaps with no better success, but *sua cuique placent*. I read thus :

———our duties

*Are to your throne and state, children and servants,
Which do but what they should, in doing nothing,
Save toward your love and honour.*

We do but perform our duty, when we contract all our views to your service, when we act with *no other* principle than regard to *your love and honour*.

It is probable that this passage was first corrupted by writing *safe* for *save*, and the lines then stood thus

———doing nothing

Safe toward your love and honour.

which the next transcriber observing to be wrong, and yet not being able to discover the real fault, altered to the present reading.

Dr. Warburton has since changed *fiefs* to *fief'd*; and Hanmer has altered *safe* to *shap'd*. I am afraid none of us have hit the right word. JOHNSON.

Mr. Upton gives the word *safe* as an instance of an adjective used adverbially; and says that it means here, *with safety, security, and suretiship*. Dr. Kenrick proposes to read :

Safe to ward your love and honour.

To ward is to defend. So, in *Titus Andronicus* :

“——it

"——it was a hand that *warded* him

"From thousand dangers."

Again, more appositely, in *Love's Labour Lost*:

"——for the best *ward of mine honour* is rewarding my dependants."

Again, in *King Richard III.* act v.

"Then, if you fight against God's enemies,

"God will, in justice, *ward* you as his soldiers."

Dr. Kenrick might be right, if, instead of *love* and *honour*, the words had been *crown* and *honour*; but there is somewhat of obscurity in the idea of defending a prince's *love* in safety.

STEEVENS.

Safe toward your love and honour.] Safe (*i. e.* saved) toward *you* love and honour; and then the sense will be—"Our duties are your children, and servants or vassals to your throne and state; who do but what they should, by doing every thing with a saving of their love and honour toward you." The whole is an allusion to the forms of doing homage in the feudal times. The oath of allegiance, or *liege homage*, to the king, was absolute and without any exception; but *simple homage*, when done to a subject for lands holden of him, was always with a *saving* of the allegiance (the *love* and *honour*) due to the sovereign. "*Sauf la foy que jeo doy a nostre seignor le roy*," as it is in Littleton. And though the expression be somewhat stiff and forced, it is not more so than many others in this play, and suits well with the situation of Macbeth, now beginning to waver in his allegiance. For, as our author elsewhere says,

"When

“ When love begins to sicken and decay,
 “ It useth an enforced ceremony.”

BLACKSTONE.

The following passage in *Cupid's Revenge*, a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, adds some support to Sir William Blackstone's emendation :

“ I'll speak it freely, always my obedience
 “ And love preserved unto the prince.”

So also do the following words, spoken by Henry, duke of Lancaster, to King Richard II. at their interview in the castle of Flint (a passage that Shakspeare certainly had read, and probably remembered): “ My sovereign lorde and kyng, the cause of my coming at this present is [*your honour saved*] to have againe restitution of my person, my landes, and heritage, through your favourable licence.” Holinshed's Chron. Vol. II. XX. Col. 1. a.

MALONE.

294. *My plenteous joys,
 Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
 In drops of sorrow.*]

“ ——— Lacrimas non sponte cadentes

“ Effudit, gemitusque expressit pectore læto.”

Lucan, l. ix.

We meet with the same sentiment again in the *Winter's Tale*. “ It seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears.” MALONE.

303. ——— to Inverness,] Dr. Johnson observes, in his *Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland*, that the walls of the castle of Macbeth, at *Inverness*, are yet standing.

STEEVENS.

The

The circumstance of Duncan's visiting Macbeth is supported by history; for, from the Scottish Chronicle it appears, that it was customary for the king to make a progress through his dominions every year. "Inerat ei [Duncan] laudabilis consuetudo regni pertransire regiones semel in anno." *Fordun. Scotichron.* lib. iv. c. 44.

"Singulis annis ad inopum querelas audiendas perlustrabat provincias." *Buchan.* lib. vii. MALONE.

310. *The prince of Cumberland!*—] So, Holinshed, *History of Scotland*, p. 171: "Duncan having two sonnes, &c. he made the elder of them, called *Malcome*, prince of *Cumberland*, as it were thereby to appoint him successor in his kingdome immediatlie after his decease. Macbeth sorely troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered (where, by the old laws of the realme, the ordinance was, that if he that should succeed were not of able age to take the charge upon himself, he that was next of blood unto him should be admitted), he began to take counsel how he might usurp the kingdome by force, having a just quarrel so to doe (as he tooke the matter), for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claime, which he might, in time to come, pretend unto the crowne."

The crown of Scotland was originally not hereditary. When a successor was declared in the life-time of a king (as was often the case), the title of *Prince of Cumberland* was immediately bestowed on him as the mark of his designation. *Cumberland* was at that time held

held by Scotland of the crown of England, as a fief.

STEEVENS.

If the foregoing observation relative to the designation of the king's son as his successor, by conferring on him the title of prince of Cumberland, wanted any support, Bellenden's translation of *Heclor Boece*, fol. 183, would furnish it: "In the meane tyme kyng Duncane maid his son Malcolme Prince of Cubir, to signify that he suld regne after hym, quilk was gret displeseir to Macbeth, for it maid plane derogation to the thrid weird promitted afore to hym be this weird sisteris."

MALONE.

322. —by the perfectest report—] By the best intelligence.

JOHNSON.

343. *And that which rather, &c.*] The difficulty of this line, "And that," &c. seems to have arisen from its not being considered as part of the speech uttered by the object of Macbeth's ambition. As such it appears to me, and as such it ought, in my opinion, to be distinguished by Italick.

"And that's *what* rather," &c.

is Sir T. Hanmer's reading.

MALONE.

345. *That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;*] I meet with the same expression in lord Sterline's *Julius Caesar*, 1607:

"Thou in my bosom us'd to pour thy spright."

There is no earlier edition of *Macbeth* than that of 1623.

MALONE.

348. *Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.*—] The crown.

to

to which fate destines thee, and which preternatural agents *endeavour* to bestow upon thee. WARBURTON.

Metaphysical, in our author's time, seems to have had no other meaning than *supernatural*. In the *English Dictionary* by H. C. 1655, *Metaphysicks* are thus explained: "Supernatural arts." MALONE.

359. — *The raven himself is hoarse.*] The messenger, says the servant, had hardly breath *to make up his message*; to which the lady answers mentally, that he may well want breath, such a message would add hoarseness to the raven. That even the bird, whose harsh voice is accustomed to predict calamities, could not *croak the entrance of* Duncan but in a note of unwonted harshness. JOHNSON.

361. — *Come, you spirits*

That tend on mortal thoughts, &c.] There is an invocation in *Bussy d' Ambois*, which in the turn of thought seems to resemble lady Macbeth's, but is less horrid:

Now all the peacefull regents of the night,
Silently gliding exhalations,
Languishing windes and murmuring fairs of waters
Sadnesse of heart and ominous securenesse
Enchantments, dead sleeps, all the friends of rest
That ever wrought upon the life of man,
Extend your utmost strengths; and this charm'd
houre

Fix like the center; make the violent wheelles
Of Time and Fortune stand; and great existens

E

(The

(The maker's treasure) now not seeme to bee,
To all but my approaching friends and mee.

HENLEY.

362. ————*mortal thoughts,*———] This expression signifies not *the thoughts of mortals*, but *murderous, deadly, or destructive designs*. So, in act v.

“Hold fast the *mortal sword*.”

And in another place :

“With twenty *mortal murders*.” JOHNSON.

———*Come, you spirits*

That tend on mortal thoughts, &c.] In *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, by T. Nashe, 1592 (a very popular pamphlet of that time), our author might have found a particular description of these spirits, and of their office.

“The second kind of devils, which he most employeth, are those northern Martii, called the *spirits of revenge*, and the authors of massacres, and seedsmen of mischief; for they have commission to incense men to rapines, sacrilege, theft, murder, wrath, fury, and all manner of cruelties: and they command certain of the southern spirits to wait upon them, as also great Arioeh, that is termed *the spirit of revenge*.”

MALONE.

367. ————*nor keep peace between*

The effect, and it!——] The intent of lady Macbeth, evidently is, to wish that no womanish tenderness, or conscientious remorse, may hinder her purpose from proceeding to effect; but neither this, nor indeed any other sense, is expressed by
the

the present reading, and therefore it cannot be doubted that Shakspeare wrote differently, perhaps thus:

*That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep pace between
The effect and it.——*

To *keep pace between*, may signify *to pass between*, to *intervene*. *Pace* is on many occasions a favourite of Shakspeare's. This phrase is indeed not usual in this sense; but was it not its novelty that gave occasion to the present corruption? JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's emendation, to say the least, is plausible. She requires that all *access* and *passage* be *stopped* against remorse, lest the *visitings* of nature, by their *frequent recurrence*, should induce her to relent, and relinquish her purpose.

Keep pace is an expression of Shakspeare in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.—"His words and actions no more adhere and *keep pace*," &c. HENLEY.

368. —and it!——] The folio reads, *and hit*.

STEEVENS.

Her purpose was to be effected by action. To *keep peace between the effect and purpose*, therefore means, to delay the execution of her purpose. For as long as there should be a peace between the effect and purpose, or, in other words, till hostilities were commenced, till some action should be performed, her purpose could not be carried into execution. There is no need of alteration.

A similar expression is found in a book which our

Eij

author

author is known to have read, *The Tragicall Historie of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562 :

“ In absence of her knight, the lady no way could

“ *Keep truce between her griefs and her, tho’ ne’er so fayrie she would.*”

The old reading (peace), I have since observed, is confirmed by the following passage in *King John*, in which a corresponding imagery may be traced :

“ Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,

“ This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,

“ *Hostility and civil tumult reigns*

“ *Between my conscience and my cousin’s death.*”

Sir W. D’Avenant’s strange alteration of this play sometimes affords a reasonably good comment on it.

Thus, in the present instance :

“ ————Make thick

“ My blood, and stop all passage to remorse,

“ That no relapses into mercy may

“ Shake my design, *nor make it fall before*

“ *’Tis ripen’d to effect.*”

MALONE.

369. ————*Take my milk for gall,* ————] *Take away my milk,* and put *gall* into the place. JOHNSON.

371. *You wait on nature’s mischief!*] *Nature’s mischief* is mischief done to nature, violation of nature’s order committed by wickedness. JOHNSON.

371. ————*Come, thick night, &c.*] A similar invocation is found in *A Warning for faire Women*, 1599, a tragedy which was certainly prior to *Macbeth* :

“ Oh sable night, sit on the eye of heaven,

“ That it discern not this black deed of darkness!

“ My

"My guilty soul, burnt with lust's hateful fire,
Must wade through blood to obtain my vile
desire :

"Be then my *coverture*, thick ugly night!

"The light hates me, and I do hate the light."

MALONE.

372. *And pall thee*——] *i. e.* wrap thyself in a
pall.

WARBURTON.

A *pall* is a robe of state. So, in the ancient black
letter romance of *Syr Eglamour of Artoys*, no date :

"The knyghtes were clothed in *pall*."

Again, in Milton's *Penseroso* :

"Sometime let gorgeous tragedy

"In scepter'd *pall* come sweeping by."

Dr. Warburton seems to mean the covering which is
thrown over the dead.

STEEVENS.

373. *That my keen knife*——] The word *knife*,
which at present has a familiar meaning, was anciently
used to express a *sword* or *dagger*. So, in the old
black letter romance of *Syr Eglamour of Artoys*, no
date :

"Through Goddes myght, and his *kyf*,

"There the gyaunte lost his lyfe." STEEVENS.

374. ——*the blanket of the dark*,] Drayton, in
the 26th song of his *Polyolbion*, has an expression re-
sembling this :

"Thick vapours that, like *ruggs*, still hang the
troubled air."

STEEVENS.

375. *To cry, Hold, hold!*——] On this passage
there is a long criticism in the *Rambler*.

JOHNSON.

In

In this criticism the epithet *dun* is objected to as a mean one. Milton, however, appears to have been of a different opinion, and has represented Satan as flying,

“——— in the *dun* air sublime.” STEEVENS.

To cry, Hold, hold! ———] The thought is taken from the old military laws which inflicted capital punishment upon “whosoever shall strike stroke at his adversary, either in the heat or otherwise, if a third do cry *hold*, to the intent to part them; except that they did fight a combat in a place inclosed: and then no man shall be so hardy as to bid *hold*, but the general.” P. 264. of Mr. Bellay’s *Instructions for the Wars*, translated in 1589. TOLLET.

Mr. Tollet’s note will likewise illustrate the last line in Macbeth’s concluding speech:

“And damn’d be him who first cries, *Hold, enough!*” STEEVENS.

375. *Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!*] Shakspeare has supported the character of lady Macbeth by repeated efforts, and never omits any opportunity of adding a trait of ferocity, or a mark of the want of human feelings, to this monster of his own creation. The softer passions are more obliterated in her than in her husband, in proportion as her ambition is greater. She meets him here on his arrival from an expedition of danger, with such a salutation as would have become one of his friends or vassals; a salutation apparently fitted rather to raise his thoughts to a level with her own purposes, than to testify her joy at his return,

return, or manifest an attachment to his person: nor does any sentiment expressive of love or softness fall from her throughout the play. While Macbeth himself, in the midst of the horrors of his guilt, still retains a character less fiend-like than that of his queen, talks to her with a degree of tenderness, and pours his complaints and fears into her bosom, accompanied with terms of endearment. STEEVENS.

378. *This ignorant present time,——*] *Ignorant* has here the signification of *unknowing*; that is, I feel by anticipation those future hours, of which, according to the process of nature, the present time would be *ignorant*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline*:

“———his shipping

“Poor *ignorant* baubles,” &c. STEEVENS.

378. ———*present time,——*] The word *time* is wanting in the old copy. It was supplied by Mr. Pope, and perhaps without necessity, as our author omits it in the first scene of *The Tempest*: “If you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of *the present*, we will not hand a rope more.” The sense does not require the word *time*, and it is too much for the measure. Again, in *Coriolanus*:

“And that you not delay the *present*; but,” &c.

Again, in 1 *Corinthians*, ch. xv. v. 6: “—of whom the greater part remain unto this *present*.”

STEEVENS.

386. *Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read, &c.]*

So,

So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609 :

“ Her face the book of praises, where is read

“ Nothing but curious pleasures.” STEEVENS.

387. ——— to beguile the time,

Look like the time ; ———] The same

expression occurs in the 8th book of Daniel's *Civil Wars* :

“ He draws a traverse 'twixt his grievances :

“ Looks like the time : his eye made not report

“ Of what he felt within ; nor was he less

“ Than usually he was in every part ;

“ Wore a clear face upon a cloudy heart.”

It is almost needless to observe, that the *Poem of Daniel* was published many years before *Macbeth* could have been written.

STEEVENS.

The expression is also found in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ ——— Let's go off,

“ And bear us like the time.”

The 7th and 8th books of Daniel's *Civil Wars* were not published till the year 1609 [see the *Epistle Dedicatorie* to that edition], so that, if either poet copied the other, Daniel must have been indebted to Shakspeare ; for there can be little doubt that *Macbeth* had appeared before that year.

MALONE.

399. *This castle hath a pleasant seat.*] This short dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, whilst they are approaching the gates of Macbeth's castle, has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose*. Their conversation very naturally

naturally turns upon the beauty of its situation, and the pleasantness of the air; and Banquo, observing the martlet's nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakspeare asked himself, What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion? Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented.—This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image, or picture of familiar domestick life.

Sir J. REYNOLDS.

401. *Unto our gentle senses.*] *Senses* are nothing more than each man's sense. *Gentle sense* is very elegant, as it means *placid, calm, composed*, and intimates the peaceable delight of a fine day.

JOHNSON.

403. —*martlet*—] This bird is in the old edition called *barlet*.

JOHNSON.

The correction is supported by the following passage in the *Merchant of Venice*:

“ ————like the *martlet*

“ Builds in the weather on the outward wall.”

STEEVENS.

406. —*coigne of vantage*,—] Convenient corner.

JOHNSON.

408. —*most breed*,—] The folio—*must breed*.

STEEVENS.

411. *The love that follows, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach
you*

How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,

And thank us for your trouble.] The at-

tention that is paid us (says Duncan, on seeing Lady Macbeth come to meet him) *sometimes gives us pain, when we reflect that we give trouble to others; yet still we cannot but be pleased with such attentions, because they are a proof of affection.* So far is clear. Of the following words I confess I have no very distinct conception. Perhaps the meaning is—*By being the occasion of so much trouble, I furnish you with a motive to pray to heaven to reward me for the pain I give you [inasmuch as the having such an opportunity of shewing your loyalty and attachment, may hereafter prove beneficial to you;] and herein also I afford you a motive to thank me for the trouble I give you [because, by shewing me so much attention (however painful it may be to me to be the cause of it), you have an opportunity of displaying an amiable character; and of ingratiating yourself with your sovereign; which finally may bring you both honour and profit].* MALONE.

I believe the meaning is—*Though my design by this visit was to testify my regard, yet it may be the occasion to you of some inconvenience; but this, however, you will overlook*

overlook for the sake of the motive, and, notwithstanding the trouble, acknowledge the love. In this respect I will give you reason to pray that God would reward me for your pains on my account, and also to thank me for the trouble I occasion you, by the abundant recompence you shall hereafter receive.—This interpretation is not only confirmed by Lady Macbeth's reply, but further by the king's addition :

“ ————Give me your hand :

“ Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,

“ And shall continue our graces towards him.”

BID is here used in the Saxon sense, to *pray*. The authorities cited by Mr. Steevens will support the explanation of *God yield us*.

HENLEY:

413. *How you should bid God-yeld us———*] To bid any one *God-yeld him*, i. e. *God-yield him*, was the same as *God reward him*.

WARBURTON.

I believe *yield*, or, as it is in the folio of 1623, *eyld*, is a corrupted contraction of *shield*. The wish implores not *reward*, but *protection*.

JOHNSON.

I rather believe it to be a corruption of *God-yield*, i. e. *reward*. In *Antony and Cleopatra* we meet with it at length :

“ And the *gods yield* you for't.”

Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1568:

“ *God yelde* you, Esau, with all my stomach——”

Again, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, black letter, no date:

“ Syr, gouth Guy, *God yield* it you,

“ Of this great gift you give me now.”

F ij

God

God shield, means *God forbid*, and could never be used as a form of returning thanks. So, in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*:

"*God shilde* that he died sodenly." v. 3427; late edition. STEEVENS.

421. *We rest your hermits.*] *Hermits*, for beadsmen. WARBURTON.

425. ——— *his great love, sharp as his spur,*——] So, in *Twelfth Night*, act iii. sc. 3.

"———my desire,

"*More sharp than filed steel*, did spur me forth."

STEEVENS.

428. *Your servants ever*, &c.] The metaphor of this speech is taken from the Steward's compting-house or audit-room. *In compt*, means *subject to account*. The sense of the whole is—*We, and all who belong to us, look upon our lives and fortunes not as our own properties, but as things we have received merely for your use, and for which we must be accountable whenever you please to call us to our audit; when, like faithful stewards, we shall be ready to answer your summons, by returning you what is your own.*

STEEVENS.

436. *Enter a sewer*——] I have restored this stage direction from the old copy. The office of a *sewer* was to place the dishes in order at a feast. His chief mark of distinction was a towel round his arm. So, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*; "——clap me a clean towel about you, like a *sewer*." Again: "See, Sir Amorous has his *towel* on already. [He enters like a *sewer*."]

STEEVENS.

436.

436. *If it were done, &c.*] A man of learning recommends another punctuation:

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well.

It were done quickly, if, &c.

JOHNSON.

A sentiment parallel to this occurs in *The Proceedings against Garnet in the Powder Plot*. "It would have been commendable when it had been done, though not before."

FARMER.

437. ————*If the assassination*] If such atrocious acts did not draw after them a concatenation of circumstances, requiring as much counteraction as the deed itself, I would venture upon it, and *jump*, (*i. e.* risk) the life to come.

HENLEY.

See *Jump*, catch-word Alphabet.

439. *With his surcease, success; ———*] I think the reasoning requires that we should read:

With its success surcease. ———

JOHNSON.

A *trammel* is a net in which either birds or fishes are caught. So, in the *Isle of Gulls*, 1633:

"Each tree and shrub wears *trammels* of thy hair."

Surcease is cessation, stop. So, in *The Valiant Welchman*, 1615:

"*Surcease*, brave brother: Fortune hath crown'd our brows."

His is used instead of *its*, in many places.

STEEVENS.

441. ————*shoal of time*,] This is Theobald's emendation, undoubtedly right. The old edition has *school*, and Dr. Warburton, *shelve*.

JOHNSON.

442.

442. *We'd jump the life to come.*—] So, in *Cymbeline*, act v. sc. 4.

“—or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril.”

STEEVENS.

I suppose the meaning to be—We would over-leap, we would make no account of the life to come. So Autolycus in *The Winter's Tale*: “For the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.”

445. ————*This even-handed justice*] Our poet, *apis Matinae more modoque*, would stoop to borrow a sweet from any flower, however humble in its situation.

“The pricke of conscience (says Holinshed) caused him even to feare, lest he should be served of the same cup as he had minister'd to his predecessor.”

STEEVENS.

452. *Hath borne his faculties so meek,*—] *Faculties*, for office, exercise of power, &c. WARBURTON.

Hath borne his faculties so meek,—] “Duncan (says Holinshed) was soft and gentle of nature.”—And again: “Macbeth spoke much against the king's softness, and overmuch slackness in punishing offenders.”

STEEVENS.

457. ————*or heaven's cherubin, hors'd*

Upon the sightless couriers of the air,] *Courier* is only *runner*. *Couriers of air* are *winds*, air in motion. *Sightless* is *invisible*.

JOHNSON.

So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, b. ii. c. 11.

“The scouring winds that *sightless* in the sounding air do fly.”

STEEVENS.

460. *That tears shall drown the wind.*—] Alluding to the remission of the wind in a shower.

JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry VI.* Part III.

For raging wind blows up incessant showers,

And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.

460. ————*no spur*, &c.] The *spur* of the occasion is a phrase used by lord Bacon. STEEVENS.

—————*I have no spur*

To prick the sides of my intent, but only

Vaulting ambition———]

So, in *The Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:

“Why think you, lords, that ’tis *ambition’s spur*,

“That pricketh Cæsar to these high attempts?”

MALONE.

463. *And falls on the other*——] The word which Hanmer has on this occasion added, every reader cannot fail to add for himself. He would give:

And falls on the other side.

But the state of Macbeth’s mind is more strongly marked by this break in the speech, than by any continuation of it which the most successful critick can supply.

STEEVENS.

464. *Enter Lady.*] The arguments by which Lady Macbeth persuades her husband to commit the murder, afford a proof of Shakspeare’s knowledge of human nature. She urges the excellence and dignity of courage, a glittering idea which has dazzled mankind from age to age, and animated sometimes the house-breaker, and sometimes the conqueror; but this
sophism

sophism Macbeth has for ever destroyed, by distinguishing true from false fortitude, in a line and a half; of which it may almost be said, that they ought to bestow immortality on the author, though all his other productions had been lost:

I dare do all that may become a man ;

Who dares do more, is none.

This topick, which has been always employed with too much success, is used in this scene with peculiar propriety to a soldier by a woman. Courage is the distinguishing virtue of a soldier ; and the reproach of cowardice cannot be borne by any man from a woman, without great impatience.

She then urges the oaths by which he had bound himself to murder Duncan ; another art of sophistry by which men have sometimes deluded their consciences, and persuaded themselves that what would be criminal in others, is virtuous in them : this argument Shakspeare, whose plan obliged him to make Macbeth yield, has not confuted, though he might easily have shewn, that a former obligation could not be vacated by a latter ; that obligations, laid on us by a higher power, could not be over-ruled by obligations which we lay upon ourselves.

JOHNSON.

482. *Like the poor cat i' the adage ?*] The adage alluded to is, *The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her feet :*

" Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas."

JOHNSON.

483. *Pr'ythee, peace, &c.*] A passage similar to this occurs in *Measure for Measure*, act ii. sc. 2.

"———be that you are,

"That is, a woman: if you're more, you're none."

The folio, instead of *do more*, reads *no more*, but the present reading is undoubtedly right. STEEVENS.

The same sentiment occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rollo*:

"My Rollo, tho' he dares as much as man,

"Is tender of his yet untainted valour;

"So noble, that he dares do nothing basely."

HENLEY.

491. *Did then adhere,——*] The old copy reads *adhere*. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Ford says of Falstaff, that his words and actions "*no more adhere and keep pace together, than,*" &c.

STEEVENS.

495. *I would while it was smiling in my face,*] Polyxo in the fifth book of Statius's *Thebais*, has a similar sentiment of ferocity:

In gremio (licet amplexu lachrymisque moretur)

Transadigam ferro——. STEEVENS.

497. ——*had I but so sworn*] *But* is an interpolation made by the editor of the second folio, who was so little acquainted with our author's metre, as to suppose this line defective. There is certainly nothing wanting. *Sworn* was used as a dissyllable.

MALONE.

501. *But screw your courage to the sticking-place,*]

G

This

This is a metaphor from an engine formed by mechanical complication. The *sticking-place* is the *stop* which suspends its powers, till they are discharged on their proper object; as in driving piles, &c. So, in Sir W. Davenant's *Cruel Brother*, 1630:

“ — There is an engine made,
 “ Which spends its strength by force of nimble wheels;
 “ For they, once *screwed up*, in their return
 “ Will rive an oak.”

Again, in *Coriolanus*, act i. sc. viii.

“ *Wrench up* thy power to the highest.”

Perhaps, indeed, Shakspeare had a more familiar image in view, and took his metaphor from the *screwing up* the chords of string-instruments to their proper degree of tension, when the peg remains fast in its *sticking-place*, i. e. in the place from which it is not to move.

STEEVENS.

505. *Will I with wine and wassel so convince*] To convince is, in Shakspeare, to *overpower* or *subdue*, as in this play:

“ — Their malady *convinces*
 “ The great assay of art.” JOHNSON.
 So, in the old comedy of *Cambyzes*:
 “ If that your heart addicted be the Egyptians to
convince.”

Again, in Holinshed: — “ thus mortally fought, intending to vanquish and *convince* the other.”

— and *wassel* —

What was anciently called *was-haile* (as appears from Selden's

Selden's notes on the ninth song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*), was an annual custom observed in the country on the vigil of the new year; and had its beginning, as some say, from the words which Ronix, daughter of Hengist, used, when she drank to Vortigern, *loved king was-heil*; he answering her, by direction of an interpreter, *drinc-heile*; and then, as Geoffry of Monmouth says,

“ Kuste hire and sitte hire adoune and glad dronke
hire *heil*,

“ And that was tho' in his land the verst *was-hail*,

“ As in langage of Saxoyne that me might evere
iwite,

“ And so wel he paith the folc about, that he is
not yut voryute.”

Afterwards it appears that *was-haile*, and *drinc-heil*, were the usual phrases of quaffing among the English, as we may see from *Thomas de la Moore* in the *Life of Edward II.* and in the lines of Hanvil the monk, who preceded him :

“ Ecce vagante cifo distento gutture *wass-heil*,

“ Ingeminant *wass-heil*——

But Selden rather conjectures it to have been an usual ceremony among the Saxons before Hengist, as a note of *health-wishing*, supposing the expression to be corrupted from *wish-heil*.

Wassel or *Wassail* is a word still in use in the mid-land counties, and signifies at present what is called Lambs Wool, *i. e.* roasted apples in strong beer, with sugar and spice. See *Beggar's Bush*, act iv. sc. 4.

"What think you of a *wassel*?"

"—thou and Ferret

"And Ginks to sing the song: I for the structure,

"Which is the bowl," &c.

Again, in a song introduced in Laneham's *Narrative of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth-Castle*, 1575:

"For *wine and wastell* he had at will."

Wassel is, however, sometimes used for general riot, intemperance, or festivity. On this occasion I believe it means *intemperance*.

Ben Jonson personifies *wassel* thus:—*Enter Wassel like a neat sempster and songster, her page bearing a brown bowl, drest with ribbands and rosemary, before her.*

STEEVENS.

506. —the warder of the brain,] A warder is a guard, a centinel. So, in another play of Shakspeare:

"Where be these *warders*, that they wait not here?"

STEEVENS.

507. —the receipt of reason] *i. e.* the receptacle.

MALONE.

508. *A limbeck only*:—] That is, shall be only a vessel to emit *fumes* or *vapours*.

JOHNSON.

512. —who shall bear the guilt

Of our great quell.] *Quell* is murder, *man-quellers* being in the old language the term for which *murderers* is now used.

JOHNSON.

So, in Chaucer's *Tale of the Nonnes Priest*, v. 15396, late edition.

"The dokes cryeden as men wold hem *quelle*."

STEEVENS.

523.

523. ———— *and bend up*] A metaphor from the bow. So, in *King Henry V.* act iii. sc. 1.

“ ———— *bend up every spirit*

“To his full height.”

STEEVENS.

ACT II.

Line 1. *BANQUO.*] The place is not marked in the old edition, nor is it easy to say where this encounter can be. It is not in the *hall*, as the editors have all supposed it, for Banquo sees the sky; it is not far from the bedchamber, as the conversation shews: it must be in the inner court of the castle, which Banquo might properly cross in his way to bed.

JOHNSON.

6. *Their candles are all out.*] The same expression occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“Night’s candles are burnt out.”

Again, in our author’s 21st sonnet:

“As those gold candles fix’d in heaven’s air.”

MALONE.

8. ———— *Merciful powers!*

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature

Gives way to in repose! ————] It is apparent,

from what Banquo says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream to attempt something in consequence

sequence of the prophecy of the witches, that his waking senses were shocked at; and Shakspeare has here finely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his sleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may assist him to complete his purpose. The one is unwilling to sleep, lest the same phantoms should assail his resolution again, while the other is depriving himself of rest through impatience to commit the murder. The same kind of invocation occurs in *Cymbeline*:

“From fairies, and the tempters of the night,

“Guard me!”

STEEVENS.

14. *He hath to-night, &c.] To-night* was first introduced by Sir Wm. Davenant.

MALONE.

17. ————*shut up]* *To shut up*, is to conclude. So, in the *Spanish Tragedy*:

“And heavens have *shut up* day to pleasure us.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iv. c. 9.

“And for to *shut up* all in friendly love.”

Again, in Reynold's *God's Revenge against Murder*, 1621, fourth edit. p. 137: “———though the parents have already *shut up* the contract.” Again, in Stowe's account of the earl of Essex's speech on the scaffold: “he *shut up* all with the Lord's prayer.” STEEVENS.

19. *Being unprepar'd,*

Our will became the servant to defect;

Which else should free have wrought.] This is
obscurely

obscurely expressed. The meaning seems to be:— Being unprepared, our entertainment was necessarily *defective*, and we only had it in our power to shew the king our *willingness* to serve him. Had we received sufficient notice of his coming, our zeal should have been more clearly manifested by our *acts*. Which refers not to the last antecedent (*defect*) but to *will*.
MALONE.

30. *If you shall cleave to my consent when 'tis—*] Macbeth expresses his thought with affected obscurity; he does not mention the royalty, though he apparently had it in his mind. *If you shall cleave to my consent*, if you shall concur with me when I determine to accept the crown, *when 'tis*, when that happens which the prediction promises, *it shall make honour for you*.
JOHNSON.

When 'tis, means, *when 'tis my leisure to talk with you on this business*; referring to what Banquo had just said, *at your kindest leisure*.

Macbeth could never mean to give Banquo at this time the most distant or obscure hint of his design upon the crown.
STEEVENS.

53. *And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,*] *Dudgeon* properly means the *haft* or *handle* of a dagger, and is used for that particular sort of handle which has some ornament carved on the top of it. Junius explains the *dudgeon*, i. e. *haft*, by the Latin expression, *manubrium apiatum*, which means *a handle of wood, with a grain rough as if the seeds of parsley were strown over it*.
STEEVENS.

Gascoigne

Gascoigne confirms this: "The most knottie piece of box may be wrought to a fayre *doogen hafte*." *Gouts* for *drops* is frequent in old English.

FARMER.

A *gout* is still a word in daily use. *Gouts* in this passage signify the stains left by blood when it issues from a wound, and trickles down the weapon.

HENLEY.

56. ——— *Now o'er the one half world*

Nature seems dead, ———] That is, over our hemisphere all actions and motion seem to have ceased. This image, which is perhaps the most striking that poetry can produce, has been adopted by Dryden in his *Conquest of Mexico*:

"All things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead,

"The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head;

"The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,

"And sleeping flow'rs beneath the night dews sweat.

"Even lust and envy sleep!"

These lines, though so well known, I have transcribed, that the contrast between them and this passage of Shakspeare may be more accurately observed.

Night is described by two great poets; but one describes a night of quiet, the other of perturbation. In the night of Dryden, all the disturbers of the world are laid asleep; in that of Shakspeare, nothing but sorcery, lust, and murder, is awake. He that reads Dryden finds himself lull'd with serenity, and disposed to solitude and contemplation. He that peruses Shakspeare,

Shakspeare, looks round alarmed, and starts to find himself alone. One is the night of a lover, the other, of a murderer.

JOHNSON.

59. ———wither'd murder,
 ———thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing, sides toward his design,
 Moves like a ghost.———]

This was the reading of this passage in all the editions before that of Mr. Pope, who, for *sides*, inserted in the text *strides*, which Mr. Theobald has tacitly copied from him, though a more proper alteration might perhaps have been made. A *ravishing stride* is an action of violence, impetuosity, and tumult, like that of a savage rushing on his prey; whereas the poet is here attempting to exhibit an image of secrecy and caution, of anxious circumspection and guilty timidity, the *stealthy pace* of a *ravisher* creeping into the chamber of a virgin, and of an assassin approaching the bed of him whom he proposes to murder, without awaking him; these he describes as *moving like ghosts*, whose progression is so different from *strides*, that it has been in all ages represented to be as Milton expresses it:

“Smooth sliding without step.”

This hemistich will afford the true reading of this place, which is, I think, to be corrected thus:

———and wither'd murder,
 ———thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin ravishing, slides tow'rd's his design,
 Moves likes a ghost.

Tarquin is in this place the general name of a ravisher,

H

and

and the sense is: Now is the time in which every one is asleep, but those who are employed in wickedness; the witch who is sacrificing to Hecate, and the ravisher, and the murderer, who, like me, are stealing upon their prey.

When the reading is thus adjusted, he wishes with great propriety, in the following lines, that the *earth* may not *hear his steps*.

JOHNSON.

The last words in this note are sufficient to confute the intent of it. Macbeth, that the earth might not hear his steps, naturally takes as few as possible, and therefore advances with *stealthy strides*, the sooner and the safer to perpetrate his purpose. Though *ravishment* itself be an act of violence, a *ravishing stride*, or the stride of a ravisher, is not; and we have Shakspeare's word that he did not think it so: for when Iachimo steals upon the sleeping Imogen, he says:

"———our Tarquin thus

"Did *softly press* the rushes, ere he waken'd

"The chastity he wounded."

But, if the progression of Macbeth was a

"smooth sliding *without step*,"

it was ridiculous in him to talk of the earth's hearing his *steps*, and prating of his *where-about*. HENLEY.

I cannot agree with Dr. Johnson, that a *stride* is always an *action of violence*, *impetuosity*, or *tumult*. Spenser uses the word in his *Faery Queen*, b. iv. c. 8. and with no idea of violence annexed to it:

"With easy steps so soft as foot could *stride*."

And

And as an additional proof that a *stride* is not always a *tumultuous effort*, the following instance, from Harrington's *Translation of Ariosto*, may be brought :

“ He takes a long and leisable *stride*,
 “ And longest on the hinder foot he staid ;
 “ So soft he treads, altho' his steps were wide,
 “ As though to tread on eggs he was afraid.
 “ And as he goes, he gropes on either side
 “ To find the bed,” &c.

Orlando Furioso, 28th book, stanza 63.

This translation was entered on the books of the Stationers-Company, Dec. 7, 1593.

Whoever has been reduced to the necessity of finding his way about a house in the dark, must know that it is natural to take large *strides*, in order to feel before us whether we have a safe footing or not. The ravisher and murderer would naturally take such *strides*, not only on the same account, but that their steps might be fewer in number, and the sound of their feet be repeated as seldom as possible. STEEVENS.

63. ——— *Thou sound and firm-set earth,*] Though the reading of the folio is corrupt, it will direct us to the true one.

————— *Thou sowre and firm-set earth,*
 was evidently meant to be :

————— *Thou sure and firm-set earth,*
 as I have inserted it in the text. So, in act iv. sc. 3.

“ Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis *sure*.”

STEEVENS.

Hij

64.

64. ——— *which way they walk,* ———] The folio reads:

———— *which they may walk,* ——— STEEVENS.

65. *Thy very stones prate of my where-about,*] The following passage in a play which has been frequently mentioned, and which Langbaine says was very popular in the time of queen Elizabeth, *A Warning for faire Women*, 1599, perhaps suggested this thought:

“Mountains will not suffice to cover it,
 “Cimmerian darknesse cannot shadow it,
 “Nor any policy wit hath in store,
 “Cloake it so cunningly, but at the last,
 “If nothing else, yet will *the very stones*
 “That lie within the street, *cry out for vengeance,*
 “And point at us to be the murderers.”

MALONE.

66. *And take the present horror from the time,*

Which now suits with it. ———] *i. e.* lest the noise from the stones take away from this midnight season that present horror which suits so well with what is going to be acted in it. What was the horror he means? *Silence*, than which nothing can be more horrid to the perpetrator of an atrocious design. This shews a great knowledge of human nature.

WARBURTON.

Macbeth would have nothing break through the universal silence that added such a horror to the night, as suited well with the bloody deed he was about to perform. Mr. Burke, in his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, observes, that “all general privations are great,

great, because they are all terrible ;” and, with other things, he gives *silence* as an instance, illustrating the whole by that remarkable passage in *Virgil*, where, amidst all the images of terror that could be united, the circumstance of *silence* is particularly dwelt upon :

“ Dii quibus imperium est animarum, umbræque
silentes,

“ Et Chaos et Phlegethon, loca nocte *silentia*
latè.”

When Statius, in the Vth book of the *Thebaid*, describes the Lemnian massacre, his frequent notice of the silence and solitude after the deed, is striking in a wonderful degree :

“ Conticuere domus,” &c. STEEVENS.

77. —————*their* possets,] It appears from this passage, as well as from many others in our old dramattick performances, that it was the general custom to eat *possets* just before bed-time. So, in the first part of *K. Edward IV.* by Heywood ; “——thou shalt be welcome to beef and bacon, and perhaps a bag-pudding ; and my daughter Nell shall pop a *posset* upon thee when thou goest to bed.” Macbeth himself has already said :

“ Go, bid thy mistress, when my *drink* is ready,

“ She strike upon the bell.”

And, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Quickly promises Jack Rugby a *posset* at night.” STEEVENS.

83. *Hark ! I laid the daggers ready,*

He could not miss them——] Compare Euripides,

Orestes, v. 1291.—where Electra stands centinel at the
door

door of the palace whilst Orestes is within for the purpose of murdering Helen. The dread of a surprise and eagerness for the business, makes Electra conclude that the deed must be done ere time enough had elapsed for attempting it. She listens with anxious impatience, and hearing nothing, expresses strong fears lest the daggers should have failed. Read the whole passage. S. W.

84. — *Had he not resembled*

My father as he slept, I had don't—] This is very artful. For, as the poet had drawn the lady and her husband, it would be thought the act should have been done by her. It is likewise highly just; for though ambition had subdued in her all the sentiments of nature towards *present* objects, yet the likeness of one *past*, which she had been accustomed to regard with reverence, made her unnatural passions, for a moment, give way to the sentiments of instinct and humanity.

WARBURTON.

The same circumstance, on a similar occasion, is introduced by Statius in the Vth book of his *Thebaid*, ver. 236.

“ Ut verò Alcimeden etiamnum in murmure
truncos

“ *Ferre patris vultus, et egentem sanguinis ensem*

“ *Conspexi riguere comæ, atque in viscera sævus*

“ *Horror ut Meus ille Thoas mea dira videri*

“ *Dextra mihi. Extemplo thalamis turbata*
paternis

“ *Inferor.*————

Thoas

Thoas was the father of Hypsipyle the speaker.

STEEVENS.

95. *This is a sorry sight,*] This expression might have been borrowed from *Spenser's Faery Queen*, l. v. c. i. 14.

A sorrie sight as ever scene with eye. WHALLEY.

104. *Listening their fear. I could not say, amen, When they did say, God bless us.*] i. e. *Listening to their fear*, the particle omitted. This is common in our author. *Julius Cæsar*, act iv. sc. i.

"——— and now Octavius,

"*Listen* great things."

Contemporary writers took the same liberty. So, in *The World toss'd at Tennis*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1620:

"*Listen* the complaints of thy poor votaries."

Again, in Lylly's *Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600:

"There, in rich seats, all wrought of ivory,

"The Graces sit, *listening* the melody

"Of warbling birds."

STEEVENS.

114. *Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,*] To confirm the ingenious conjecture that *sleeve* means *sleaved*, *silk ravell'd*, it is observable, that a poet of Shakspeare's age, Drayton, has alluded to it likewise in his *Quest of Cynthia*:

"At length I on a fountain light,

"Whose brim with pinks was platted,

"The banks with daffadillies dight,

"With grass, like *sleeve*, was matted."

LANGTON.

Sleeve

Sleave is mentioned in Holinshed's *History of England*, p. 835: "Eight wild men all appavelled in green moss made with *sleved* silk." Perhaps the same word, though differently spelt, occurs in the *Lover's Complaint*, by Shakspeare, p. 87, and 88, Lintot's.

"Found yet mo letters sadly penn'd in blood,

"With *sleided* silke, feate and affectedly

"Enswath'd and sealed to curious secrecy."

STEEVENS.

To *sleive* is a provincial expression derived from the Teutonick *schleiffen*, to *trail on the ground*. That something of this idea was included in Shakspeare's sense of *sleave*, is evident from the application of *knits up* to it.

HENLEY.

115. *The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath, &c.*] In this encomium upon sleep, amongst the many appellations which are given it, significant of its beneficence and friendliness to life, we find one which conveys a different idea, and by no means agrees with the rest, which is:

The death of each day's life,———]

I make no question but Shakspeare wrote:

The birth of each day's life,——

The true characteristick of sleep, which repairs the decays of labour, and assists that returning vigour which supplies the next day's activity. The player-editors seem to have corrupted it for the sake of a silly jingle between *life* and *death*.
WARBURTON.

I neither perceive the corruption, nor any necessity for alteration. *The death of each day's life*, means the
end

end of each day's labour, the conclusion of all that bustle and fatigue that each day's life brings with it.

STEEVENS.

115. *Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds,———*] Is it not probable that Shakspeare remembered the following verse in Sir Philip Sydney's *Astrophel and Stella*, a poem from which he has quoted a line in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"Come sleepe, O sleepe, the certain knot of peace,

"The bathing place of wits, the balm of woe,

"The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,

"The indifferent judge between the high and low."

The late Mr. Gray had, perhaps, our author's "*death of each day's life*" in his thoughts, when he wrote

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

MALONE.

117. *Chief nourisher in life's feast;*] So, in Chaucer's *Squire's Tale*, v. 10661: late edit.

"The norice of digestion, the slepe."

STEEVENS.

134. *——'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil———*] So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

"Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils."

STEEVENS.

136. — *gild the faces of the grooms withal,*

For it must seem their guilt.] Could Shakspeare possibly mean to play upon the similitude of *gild* and *guilt*? JOHNSON.

This quibble very frequently occurs in the old plays. A few instances (for I could produce a dozen at least) may suffice:

“*Cand.* You have a silver beaker of my wife’s;

“*Flu.* You say not true, ’tis *gilt*.”

“*Cand.* Then you say true:—

“And being *gilt*, the *guilt* lies more on you.”

Again, in Middleton’s comedy of *A mad World my Masters*, 1608:

“Though *guilt* condemns, ’tis *gilt* must make us glad.”

And, lastly, from Shakspeare himself:

“England shall double *gild* his treble *guilt*.”

Henry IV. Part II.

STEEVENS.

143. — *incarnardine,*] To *incarnardine*, is to stain any thing of a flesh colour, or red. *Carnardine* is the old term for *carnation*. So, in a comedy called *Any Thing for a quiet Life*:

“Grograms, sattins, velvet fine,

“The rosy-colour’d *carnardine*.” STEEVENS.

144. *Making the green—one red.]* The same thought occurs in *The Downfal of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

“The *multitudes* of seas died *red* with blood.”

Again, in the 19th song of Drayton’s *Polyolbion*:

“And the vast *greenish* sea discolour’d like to blood.”

It

It has been common to read :

Making the green one, red.

The author of the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, No. 15, first made this elegant and necessary change, which has hitherto been adopted without acknowledgment.

STEEVENS.

145. *My hands are of your colour,——]* A similar antithesis is found in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, 1657 :

"Your cheeks are black, let not your souls look white."

MALONE.

154. *To know my deed—'Twere best not know myself.]* i. e. While I have the thoughts of this deed, it were best not know, or be lost to, myself. This is an answer to the lady's reproof:

——be not lost

So poorly in your thoughts.

WARBURTON.

162. ——napkins enough—] i. e. handkerchiefs.

STEEVENS.

165. —here's an equivocator—who committed treason enough for God's sake—] Meaning a jesuit: an order so troublesome to the state in queen Elizabeth and king James the first's time. The inventors of the execrable doctrine of equivocation.

WARBURTON.

169. —here's an English Taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose:——] In the *Treasury of ancient and modern Times*, 1613, we have an account (from Guyon, I suppose) of the old French dresses; "Men's hose answered in length to their short-skirted doublets; being made close to their limbes, wherein they had no meanes for pockets." And *Withers*, in his

satire against vanity, ridicules "the spruze, *diminutive*, neat, *Frenchman's hose*." FARMER.

198. — *I made a shift to cast him.*] To cast him up, to ease my stomach of him. The equivocation is between *cast* or *throw*, as a term of wrestling, and *cast* or *cast up*. JOHNSON.

I find the same play upon words, in an old comedy, entitled *The Two angry Women of Abington*, printed 1599 :

———"to-night he's a good huswife, he reels all that he wrought to-day, and he were good now to play at dice, for he *casts* excellent well." STEEVENS.

213. *For 'tis my limited service*] *Limited*, for appointed. WARBURTON.

227. ———— *Tongue, nor heart,*] The use of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is very common in our author. So *Julius Cæsar*, act iii. sc. 1.

"———there is no harm

"Intended to your person, *nor* to *no* Roman else." STEEVENS.

245. ———— *this horror!*] Here the old edition adds, *ring the bell*, which Theobald rejected, as a direction to the players. He has been followed by Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson. Shakspeare might think a repetition of the command to ring the bell necessary, and I know not how an editor is authorised to reject that which apparently makes a part of his author's text. STEEVENS.

The

The subsequent hemistich—"What's the business?"—which completes the metre of the preceding line, without the words "Ring the bell," affords, in my opinion, a strong presumptive proof that these words were only a marginal direction. It should be remembered that all the stage-directions were formerly couched in imperative terms:—"Draw a knife;"—"Play musick;"—"Ring the bell," &c.

I suppose it was in consequence of an imperfect recollection of this hemistich, that Mr. Pope, having in his preface charged the editors of the first folio with introducing stage-directions into their author's text, in support of his assertion quotes the following line:

"My queen is murder'd:—*ring the little bell.*"

A line that is not found in any edition of these plays, nor, I believe, in any other book. MALONE.

255. *What, in our house!*] This is very fine. Had she been innocent, nothing but the murder itself, and not any of its aggravating circumstances, would naturally have affected her. As it was, her business was to appear highly disordered at the news. Therefore, like one who has her thoughts about her, she seeks for an aggravating circumstance, that might be supposed most to affect her personally; not considering, that by placing it there, she discovered rather a concern for herself than for the king. On the contrary, her husband, who had repented the act, and was now labouring under the horrors of a recent murder, in his exclamation, gives all the marks of sorrow for the fact itself. WARBURTON.

272. ———badg'd *with blood*,] So, in the Second Part of *K. Henry VI.*

“With murder’s crimson *badge*.” MALONE.

273. ———*their daggers, which untwip’d we found upon their pillows.*] This idea, perhaps, was taken from *The Man of Lawes Tale*, by Chaucer, l. 5027, Tyrwhitt’s edit.

“And in the bed the bloody knife he found.”

See also the foregoing lines.

STEEVENS.

282. ———*Here lay Duncan,*

His silver skin lac’d with his golden blood;

And his gash’d stabs look’d like a breach in nature,

For ruin’s wasteful entrance :———] It is

not improbable, that Shakspeare put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, to shew the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy, and the natural outcries of sudden passion. The whole speech, so considered, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists entirely of antithesis and metaphor.

JOHNSON.

To *gild* any thing *with blood*, is a very common phrase in the old plays. So Heywood, in the second part of his *Iron Age*, 1632 :

“———we have *gilt* our Greekish arms

With blood of our own nation.”

Shakspeare repeats the image in *K. John* :

“Their armours that march’d hence so *silver* bright,

“Hither

“ Hither return all *gilt* with Frenchmen’s *blood*.”

STEEVENS.

284. ———a *breach* in nature

For *ruin’s wasteful entrance*.] This comparison occurs likewise in *A. Herring’s Tayle*, a poem, 1598.

“ A batter’d *breach* where troopes of wounds may enter in.”

STEEVENS.

287. *Unmannerly breech’d with gore*; ———] Macbeth is describing a scene shocking to humanity: and in the midst of his narrative throws in a parenthetical reflection, consisting of one word not connected with the sentence, (“ O most *unseemly* sight!”) For this is a meaning of the word *unmannerly*: and the want of considering it in this *detached* sense has introduced much confusion into the passage. The Latins often used *nefas* and *infandum* in this manner. Or, in the same sense, the word may be here applied adverbially. The correction of the author of the Revisal is equally frigid and unmeaning. “ Their daggers *in a manner lay* drench’d with gore.” The manifest artifice and dissimulation of the speech seems to be heightened by the explanation which I have offered. WARTON.

I apprehend it to be the duty of an editor to represent his author such as he is, and explain the meaning of the words he finds to the best advantage, instead of attempting to make them better by any violent alteration.

The expression may mean, that the daggers were covered with blood, quite to their *breeches*, i. e. their
hills

hilt or *handles*. The lower end of a cannon is called the *breech* of it; and it is known that both to *breech* and to *unbreech* a gun are common terms. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*:

"The main spring's weaken'd that holds up his cock,

"He lies to be new *breech'd*."

"*Unbreech* his barrel, and discharge his bullets."

STEEVENS.

A passage in a preceding scene, in which Macbeth's visionary dagger is described, strongly supports Mr. Steevens's interpretation.

"——— I see thee still;

"And on thy blade and *dudgeon* [i. e. *hilt*] gouts of blood,

"Which was not so before."

The following lines in *K. Henry IV.* Part III. may perhaps, after all, form the best comment on these controverted words:

"And full as oft came Edward to my side,

"With purple faulchion, *painted to the hilt*

"*In blood* of those that had encounter'd him."

Though much has been written on this passage, the commentators have forgotten to account for the attendants of Duncan being furnished with these unmannerly daggers. The fact is, that in our author's time a dagger was a common weapon, and was usually carried by servants, suspended at their backs. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "Then I will lay the *serving creature's dagger* on your pate."

MALONE.

This

This passage, says Mr. Heath, seems to have been the *crux criticorum*!—Every one has tried his skill at it, and I may venture to say, no one has succeeded.

The sense is, in plain language, *Daggers filthily—in a foul manner—sheath'd with blood. A scabbard is called a pilche, a leather coat, in Romeo—but you will ask, whence the allusion to breeches?* Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson have well observed, that this speech of Macbeth is very artfully made of unnatural thoughts and language: in 1605 (the year in which the play appears to have been written) a book was published by Peter Erondell (with commendatory poems by Daniel, and other wits of the time), called *The French Garden, or A Summer Dayes Labour*, containing, among other matters, some dialogues of a dramatick cast, which, I am persuaded, our author had read in the English; and from which he took, as he supposed, for his present purpose, this quaint expression. I will quote *literatim* from the 6th dialogue: “Boy! you do nothing but play tricks there, go fetch your master’s silver-hatched daggers, you have not brushed their breeches; bring the brushes, and brush them before me.”—Shakspeare was deceived by the pointing, and evidently supposes *breeches* to be a new and affected term for *scabbards*. But had he been able to have read the French on the other page, even as a *learner*, he must have been set right at once. “Garçon, vous ne faites que badiner, allez querir les poignards argentez de vos maistres, vous n’avez pas espousseré leur *haut-de-chausses*”—their *breeches*, in the common

sense of the word: as in the next sentence *bas-de-chausses, stockings*, and so on through all the articles of dress.

FARMER.

295. *Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole.]*
The old copy reads—hid in.

MALONE.

301. *And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure,—]* i. e. *when we have clothed our half-drest bodies, which may take cold from being exposed to the air.* It is possible that in such a cloud of words, the meaning might escape the reader.

STEEVENS.

305. *In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.]* Pretence is intention, design, a sense in which the word is often used by Shakspeare. So, in *The Winter's Tale*: “—conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband, the *pretence* whereof being by circumstance partly laid open.” Again, in this tragedy of *Macbeth*:

“What good could they *pretend*?”

i. e. intend to themselves. Banquo's meaning is—in our present state of doubt and uncertainty about this murder, I have nothing to do but to put myself under the direction of God; and relying on his support, I here declare myself an eternal enemy to this treason, and to all its further designs that have not yet come to light.

STEEVENS.

318. ————*the near in blood,*
The nearer bloody.] Meaning, that he suspected
Macbeth

Macbeth to be the murderer ; for he was the *nearest in blood* to the two princes, being the cousin-german of Duncan.

STEEVENS.

320. *This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted ;—] The shaft is not yet lighted, and though it has done mischief in its flight, we have reason to apprehend still more before it has spent its force and falls to the ground. The end for which the murder was committed is not yet attained. The death of the king only could neither insure the crown to Macbeth, nor accomplish any other purpose, while his sons were yet living, who had therefore just reason to apprehend they should be removed by the same means.*

Such another thought occurs in *Bussey D'Ambois*, 1606 :

“ The chain-shot of thy lust is yet aloft,

“ And it must murder,” &c. STEEVENS.

339. ————*in her pride of place,*] Finely expressed, for *confidence in its quality*. WARBURTON.

This is found among the prodigies consequent on king Duffe's murder : “ There was a *sparhawk* strangled by an owl.”

STEEVENS.

342. ————*minions of their race,*] Theobald reads :
—————*minions of the race,*
very probably, and very poetical. JOHNSON.

Their is probably the true reading, the same expression being found in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562, a poem which Shakspeare had certainly read :

Kij

“ There

"There were two ancient stocks, which Fortune
high did place

"Above the rest, endew'd with wealth, the
nobler of *their race*." MALONE.

Most of the prodigies just before mentioned are related by Holinshed, as accompanying king Duffe's death; and it is in particular asserted, *that horses of singular beauty and swiftness did eat their own flesh*. Macbeth's killing Duncan's chamberlains is taken from Donwald's killing those of king Duffe.

STEEVENS.

354. *What good could they pretend?*] To pretend, in this instance, as in many others, is simply to design.

STEEVENS.

See catch-word Alphabet.

361. *Then 'tis most like,*

The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.] Macbeth, by his birth, stood next in the succession to the crown, immediately after the sons of Duncan. King Malcolm, Duncan's predecessor, had two daughters, the eldest of whom was the mother of Duncan, the youngest, the mother of Macbeth. *Holinshed*.

STEEVENS.

366. — *Colmes-hill*;] *Colmes-hill*, or *Colm-hill*, is the famous *Iona*, one of the western isles, which Dr. Johnson visited, and describes in his Tour. Holinshed scarcely mentions the death of any of the ancient kings of Scotland, without taking notice of their being buried with their predecessors in *Colmes-hill*.

STEEVENS.

Colmes-

Colmes-hill is one of the numerous corruptions of the second folio, in a former scene of this play. *Kill* is the true word, and in the Erse language signifies a burying-place.

MALONE.

ACT III.

Line 7. *AS upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine]*
Shine, for prosper.

WARBURTON.

Shine, for appear with all the lustre of conspicuous truth.

JOHNSON.

I rather incline to Dr. Warburton's interpretation. So, in *K. Henry VI.* Part I:

"Heaven, and our lady gracious, hath it pleased

"To *shine* on my contemptible estate."

STEEVENS.

17. *Lay your—]* The folio reads, *Let your—*

STEEVENS.

The change was suggested by Sir W. Davenant's alteration of this play: it was made by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

28. *Go not my horse the better,]* *i. e.* if he does not go well. Shakspeare often uses the *comparative* for the *positive* and *superlative*. So, in *K. Lear*:

"——her smiles and tears

"Were like a better day."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"——it hath cow'd my *better* part of man."

Again, in P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History*,

History, b. ix. c. 46. “—Many are caught out of their fellowes hands, if they bestirre not themselves the better.” It may mean, If my horse does not go the better for the haste I shall be in to avoid the night.

STEEVENS.

The expression is rather elliptical, than ungrammatical.

HENLEY.

67. For *Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind*;] We should read :

—————'filed my mind;

i. e. defiled.

WARBURTON.

This mark of contraction is not necessary. To *file* is in the bishop's *Bible*.

JOHNSON.

So, in the *Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608 :

“He called his father villain, and me strumpet,

“A name I do abhor to *file* my lips with.”

Again, in the *Miseries of inforc'd Marriage*, 1607 :

“—like smoke through a chimney that *files* all the way it goes.” Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iii.

c. 1 :

“She lightly lept out of her *filed* bed.”

STEEVENS.

71. ———*the common enemy of man*,] It is always an entertainment to an inquisitive reader, to trace a sentiment to its original source ; and therefore, though the term *enemy of man*, applied to the devil, is in itself natural and obvious, yet some may be pleased with being informed, that Shakspeare probably borrowed it from the first lines of the *Destruction of Troy*, a book which he is known to have read. This expression,

sion, however, he might have had in many other places. The word *fiend* signifies enemy. JOHNSON.

73. ————*come, fate, into the list,*

And champion me to the utterance!——] We meet with the same expression in Gawin Douglas's translation of *Virgil*, p. 331. 349:

“That war not put by Greikis to utterance.”

Again, in the *History of Graund Amoure and la belle Pucelle*, &c. by Stephen Hawes, 1555:

“That so many monsters put to utteraunce.”

Shakspeare uses it again in *Cymbeline*, act iii. line 78.

STEEVENS.

83. ————*past in probation with you;*

How you were borne in hand, &c.] *i. e.* past in proving to you, how you were, &c. So, in *Othello*:

“—————so prove it,

“That the probation bear no hinge or loop

“To hang a doubt on.”

A comma therefore should seem more proper than a semicolon at the end of this line.

MALONE.

84. *How you were borne in hand;——*] *i. e.* made to believe what was not true, what would never happen or be made good to you. In this sense Chaucer uses it, *Wife of Bath's Prol.* p. 78. l. 2. 32.

“A wise wife shall, &c.

“*Berin them in honde that the cowe is wode.*”

And our author in many places, see *Measure for Measure*, act i. line 395.

WARNER.

92. ————*Are you so gossell'd,*] I believe that *gossell'd* means, kept in obedience to that precept of the

the gospel, "to pray for those that despitefully use us."

STEEVENS.

96. *We are men, my liege.*] That is, we have the same feelings as the rest of mankind, and, *as men*, are not without a *manly* resentment for the wrongs which we have suffered, and which you have now recited.

MALONE.

99. *Shoughs*,—] *Shoughs* are probably what we now call *shocks*, demi-wolves, *lyciscæ*; dogs bred between wolves and dogs.

JOHNSON.

This species of dogs is mentioned in Nash's *Lenten Stuffe*, &c. 1599: "—a trundle-tail, tike, or *shough* or two."

STEEVENS.

100. —*the valued file*] Is the file or list where the value and peculiar qualities of every thing is set down, in contradistinction to what he immediately mentions, *the bill that writes them all alike*. *File*, in the second instance, is used in the same sense as in this, and with a reference to it.—*Now, if you belong to any class that deserves a place in the valued file of man, and are not of the lowest rank, the common herd of mankind, that are not worth distinguishing from each other.*

File and *list* are synonymous, as in the last act of this play:

"—I have a *file*

"Of all the gentry."

Again, in Heywood's dedication to the second part of his *Iron Age*, 1632: "—to number you in the *file* and *list* of my best and choicest well-wishers." Shakspeare likewise has it in *Measure for Measure*:

"The

“The greater *file* of the subject held the duke to be wise.” In short, the *valued file* is the catalogue with prices annexed to it.

STEEVENS.

119. *So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,]*
Tugg'd with fortune may be, *tugg'd* or worried by fortune.

JOHNSON.

125. — *in such bloody distance,]* By *bloody distance* is here meant, such a distance as mortal enemies would stand at from each other when their quarrel must be determined by the sword. This sense seems evident from the continuation of the metaphor, where *every minute of his being* is represented as *thrusting at the nearest part where life resides*.

STEEVENS.

141. *Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time,]*
What is meant by *the spy of the time*, it will be found difficult to explain; and therefore sense will be cheaply gained by a slight alteration.—Macbeth is assuring the assassins that they shall not want directions to find Banquo, and therefore says:

I will——

Acquaint you with a perfect spy o'the time.

Accordingly a third murderer joins them afterwards at the place of action.

Perfect is *well instructed*, or *well informed*, as in this play:

“Though in your state of honour I am *perfect*.”
though I am *well acquainted* with your quality and rank.

JOHNSON.

—— *the perfect spy o'the time,*

i. e. the critical juncture.

WARBURTON.

L

How

How the *critical juncture* is the *spy o' the time*, I know not, but I think my own conjecture right. JOHNSON.

The perfect spy of the time seems to be, the *exact time*, which shall be spied and watched for the purpose.

STEEVENS.

The meaning, I think, is, *I will acquaint you with the time when you may look out for Banquo's coming with the most perfect assurance of not being disappointed; and not only with the time in general, but with the very moment when you may expect him.*

MALONE.

Macbeth appears to have sent a messenger after Banquo to watch his motions, and when he saw him take horse for his return, to out-ride him and bring home the information. This *perfect spy of the time* was the *third murderer*, who, on the instant of his arrival, was sent to the other two, to apprize them of the *moment* they might look for Banquo. See the beginning of scene 3.

HENLEY.

143. ——— *always thought,*

That I require a clearness:] i. e. you must manage matters so, that throughout the whole transaction I may stand clear of suspicion. So, Holinshed: "——appointing them to meet Banquo and his sonne without the palace, as they returned to their lodgings, and there to slea them, so that he would not have his house slandered, but that in time to come he might cleare himself."

STEEVENS.

169. —*scotch'd*——] Mr. Theobald.—Fol. *scorch'd*.

JOHNSON.

Scotch'd is the true reading. So, in *Coriolanus*, act iv. scene 5:

"——he

“ —he *scotch'd* him and notch'd him like a carbonado.”

STEEVENS.

176. *Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace.*]

The old copy reads :

Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace.

This change, which appears to be necessary, was made in the second folio.

STEEVENS.

The old reading I think should be preserved. The play on the word is like those already put into the mouth of Macbeth.

HENLEY.

178. *In restless ecstasy* ———] *Ecstasy*, in its general sense, signifies any violent emotion of the mind. Here it means the emotions of pain, agony. So, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, p. 1.

“ Gripping our bowels with retorqued thoughts,

“ And have no hope to end our *extasies*.”

STEEVENS.

188. — *present him eminence*, ———] *i. e.* do him the highest honours.

WARBURTON.

196. ——— *nature's copy's not eterne*.] The *copy*, the *lease*, by which they hold their lives from nature, has its time of termination limited.

JOHNSON.

Eterne for *eternal* is often used by Chaucer. So, in the *Knight's Tale*, late edit. v. 1305 :

“ —O cruel goddes, that governe

“ This world with binding of your word *eterne*,

“ And written in the table of athamant

“ Your parlement and your *eterne* grant.”

STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson's interpretation is supported by a subsequent passage in this play.

Lij

“ —and

“ —and our high-plac'd Macbeth
 “ Shall live the *lease of Nature*, pay his breath
 “ To time and mortal custom.”

200. *The shard-borne beetle*,—] *i. e.* the beetle hatched in clefts of wood. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ They are his *shards*, and he their *beetle*.”

WARBURTON.

The *shard-borne beetle* is not only the ancient but the true reading : *i. e.* the beetle borne along the air by its *shards* or *scaly wings*. From a passage in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, it appears that *shards* signified *scales* :

“ She sigh, her thought, a dragon tho,

“ Whose *scherdes* shynen as the sonne.”

And hence the upper or outward wings of the beetle were called *shards*, they being of a *scaly* substance. To have an outward pair of wings of a *scaly* hardness, serving as integuments, to a *filmy* pair beneath them, is the characteristick of the beetle kind.

Ben Jonson, in his *Sad Shepherd*, says:

“ The *scaly* beetles with their *habergeons*,

“ That make a humming murmur as they fly.”

In *Cymbeline*, Shakspeare applies this epithet again to the beetle :

“ —————we find

“ The *sharded* beetle in a safer hold

“ Than is the full-wing'd eagle.”

Here there is a manifest opposition intended between the wings and flight of the *insect* and the *bird*. The *beetle*, whose *sharded wings* can but just raise him above
 the

the ground, is often in a state of greater security than the *vast-winged eagle* that can soar to any height.

As Shakspeare is here describing the *beetle* in the act of flying (for he never makes his humming noise but when he flies), it is more natural to suppose the epithet should allude to the peculiarity of his wings, than to the circumstance of his origin, or his place of habitation, both of which are common to him with several other creatures of the insect kind.

The quotation from *Antony and Cleopatra*, seems to make against Dr. Warburton's explanation.

The meaning of *Ænobarbus* in that passage is evidently this: *Lepidus*, says he, is the *beetle* of the triumvirate, a dull, blind creature, that would but crawl on the earth, if Octavius and Antony, his more active colleagues in power, did not serve him for *shards* or wings to raise him a little above the ground.

What idea is afforded, if we say that Octavius and Antony are two clefts in the old wood in which *Lepidus* was hatch'd?

STEEVENS.

204. ———*dearest chuck*,] I meet with this term of endearment (which is probably corrupted from *chick* or *chicken*) in many of our ancient writers. So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, b. v. c. 27.

“———immortal she-egg *chuck* of Tyndarus his wife.”

STEEVENS.

205. ———*Come sealing night*,] Thus the common editions had it; but the old one, *seeling*, i. e. blinding; which is right. It is a term in falconry.

WARBURTON.

So,

So, in the *Booke of Hawkyng, Huntyng, &c.* bl. let. no date: "And he must take wyth hym nedle and threde, to *ensyle* the haukes that bene taken. And in thys maner the must be *ensiled*. Take the nedel and thryde, and put it through the over eye lyd, and soe of that other, and make them fast under the becke that she se not," &c. STEEVENS.

———*Come, seeling night,*

Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond

Which keeps me pale!——] This may be well explained by the following passage in *Richard III.*

"*Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray.*"

Again, in *Cymbeline*, act v. sc. 4.

"———take this life,

"And *cancel* these cold bonds." STEEVENS.

209. *Light thickens; and the crow]* By the expression, *light thickens*, Shakspeare means, *the light grows dull or muddy*. In this sense he uses it in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"———my lustre *thickens*

"When he shines by"——

EDWARDS'S MSS.

It may be added, that in the second part of *King Henry IV.* Prince John of Lancaster tells Falstaff, that "his desert is *too thick to shine*." STEEVENS.

210. *Makes wing to the rooky wood:]* *Rooky* may mean *damp, misty, steaming with exhalations*. It is only a North country variation of dialect from *reeky*. In *Coriolanus*, Shakspeare mentions

"———the *reck* of th' rotten fens."

And,

And, in *Caltha Poëtarum*, &c. 1599 :

“ Comes in a vapour like a *rookish* ryme.”

Rooky wood may, however, signify a *rookery*, the wood that abounds with rooks. STEEVENS.

216. *But who did bid thee join with us ?*] The meaning of this abrupt dialogue is this : The *perfect spy*, mentioned by Macbeth in the foregoing scene, has, before they enter upon the stage, given them the directions which were promised at the time of their agreement ; yet one of the murderers suborned, suspects him of intending to betray them ; the other observes, that, by his exact knowledge of *what they were to do*, he appears to be employed by Macbeth, and needs not be mistrusted. JOHNSON.

229. ——— *the note of expectation,*] *i. e.* they who are set down in the list of guests, and expected to supper. STEEVENS.

243. *Was't not the way ?*] *i. e.* the best means we could take to evade discovery. STEEVENS.

247. *You know your own degrees, sit down : at first And last, the hearty welcome.*] As this passage stands, not only the numbers are very imperfect ; but the sense, if any can be found, weak and contemptible. The numbers will be improved by reading :

——— *sit down at first,
And last a hearty welcome.*

But for *last* should then be written *next*. I believe the true reading is :

*You know your own degrees, sit down.—To first
And last the hearty welcome.*

All of whatever degree, from the highest to the lowest, may be assured that their visit is well received.

JOHNSON.

252. *Our hostess keeps her state, &c.*] This idea might have been borrowed from Holinshed, p. 108: "The king (Hen. VIII.) caused the queene to *keepe the estate*, and then sat the ambassadours and ladies as they were marshalled by the king, who would not sit, but walked from place to place, making cheer," &c.

STEEVENS.

A *state* appears to have been a royal chair with a canopy over it. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part I.

"This *chair* shall be my *state*."

Again, in Sir Thomas Herbert's *Memoirs of Charles I.* "Where being *set*, the king *under a state* at the end of the room."——Again, in *The View of France*, 1598: "Espying the *chayre* not to stand well under the *state*, he mended it handsomely himself." MALONE.

261. *'Tis better thee without, than he within.*] The sense requires that this passage should be read thus:

'Tis better thee without, than him within.

That is, *I am better pleased that the blood of Banquo should be on thy face than in thy body.*

The author might mean, *It is better that Banquo's blood were on thy face, than he in this room.* Expressions thus imperfect are common in his works.

JOHNSON.

This is another play on a word, and serves to mark the state of Macbeth's mind. * * *

275. ———trenched *gashes*———] *Trancher* to cut. Fr. STEEVENS.

283. ————*the feast is sold, &c.*] The same expression occurs in the *Romaunt of the Rose*:

“Good dede done through praierie,

“*Is sold, and bought to dere.*” STEEVENS.

It is still common to say, that we *pay dear* for an entertainment, if the circumstances attending the participation of it prove irksome to us. HENLEY.

288. *Enter the ghost of Banquo,——*] This circumstance of *Banquo's ghost* seems to be alluded to in *The Puritan*, first printed in 1607, and ridiculously ascribed to Shakspeare: “We'll ha' the *ghost i' th' white sheet* sit at *upper end o' th' table.*” FARMER.

312. ————*extend his passion*;] Prolong his suffering; make his fit longer. JOHNSON.

319. ————*Oh, these flaws and starts*

(Impostors to true fear) *would well become*

A woman's story at a winter's fire,

Authoriz'd by her grandam.——] *Flaws* are

sudden gusts. The author perhaps wrote:

———*Those flaws and starts,*

Impostures true to fear would well become;

A woman's story,——

These symptoms of terror and amazement might better become *impostures true only to fear, might become a coward at the recital of such falsehoods as no man could credit, whose understanding was not weakened by his terrors; tales told by a woman over a fire on the authority of her grandam.* JOHNSON.

329. *Shall be the maws of kites.*] The same thought occurs in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. ii. c. 8.

M

“But

"But be entombed in the raven or the kight."

STEEVENS.

334. *Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;*] The gentle weal, is, the peaceable community, the state made quiet and safe by human statutes.

"*Mollia securæ peragebant otia gentes.*"

JOHNSON.

345. *Do not muse at me,——*] To muse anciently signified to be in amaze.

STEEVENS.

352. *And all to all.*] i. e. all good wishes to all: such as he named above, love, health, and joy.

WARBURTON.

Timon uses nearly the same expression to his guests, act i. "*All to you.*"

STEEVENS.

363. *The Hyrcan tyger,*] Theobald chooses to read, in opposition to the old copy:—*Hyrceanian* tyger; but the alteration was unnecessary, as Dr. Philemon Holland, in his translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* p. 122, mentions the *Hyrcale* sea.

TOLLET.

367. *If trembling I inhabit,——*] This is the original reading, which Mr. Pope changed to *inhibit*, which *inhibit* Dr. Warburton interprets *refuse*. The old reading may stand, at least as well as the emendation. Suppose we read:

If trembling I evade it.

JOHNSON.

Inhibit seems more likely to have been the poet's own word, as he uses it frequently in the sense required in this passage. *Othello*, act i. sc. 7.

"—a

"——a practiser

"Of arts *inhibited*."

Hamlet, act ii. scene 6.

"I think their *inhibition* comes of the late innovation."

To *inhibit* is to *forbid*. The poet might probably have written :

If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me, &c.

STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that "*inhibit thee*,"——is the true reading. In *All's Well that Ends Well*, we find in the second and all the subsequent folios——"which is the most *inhabited* sin of the canon."——instead of *inhibited*.

In our author's *King Richard II.* we have nearly the same thought :

"If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,

"*I dare meet Surry in the wilderness.*" MALONE.

No torture of criticism can draw from *inhibit*, a sense that will agree with the context. *Inhabit* is the original reading ; and it needs no alteration. Milton has employed the same verb in a neutral signification, to express *continuance in a given situation* :

"Mean while *inhabit* lax, ye powers of heaven!"
Macbeth being at this time in his castle, the meaning of the passage obviously is——Should you challenge me to encounter you in the desert, and I through fear continue immured in this fortress, then protest me, &c.

Thus Clarence threatens Warwick :

M ij

"I here

“I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe,
 “With resolution, wheresoe’er I meet thee
 “(As I will meet thee if thou *stir* ABROAD),
 “To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.”

HENLEY.

373. Can *such things be*,
And overcome us, like a summer’s cloud,
Without our special wonder?——] Why

not? if they be only like a summer’s cloud? The speech is given wrong; it is part of the lady’s foregoing speech; and, besides that, is a little corrupt. We should read it thus:

——Can’t *such things be*,
And overcome us, like a summer’s cloud,
Without our special wonder?——] *i. e.* cannot

these visions, without so much wonder and amazement, be presented to the *disturbed* imagination in the manner that air visions, in summer clouds, are presented to a *wanton* one: which sometimes shew a lion, a castle, or a promontory? The thought is fine, and in character. *Overcome* is used for *deceive*.

WARBURTON.

The alteration is introduced by a misinterpretation. The meaning is not that *these things are like a summer-cloud*, but can such wonders as these pass over us without wonder, as a casual summer-cloud passes over us.

JOHNSON.

No instance is given of this sense of the word *overcome*, which has caused all the difficulty; it is however to be found in Spenser, *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. 7. st. 4.

“—A little

“——A little valley——

“All covered with thick woods, that quite it
overcame.”

FARMER.

Again, in *Marie Magdalene's Repentance* :

“With blode overcome were both his eyen.”

MALONE.

375. ——You make me strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,] This passage seems to mean——You prove to me that I am a stranger even to my own disposition, when I perceive that the very object which steals the colour from my cheek, permits it to remain in yours. In other words——You prove to me how false an opinion I have hitherto maintained of my own courage, when yours on the trial is found to exceed it. A thought somewhat similar occurs in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act ii. scene 1. “I'll entertain myself like one I am not acquainted withal.” Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, act v.

“——if you know

“That you are well acquainted with yourself.”

STEEVENS.

The meaning, I think, is, *You make me a stranger to, or forgetful of, that brave disposition which I know I possess, and make me fancy myself a coward, when I perceive that I am terrified by a sight which has not in the least alarmed you.*

MALONE.

Mr. Reed thinks the meaning simply is, *you make me amazed*, and cites an example of the word *strange* so used in the *History of Jack of Newberry*——“I jest
not,

not, said she; for I mean it shall be and stand not *strangely*, but remember that you promised me," &c.

HENLEY.

379. — *is blanch'd with fear.*] *i. e.* turn'd pale, as in Webster's *Dutchess of Malsy*, 1623:

"Thou dost *blanch* mischief,

"Dost make it white."

STEEVENS.

388. *It will have blood, &c.*] So, in *The Mirror of Magistrates*, p. 118.

"Take heede yee princes by examples past,

"*Bloud will have bloud* eyther first or last."

HENDERSON.

It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood:]

I would thus point the passage:

It will have blood: they say, blood will have blood.

As a confirmation of the reading, I would add the following authority:

"Blood asketh blood, and death must death requite." *Ferrex and Perrex*, act iv. sc.2.

WHALLEY.

390. *Augurs, and understood relations,*——] By the word *relation* is understood the *connection* of effects with causes; to *understand relations* as an *augur*, is to know how these things *relate* to each other, which have no visible combination or dependance. JOHNSON.

Augurs and understood relations,——

By *relations* is meant the relation one thing is supposed to bear to another. The ancient soothsayers of all denominations practised their art upon the principle of analogy.

analogy. Which analogies were founded in a superstitious philosophy arising out of the nature of ancient idolatry; which would require a volume to explain.

WARBURTON.

The old copy has the passage thus :

Augures, and understood relations, have

By maggot-pies and choughs, &c.

The modern editors read :

Augurs that understand relations, have

By magpies and by choughs, &c.

Perhaps we should read, *auguries*, i. e. prognostications by means of omens and prodigies. These, together with the connection of effects with causes, being understood, says he, have been instrumental in divulging the most secret murders.

In Cotgrave's Dictionary, a *magpie* is called a *maga-tapie*. *Magot-pie* is the original name of the bird; *Magot* being the familiar appellation given to pies, as we say *Robin* to a redbreast, *Tom* to a titmouse, *Philip* to a sparrow, &c. The modern *mag* is the abbreviation of the ancient *Magot*, a word which we had from the French.

STEEVENS.

394. *How say'st thou, &c.*] Macbeth here asks a question, which the recollection of a moment enables him to answer. Of this forgetfulness, natural to a mind oppress'd, there is a beautiful instance in the sacred song of Deborah and Barak: "*She asked her wise women counsel: yea, she returned answer to herself.*"

This circumstance likewise takes its rise from history. Macbeth sent to Macduff to assist in building the

the castle of Dunsinane. Macduff sent workmen, &c. but did not choose to trust his person in the tyrant's power. From this time he resolved on his death.

STEEVENS.

398. *There's not a one of them,———*] *A one of them*, however uncouth the phrase, signifies an individual. In *Albumazar*, 1614, the same expression occurs: “—Not a one shakes his tail, but I sigh out a passion.” Theobald would read *thane*; and might have found his proposed emendation in Davenant's alteration of *Macbeth*, 1674. This avowal of the tyrant is authorised by Holinshed: “He had in every nobleman's house one slie fellow or other in fee with him to reveale all,” &c.

STEEVENS.

407. *——he scann'd.*] To *scan* is to examine nicely. Thus, in *Hamlet*:

“——so he goes to heaven,

“And so am I reveng'd:——that must be
scann'd.”

Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

“——how these are *scann'd*,

“Let none decide but such as understand.”

STEEVENS.

408. *You lack the season of all natures, sleep.*] I take the meaning to be, *you want sleep*, which seasons, or gives the relish to *all nature*. “*Indiget somni vitæ condimenti.*”

JOHNSON.

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

This word is often used in this sense by our author. So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*: “'Tis the best brine
a maiden

a maiden can *season* her praise in." Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

" But I alone, alone must sit and pine,

" *Seasoning* the earth with showers of silver
brine."

MALONE.

411. *We are yet but young in deed.*] The meaning is not ill explained by a line in *K. Henry VI.* Part III. We are not, Macbeth would say,

" *Made impudent with use of evil deeds.*"

The initiate fear, is the fear that always attends the first initiation into guilt, before the mind becomes callous and insensible by frequent repetitions of it, or (as the poet says) by *hard use*. STEEVENS.

412. — *meeting Hecate.*] Shakspeare seems to have been unjustly censured for introducing Hecate among the modern witches. Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, Book III. c. 2. and c. 16. and Book XII. c. 3. mentions it as the common opinion of all writers, that witches were supposed to have nightly "meetings with Herodias, and the Pagan gods," and "that in the night times they ride abroad with *Diana*, the goddess of the Pagans," &c.—Their dame or chief leader seems always to have been an old Pagan, as "the ladie Sibylla, Minerva, or *Diana*." TOLLET.

426. — *the pit of Acheron*] Shakspeare seems to have thought it allowable to bestow the name of *Acheron* on any fountain, lake, or pit, through which there was vulgarly supposed to be a communication between this and the infernal world. The true original *Acheron* was a river in Greece; and yet Virgil gives

N

this

this name to his lake in the valley of *Amsanctus* in Italy.

STEEVENS.

435. ——— *vap'rous drop profound* ;] That is, a drop that has *profound, deep, or hidden* qualities.

JOHNSON.

There hangs a vap'rous drop profound ;

This vaporous drop seems to have been meant for the same as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on particular herbs, or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantment. Lucan introduces *Erichtho* using it. l. 6.

“ ——— *et virus large lunare ministrat.* ”

STEEVENS.

437. ——— *slights*,] Arts ; subtle practices.

JOHNSON.

448. *Enter Lenox, and another Lord.*] As this tragedy, like the rest of Shakspeare's, is perhaps overstocked with personages, it is not easy to assign a reason why a nameless character should be introduced here, since nothing is said that might not with equal propriety have been put into the mouth of any other disaffected man. I believe, therefore, that in the original copy it was written with a very common form of contraction, *Lenox and An.* for which the transcriber instead of *Lenox and Angus*, set down *Lenox and another Lord*. The author had, indeed, been more indebted to the transcriber's fidelity and diligence, had he committed no errors of greater importance.

JOHNSON.

455.

455. *Who cannot want the thought——*] The sense requires :

Who can want the thought——

Yet, I believe, the text is not corrupt. Shakspeare is sometimes incorrect in these minutiae. MALONE.

472. *The son of Duncan,*] The common editions have sons. Theobald corrected it. JOHNSON.

477. *——Thither Macduff is gone*

To pray the holy king, &c.] The modern editors, for the sake of the metre, omit the word *holy*, and read,

——Thither Macduff

Is gone to pray the king, &c. STEEVENS.

484. *——and receive free honours,*] *Free* for grateful.

WARBURTON.

How can *free* be grateful? It may be either honours *freely bestowed*, not purchased by crimes ; or honours *without slavery*, without dread of a tyrant. JOHNSON.

486. *——their king,——*] The sense requires that we should read *the king*, *i. e.* Macbeth. *Their* is the reading of the old copy. STEEVENS.

494. *Advise him to a caution,——*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors, to add smoothness to the versification, read, *——to a care.——* STEEVENS.

ACT IV.

Scene I. As this is the chief scene of enchantment in the play, it is proper in this place to observe, with how much judgment Shakspeare has selected all the circumstances of his infernal ceremonies, and how exactly he has conformed to common opinions and traditions :

“Thrice the brinded cat hath mew’d.”

The usual form in which familiar spirits are reported to converse with witches, is that of a cat. A witch, who was tried about half a century before the time of Shakspeare, had a cat named Rutterkin, as the spirit of one of those witches was Grimalkin; and when any mischief was to be done, she used to bid Rutterkin *go and fly*. But once, when she would have sent Rutterkin to torment a daughter of the countess of Rutland, instead of *going* or *flying*, he only cried *mew*, from whence she discovered that the lady was out of his power, the power of witches being not universal, but limited, as Shakspeare has taken care to inculcate :

“Though his bark cannot be lost,

“Yet it shall be tempest-tost.”

The common afflictions which the malice of witches produced, were melancholy, fits, and loss of flesh, which are threatened by one of Shakspeare’s witches :

“Weary sev’n nights, nine times nine,

“Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.”

It

It was likewise their practice to destroy the cattle of their neighbours; and the farmers have to this day many ceremonies to secure their cows and other cattle from witchcraft; but they seem to have been most suspected of malice against swine. Shakepere has accordingly made one of his witches declare that she has been *killing swine*; and Dr. Harsnet observes, that about that time, "*a sow could not be ill of the measles, nor a girl of the sullens, but some old woman was charg'd with witchcraft.*"

"Toad, that under the cold stone,

"Days and nights hast thirty-one,

"Swelter'd venom sleeping got;

"Boil thou first i'the charmed pot."

Toads have likewise long lain under the reproach of being by some means accessory to witchcraft, for which reason Shakspeare, in the first scene of this play, calls one of the spirits Paddock or Toad, and now takes care to put a toad first into the pot. When Vaninus was seized at Tholouse, there was found at his lodgings *ingens Bufo Vitro inclusus*, a great toad shut in a vial, upon which those that prosecuted him *Veneficium exprobrabant*, charged him, I suppose, *with witchcraft*.

"Fillet of a fenny snake,

"In the cauldron boil and bake:

"Eye of newt, and toe of frog;——

"For a charm," &c.

The propriety of these ingredients may be known by consulting the books *de Viribus Animalium*, and *de Mirabilibus Mundi*, ascribed to Albertus Magnus, in which
the

the reader, who has time and credulity, may discover very wonderful secrets.

“Finger of birth-strangled babe,

“Ditch-deliver’d by a drab;”——

It has been already mentioned in the law against witches, that they are supposed to take up dead bodies to use in enchantments, which was confessed by the woman whom king James examined, and who had of a dead body, that was divided in one of their assemblies, two fingers for her share. It is observable, that Shakspeare, on this great occasion which involves the fate of a king, multiplies all the circumstances of horror. The babe, whose finger is used, must be strangled in its birth; the grease must not only be human, but must have dropped from a gibbet, the gibbet of a murderer; and even the sow, whose blood is used, must have offended nature by devouring her own farrow. These are touches of judgment and genius.

“And now about the cauldron sing——

“Black spirits and white,

“Blue spirits and grey,

“Mingle, mingle, mingle,

“You that mingle may.”

And in a former part:

“——weird sisters, hand in hand,——

“Thus do go about, about,

“Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

“And thrice again to make up nine!”

These

These two passages I have brought together, because they both seem subject to the objection of too much levity for the solemnity of enchantment, and may both be shewn, by one quotation from Camden's account of Ireland, to be founded upon a practice really observed by the uncivilized natives of that country: "When any one gets a fall, *says the informer of Camden*, he starts up, and, turning three times to the right, digs a hole in the earth; for they imagine that there is a spirit in the ground; and if he falls sick in two or three days, they send one of their women that is skilled in that way to the place, where she says, I call thee from the east, west, north, and south, from the groves, the woods, the rivers, and the fens, from the fairies, red, black, white." There was likewise a book written before the time of Shakspeare, describing, amongst other properties, the colours of spirits.

Many other circumstances might be particularised, in which Shakspeare has shown his judgment and his knowledge.

JOHNSON.

Line 1. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.] A cat, from time immemorial, hath been the agent and favourite of witches. This superstitious fancy is pagan, and very ancient; and the original, perhaps, this: *When Galinthia was changed into a cat by the Fates (says Antonius Liberalis, Metam. cap. 29.), by witches (says Pausanias in his Bæoticks), Hecate took pity of her, and made her her priestess; in which office she continues to this day. Hecate herself too, when Typhon forced all the gods*
and

and goddesses to hide themselves in animals, assumed the shape of a cat. So, Ovid :

“Fele soror Phæbi latuit.” **WARBURTON.**

2. *Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.*] Mr. Theobald reads, *twice* and *once*, &c. and observes that odd numbers are used in all enchantments and magical operations. The remark is just, but the passage was misunderstood. The second Witch only repeats the number which the first had mentioned, in order to confirm what she had said; and then adds, that the *hedge-pig* had likewise cried, though but once. Or, what seems more easy, the *hedge-pig* had whined *thrice*, and after an interval had whined once again.

Even numbers, however, were always reckoned inauspicious. So, in the *Honest Lawyer*, by S. S. 1616: “Sure 'tis not a lucky time; the first crow I heard this morning, cried *twice*. This *even*, sir, is no good number.” *Twice and once*, however, might be a cant expression. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part II. Silence says, “I have been merry *twice and once*, ere now.”

STEEVENS.

3. *Harper cries:—*] This is some imp, or familiar spirit, concerning whose etymology and office, the reader may be wiser than the editor. Those who are acquainted with Dr. Farmer's pamphlets will be unwilling to derive the name of *Harper* from Ovid's *Harpalos*, ab ἀρπάξω rapio. See Upton's *Critical Observations*, &c. edit. 1748, p. 155. **STEEVENS.**

—'tis time, 'tis time.] This familiar does not cry out that it is time for them to begin their enchantments,

ments, but *cries*, i. e. gives them the signal, upon which the third Witch communicates the notice to her sisters :

Harper cries :—'tis time, 'tis time. STEEVENS.

4. *Round about the cauldron go ;—*] Milton has caught this image in his *Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity* :

“ In dismal dance about the furnace blue.”

STEEVENS.

8. *Swelter'd venom—*] This word seems to be employ'd by Shakspeare, to signify that the animal was moistened with its own cold exsudations. So, in the twenty-second song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* :

“ And all the knights there dubb'd the morning
but before,

“ The evening sun beheld there *swelter'd* in their
gore.”

In the old translation of Boccace's Novels, the following sentence also occurs :—“ an huge and mighty toad, even *weltring* (as it were) in a hole full of poison.” “ *Sweltring* in blood” is likewise an expression used by Fuller in his *Church History*, p. 37. STEEVENS.

10. *Double, double toil and trouble ;*] As this was a very extraordinary incantation, they were to double their pains about it. I think, therefore, it should be pointed as I have pointed it :

Double, double toil and trouble ;

otherwise the solemnity is abated by the immediate recurrence of the rhyme.

STEEVENS.

16. ———blind worm's *sting*,] The *blind-worm* is the *slow-worm*. So Drayton in *Noah's Flood*:

"The small-eyed *slow-worm* held of many *blind*."

STEEVENS.

23. ———*maw*, and *gulf*] The *gulf* is the *swallow*, the *throat*.

STEEVENS.

In the *Mirror for Magistrates*, we have "monstrous *mawes* and *gulfes*."

HENDERSON.

24. ———*ravin'd salt sea shark*;] *Ravin'd* is glutted with prey. *Ravin* is the ancient word for *prey obtained by violence*. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 7.

"———but a den for beasts of *ravin* made."

The same word occurs again in *Measure for Measure*.

STEEVENS.

28. *Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse*;] *Sliver'd* is a common word in the North, where it means *to cut a piece or slice*. Again, in *K. Lear*:

"She who herself will *sliver* and disbranch."

STEEVENS.

29. *Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips*;] These ingredients, in all probability, owed their introduction to the detestation in which the Saracens were held, on account of the *holy wars*.

STEEVENS.

33. *Add thereto a tyger's chaudron*.] *Chaudron*, i. e. *entrails*; a word formerly in common use in the books of cookery; in one of which, printed in 1597, I meet with a receipt to make a pudding of a calf's *chaldron*. Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635: "Sixpence a meal wench, as well as heart can wish, with calves' *chauldrons* and chitterlings." At the coronation feast

of

of Elizabeth of York, queen of Henry VII. among other dishes, one was "a swan with *chawdron*," meaning sauce made with its entrails. See *Ives's Select Papers*, No. 3. p. 140. See also Mr. Pegge's *Forme of Cury, a roll of ancient English Cookery*, &c. 8vo. 1780. p. 66.

STEEVENS.

The word is still in common use in Leicestershire.

NICHOLS.

44. — *a song.*] Of this song only the two first words are found in the old copy of the play. The rest was supplied from Betterton's or Sir W. Davenant's alteration of it in the year 1674. The song was, however, in all probability, a traditional one. The colours of spirits are often mentioned. So, in *Monsieur Thomas*, 1639:

"Be thou *black*, or *white*, or *green*,

"Be thou *hard*, or to be seen."

STEEVENS.

44. *Black spirits and white*,

Blue spirits and grey.] The modern editors have silently deviated from Sir W. Davenant's alteration of *Macbeth*, from which this song hath been copied. Instead of "*Blue spirits and grey*," we there find "*Red spirits*," &c. which is certainly right. In a passage already quoted by Dr. Johnson, from Camden, fairies are said to be *red*, *black*, and *white*.

Since the above was written, I have seen Middleton's MS. play, entitled, *The Witch*, in which this song is found; and there also the line stands:

"*Red spirits and grey.*"

MALONE.

Oij

48.

48. *By the pricking of my thumbs, &c.*] It is a very ancient superstition, that all sudden pains of the body, and other sensations which could not naturally be accounted for, were presages of somewhat that was shortly to happen. Hence Mr. Upton has explained a passage in the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus: "*Timeo quod rerum gesserim hic, ita dorsus totus prurit.*"

STEEVENS.

57. *—yesty waves.*] That is, *foaming or frothy waves.*

JOHNSON.

60. *Though castles topple—*] *Topple* is used for *tumble.*

STEEVENS.

63. *Of nature's germins—*] This was substituted by Theobald for *Nature's germaine.*

JOHNSON.

So, in *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 2.

"—all *germins* spill at once,

"That make ungrateful man."

Germins are seeds which have begun to *germinate* or sprout. *Germen*, Lat. *Germe*, Fr. *Germe* is a word used by Brown in his *Vulgar Errors*: "Whether it be not made out of the *germe* or treadle of the egg," &c.

STEEVENS.

77. *—deftly show.*] *i. e.* with adroitness, dexterously. So, in the second part of *K. Edward IV.* by Heywood, 1626:

"—my mistress speaks *deftly* and truly."

Deft is a north country word. So, in Richard Brome's *Northern Lass*, 1633:

"—He said I were a *deft* lass." STEEVENS.

78.

78. *Apparition of an armed head rises.*] The armed head represents symbolically Macbeth's head cut off, and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff, untimely ripp'd from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head, and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane. This observation I have adopted from Mr. Upton.

STEEVENS.

Lord Howard, in his *Defensative against the Poison of supposed Prophecies*, mentions "a notable example of a conjuror, who represented (as it were, in dumb show) all the persons who should possess the crown of France; and caused the king of Navarre, or rather a wicked spirit in his stead, to appear in the fifth place," &c.

FARMER.

A vision of the same kind is exhibited (and that perhaps from which Shakspeare took his idea, rather than from Virgil's) in the second canto of the *Orlando Furioso*.

HENLEY.

80. ————*say thou nought.*] Silence was necessary during all incantations. So, in *Dr. Faustus*, 1604:

"Your grace demand no questions——

"But in dumb *silence* let them come and go."

Again, in *The Tempest*:

"——be *mute*, or else our spell is marr'd."

STEEVENS.

82. *Beware the thane of Fife.*———] "——He had learned of certain wizzards, in whose words he put great

great confidence, how that he ought to take heede of *Macduff*," &c. Holinshed. STEEVENS.

84. *Thou hast harp'd my fear aright:—*] To *harp*, is to touch on a passion as a harper touches a string. So, in *Coriolanus*, act ii. sc. ult.

"*Harp* on that still." STEEVENS.

91. *Shall harm Macbeth.*] So, Holinshed:—

"And surely hereupon he had put *Macduff* to death, but that a certeine witch, whom he had in great trust, had told him, that he should never be slain with man borne of anie woman, nor vanquished till the wood of *Bernane* came to the castell of *Dunsinane*. This prophecie put all feare out of his heart." STEEVENS.

98. ———*the round*

And top of sovereignty?] This *round* is that part of the crown that encircles the head. The *top* is the ornament that rises above it. JOHNSON.

104. ———*Dunsinane's high hill*] The folio reads:

———*high Dunsinane hill*———

and I have followed it.

STEEVENS.

Prophecies of apparent impossibilities were common in Scotland; such as the removal of one place to another. Under this popular prophetick formulary the present prediction may be ranked. In the same strain, peculiar to his country, says Sir David Lindsay:

"Quhen the Bas and the Isle of May

"Beis set upon the Mount Sinay,

"Quhen the Lowmound besyde Falkland

"Be liftit to Northumberland."—— WARTON.

107. *Who can impress the forest;—*] *i. e.* who can command the forest to serve him like a soldier impress'd.

JOHNSON.

109. *Rebellious dead, rise never,—*] We should read:—*Rebellious head,—i. e.* let rebellion never get to a head and be successful till—and then—

WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald, who first proposed this change, rightly observes, that *head* means *host*, or power.

“Douglas and the rebels met,

“A mighty and a fearful *head* they are.”

And again:

“His divisions—are in three *heads*.”

JOHNSON.

125. *—eight kings.*] “It is reported that Voltaire often laughs at the tragedy of *Macbeth*, for having a legion of ghosts in it. One should imagine he either had not learned English, or had forgot his Latin; for the spirits of Banquo’s line are no more ghosts, than the representations of the Julian race in the *Æneid*; and there is no ghost but Banquo’s throughout the play.” *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakspeare*, &c. by Mrs. Montagu.

STEEVENS.

126. *Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—*] The expression of Macbeth, that the *crown* sears *his* eye-balls, is taken from the method formerly practised of destroying the sight of captives or competitors, by holding a burning bason before the eye, which dried up its humidity. Whence the Italian, *abacinare*, to blind.

JOHNSON.

126. In former editions :

———*and thy hair,*

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first :

A third is like the former :——]

As Macbeth expected to see a train of kings, and was only inquiring from what race they would proceed, he could not be surprised that the *hair* of the second was *bound with gold* like that of the first; he was offended only that the second resembled the first, as the first resembled Banquo, and therefore said :

———*and thy air,*

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.

This Dr. Warburton has followed.

JOHNSON.

129. ——*to the crack of doom ?——]* *i. e.* the dissolution of nature. *Crack* has now a mean signification. It was anciently employed in a more exalted sense. So, in the *Valiant Welchman*, 1615 :

“ And will as fearless entertain this sight,

“ As a good conscience doth the *cracks* of Jove.”

STEEVENS.

It was used so lately as the latter-end of the last or the beginning of the present century, in a translation of one of the odes of Horace :

“ ——Unmov'd he hears the mighty *crack*.”——

MALONE.

132. *And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,]*

This method of juggling prophecy is again referred to in *Measure for Measure*, act ii. sc. vii.

“ ——and like a prophet,

“ Looks in a *glass*, and shews me *future evils*.”

So,

So, in an *Extract from the Penal Laws against Witches*, it is said, that "they do answer either by voice, or else do set before their eyes, in *glasses*, chrystal stones, &c. the pictures or images of the *persons* or things sought for." Among the other knaveries with which Face taxes Subtle in the *Alchemist*, this seems to be one:

"And taking in of shadows with a *glass*."

Again, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, an ancient collection of satires, no date:

"Shew you the devil in a *chrystal glass*."

Spenser has given a very circumstantial account of the *glass* which Merlin made for king Ryence, in the second canto of the third book of the *Faery Queen*. A *mirror* of the same kind was presented to *Cambuscan* in *The Squier's Tale* of Chaucer.

STEEVENS.

134. *That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry;*] This was intended as a compliment to king James the first, who first united the two islands and the three kingdoms under one head; whose house too was said to be descended from Banquo.

WARBURTON.

Of this last particular, our poet seems to have been thoroughly aware, having represented Banquo not only as an innocent, but as a noble character; whereas, according to history, he was confederate with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan. The flattery of Shakspere, however, is not more gross than that of Ben Jonson, who has condescended to quote his ma-

P

jesty's

jesty's book on *Dæmonology*, in the notes to the *Masque of Queens*, 1609.

STEEVENS.

136. —the blood-bolter'd Banquo——] *Blood-bolter'd* means, one whose blood hath issued out at many wounds, as flour of corn passes through the holes of a sieve. Shakspeare used it to insinuate the barbarity of Banquo's murderers, who covered him with wounds.

WARDURTON.

The same idea occurs in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592.

"Then stab him, till his flesh be as a sieve."

Again, in *The Life and Death of the Lord Cromwell*, 1613:

"I'll have my body first bored like a sieve."

STEEVENS.

147. *Stand aye accursed in the calendar!*] In the ancient almanacks the unlucky days were distinguished by a mark of reprobation.

STEEVENS.

161. *Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits.*] To *anticipate* is here to *prevent*, by taking away the opportunity.

JOHNSON.

164. *The very firstlings*——] *Firstlings*, in its primitive sense, is the first produce or offspring. So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613; "The *firstlings* of their vowed sacrifice." Here it means the thing first thought or done. Shakspeare uses the word again in the prologue to *Troilus and Cressida*:

"Leapso'er the vant and *firstlings* of these broils."

STEEVENS.

170. *That trace him, &c.*] *i. e.* follow, succeed him.

him. So, in Sir A. Gorge's translation of the third book of *Lucan* :

"The tribune's curses, in like case,

"Said he, did greedy Crassus trace."

STEEVENS.

184. —*natural touch* :—] Natural sensibility. He is not touched with natural affection. JOHNSON.

So, in an ancient MS. play, entitled *The Second Maiden's Tragedy* :

"—How she's beguil'd in him !

"There's no such *natural touch* search all his bosom."

STEEVENS.

184. —*the poor wren*, &c.] The same thought occurs in the third part of *King Henry VI*.

"—doves will peck, in safety of their brood.

"Who hath not seen them (even with those wings

"Which sometimes they have us'd in fearful flight)

"Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,

"Offering their own lives in their young's defence ?"

STEEVENS.

193. *The fits o'the season*.—] *The fits of the season* should appear to be, from the following passage in *Coriolanus*, the *violent disorders* of the season, its *convulsions* :

"——— but that

"The *violent fit* o'th' times craves it as physick."

STEEVENS.

See catch-word Alphabet.

194. ———when we are traitors,

And do not know ourselves; ———] I think, the meaning is, *when we are considered by the state as traitors, while at the same time we are unconscious of guilt; —when we appear to others so different from what we really are, that we seem not to know ourselves.* MALONE.

195. ———when we hold rumour

From what we fear, ———] I think to *hold* means, in this place, to *believe*; as we say, *I hold such a thing to be true, i. e. I take it, I believe it to be so.* Thus, in *King Henry VIII.*

“ ———Did you not of late days hear, &c.

“ 1 Gen. Yes, but *held* it not.”

The sense of the whole passage will then be: *The times are cruel when our fears induce us to believe, or take for granted, what we hear rumour'd or reported abroad; and yet, at the same time, as we live under a tyrannical government where will is substituted for law, we know not what we have to fear, because we know not when we offend. Or, When we are led by our fears to believe every rumour of danger we hear, yet are not conscious to ourselves of any crime for which we should be disturbed with those fears.* A passage like this occurs in *K. John.*

“ Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,

“ *Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.*”

This is the best I can make of the passage.

STEEVENS.

207. *Sirrah*, your father's dead;] *Sirrah*, in our author's time, was not a term of reproach, but generally used by masters to servants, parents to children, &c.

&c. So before, in this play, Macbeth says to his servant,

“*Sirrah*, a word with you: attend these men our pleasure?” MALONE.

243. ——— *I am not to you known,*

Though in your state of honour I am perfect.]

i. e. You know not me, but I am perfectly acquainted with your rank and condition. HENLEY.

249. *To do worse to you were fell cruelty,*] *To do worse*, is to let her and her children be destroyed without warning. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards explains these words differently. “*To do worse to you* (says he) signifies—to fright you more, by relating all the circumstances of your danger; which would detain you so long that you could not avoid it.”

The meaning, however, may be.—*To do worse to you*, i. e. not to disclose to you the perilous situation you are in, from a foolish apprehension of alarming you, would be fell cruelty. MALONE.

268. *Enter*——] The part of Holinshed’s *Chronicle* which relates to this play, is no more than an abridgement of John Bellenden’s translation of *The Noble Clerk, Hector Boece*, imprinted at Edinburgh, 1541. See Holinshed’s *History of Scotland*, p. 175.

STEEVENS.

270. *Let us rather*

Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,

Bestride our downfaln birthdom:—] So, in

the second part of *King Henry IV.* Morton says:

“——he

“ —he doth *bestride a bleeding land*.”

STEEVENS.

To protect it from utter destruction. The allusion is to the Hyperaspists of the ancients, who bestrode their fellows fallen in battle, and covered them with their shields.

WARBURTON.

279. —to friend,—] *i. e.* to *befriend*.

STEEVENS.

284. *You may discern of him through me,—*] By Macduff's answer it appears we should read,

——deserve of him—— WARBURTON.

289. *A good and virtuous nature may recoil*

In an imperial charge.—] A good mind may recede from goodness in the execution of a royal commission.

JOHNSON.

293. *Though all things foul, &c.*] This is not very clear. The meaning, perhaps, is this:—*My suspicions cannot injure you, if you be virtuous, by supposing that a traitor may put on your virtuous appearance. I do not say that your virtuous appearance proves you a traitor; for virtue must wear its proper form, though that form be counterfeited by villany.*

JOHNSON.

297. *Why in that rawness—*] Without previous provision, without due preparation, without maturity of counsel.

JOHNSON.

I meet with this expression in Lilly's *Euphues*, 1580, and in the quarto, 1608, of *King Henry V.*

“Some their wives *rawly* left.” STEEVENS.

305. —wear thou thy wrongs,] That is, *Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs.*

JOHNSON.

306.

306. *His title is affear'd!*——] *His* (i. e. Macbeth's) title is *affear'd*, i. e. established or affirmed, since he whose duty and interest it is to endeavour to dethrone him, refuses to join in the attempt. REMARKS.

324. *It is myself I mean: in whom I know*] This conference of Malcolm with Macduff is taken out of the chronicles of Scotland. POPE.

335. *Sudden, malicious,*——] *Sudden*, for capricious. WARBURTON.

Rather violent, passionate, hasty. JOHNSON.

364. ——*grows with more pernicious root*

Than summer-seeming lust; ——] *Summer-seeming* has no manner of sense: correct,

Than summer-teeming lust; ——

i. e. the passion that lasts no longer than the *heat* of life, and which goes off in the *winter* of age.

WARBURTON.

When I was younger and bolder, I corrected it thus,

Than fume, or seething lust;

that is, an angry passion, or boiling lust. JOHNSON.

Summer-seeming lust, is, I suppose, lust that seems as hot as summer. STEEVENS.

Read—*summer-seeding*. The allusion is to plants; and the sense is, “Avarice is a perennial weed; it has a deeper and more pernicious root than *lust*, which is a mere annual, and lasts but for a summer, when it sheds its seed, and decays.” BLACKSTONE.

Sir William Blackstone's elegant emendation is countenanced by the following passages: thus, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

“How

"How will thy shame be *seeded* in thine age,
 "When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?"

And in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"The *seeded* pride that hath to its maturity grown
 up

"In rank Achilles, must or now be cropt,

"Or, shedding, breed a nursery of evil

"To over-bulk us all."

HENLEY.

I have paid the attention to this conjecture which I think it deserves, by admitting it into the text.

STEEVENS.

Summer-*seeming* is, I believe, the true reading. In Donne's poems, we meet with "winter-*seeming*."

MALONE.

367. —*foysons*—] Plenty.

POPE.

It means *provisions* in plenty. So, in *The Ordinary*, by Cartwright: "New *foysons* byn ygraced with new titles." The word was antiquated in the time of Cartwright, and is by him put into the mouth of an antiquary. Again, in Holinshed's *Reign of K. Henry VI.* p. 1613: "—fifteene hundred men, and great *foison* of vittels." See Vol. I. p. 52. STEEVENS.

368. *Portable* is, I think, here used for *supportable*; and ought to be printed with a mark of elision.—*All these vices, being balanced by your virtues, may be endured.*

MALONE.

Portable answers exactly to a phrase now in use. Such failings may be *borne with*, or are *bearable*.

STEEVENS.

392. *Dy'd ev'ry day she liv'd.*] The expression is borrowed from the sacred writings: "I protest by your rejoicing which I have in Christ Jesus, *I die daily.*" MALONE.

To *die* unto *sin*, and to *live* unto *righteousness*, are phrases used in our liturgy. See 1 *Pet.* ii. 24.

STEEVENS.

401. ————*and modest wisdom plucks me*
From over-credulous haste.] From over-hasty credulity. MALONE.

417. *All ready at a point,*——] See catch-word Alphabet. WARBURTON.

418. ————*And the chance, of goodness,*
Be like our warranted quarrel!——] The *chance of goodness*, as it is commonly read, conveys no sense. If there be not some more important error in the passage, it should at least be pointed thus :

———*and the chance of goodness,*
Be like our warranted quarrel!——

That is, may the event be, of the goodness of heaven, [*pro justitia divina*] answerable to the cause.

The author of the *Revisal* conceives the sense of the passage to be rather this: *And may the success of that goodness, which is about to exert itself in my behalf, be such as may be equal to the justice of my quarrel.*

But I am inclined to believe that Shakspeare wrote:

———*and the chance, O goodness!*
Be like our warranted quarrel.——

This some of his transcribers wrote a small *o*, which another imagined to mean *of*. If we adopt this read-

ing, the sense will be: *And, O thou sovereign Goodness! to whom we now appeal, may our fortune answer to our cause.*

JOHNSON.

423. ——— *convinces*] i. e. overpowers, subdues.

See catch-word Alphabet.

STEEVENS.

437. ——— *a golden stamp, &c.*] This was the coin called an *angel*: So, Shakspeare, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“A coin that bears the figure of an *angel*

“*Stamped in gold, but that’s insculp’d upon.*”

The value of the coin was ten shillings. STEEVENS.

438. ——— *and ’tis spoken,*

To the succeeding royalty he leaves

The healing benediction. ———] It must be

owned, that Shakspeare is often guilty of strange absurdities in point of history and chronology. Yet here he has artfully avoided one. He had a mind to hint, that the cure of the *evil* was to descend to the successors in the royal line, in compliment to James the first. But the Confessor was the first who pretended to the gift: How then could it be at that time generally spoken of, that the gift was hereditary? this he has solved, by telling us that Edward had the gift of prophecy along with it.

WARBURTON.

445. *My countryman; but yet I know him not*] Malcolm discovers Rosse to be his countryman, while he is yet at some distance from him, by his dress. This circumstance loses its propriety on our stage, as all the characters are uniformly represented in English habits.

STEEVENS.

455. —rent *the air*,] To *rent* is an ancient verb which has been long ago disused. So, in *Cesar and Pompey*, 1607:

“With *rented* hair and eyes besprent with tears.”

STEEVENS.

457. *A modern ecstasy*;—] That is, no more regarded than the contortions that fanaticks throw themselves into. The author was thinking of those of his own times.

WARBURTON;

I believe *modern* is only *foolish* or *trifling*.

JOHNSON.

Modern is generally used by Shakspeare to signify *trite*, *common*; as “*modern instances*,” in *As You Like It*, &c. &c.

STEEVENS.

480. To *doff their dire distresses*.] To *doff* is to *do off*, to *put off*.

STEEVENS.

489. —*should not catch them*.] The folio reads, *latch them*, I believe rightly. To *latch* (in the north country dialect) signifies the same as to *catch*.

STEEVENS.

491. —*fee-grief*.] A peculiar sorrow; a grief that hath a single owner. The expression is, at least to our ears, very harsh.

JOHNSON.

504. *Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer*] *Quarry* is a term used both in *hunting* and *falconry*. In both sports it means either the game that is pursued, or the game after it is killed. So, in Massinger's *Guardian*:

Qij

“—he

“——he strikes

“The trembling bird, who ev’n in death appears

“Proud to be made his quarry.” STEEVENS.

507. ——*ne’er pull your hat upon your brows;*] The same thought occurs in the ancient ballad of *Northumberland betrayed by Douglas*:

“He pulled his hat over his browe,

“And in his heart he was full woe,” &c.

Again:

“Jamey his hat pull’d over his brow,” &c.

STEEVENS.

508. ——*the grief, that does not speak,*] So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

“Those are the killing griefs, which dare not speak.”

“*Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.*”

STEEVENS.

519. *He has no children.*——] It has been observed by an anonymous critick, that this is not said of Macbeth, who had children, but of Malcolm, who, having none, supposes a father can be so easily comforted.

JOHNSON.

He has no children.——] The meaning of this may be, either that Macduff could not, by retaliation, revenge the murder of his children, because Macbeth had none himself; or that, if he had any, a father’s feelings for a father would have prevented him from the deed. I know not from what passage we are to infer that Macbeth had children alive. The Chroni-

cle

cle does not, as I remember, mention any. The same thought occurs again in *King John*:

“He talks to me that *never had a son*.”

Again, in *King Henry VI. Part III.*

“You have *no children*: butchers, if you had,

“The thought of them would have stirr’d up remorse.”

STEEVENS.

522. *At one fell swoop*?] *Swoop* is the descent of a bird of prey on his quarry. So, in *The White Devil*, 1612:

“That she may take away all at one *swoop*.”

Again, in the *Beggar’s Bush*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“—no star prosperous!

“All at a *swoop*!”

STEEVENS.

523. *Dispute it like a man*.] *i. e.* contend with your present sorrow like a man. So, in *Twelfth Night*, act iv. sc. 3.

“For though my soul *disputes* well with my sense,”

&c.

STEEVENS.

536. *Cut short all intermission*;—] *i. e.* all pause, all intervening time. So, in *King Lear*:

“Delivered letters, spight of *intermission*.”

STEEVENS.

540. *This tune*—] The folio reads: *This time*. *Tune* is Rowe’s emendation.

STEEVENS.

Rowe’s emendation is supported by a former passage in this play, where the word, which he has introduced, is used in a similar manner:

“*Macb.*

"*Macb.* Went it not so ?

"*Bang.* To the self-same *tune* and words."

MALONE.

544. Put on *their instruments*.——] *i. e.* encourage, thrust forward us their instruments against their tyrant.

STEEVENS.

ACT V.

Line 27. Ar, but their sense is shut.] The old copy has—*are* shut; and so the author certainly wrote, though it sounds so harshly to our ears as not to deserve to be restored. Thus in his 112th sonnet:

"———my adder's *sense*

"To critick and to censurers stopped *are*."

MALONE.

33. *Yet here's a spot.*] A passage somewhat similar occurs in Webster's *Vittoria Corombona*, &c. 1612:

"———Here's a white hand !

"Can blood so soon be wash'd out?"

Webster's play was published in 1612; Shakspeare's in 1623.

38. —*Hell is murkey!*——] Lady Macbeth is acting over, in a dream, the business of the murder of Duncan, and encouraging her husband as when awake. She, therefore, would not have even hinted the terrors of
of

of hell to one whose conscience she saw was too much alarmed already for her purpose. She certainly imagines herself here talking to Macbeth, who, she supposes, had just said, *Hell is murkey* (*i. e.* hell is a dismal place to go to in consequence of such a deed), and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice.—*Hell is murkey!* — *Fie, fie, my lord! fie! a soldier, and afraid?* This explanation, I think, gives a spirit to the passage, which has hitherto appeared languid, being perhaps misapprehended by those who placed a full point at the conclusion of it. STEEVENS.

41. — *who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?*] Statius, in a passage already quoted, speaking of the sword by which an old man was slain, calls it, *egentem sanguinis ensem*; and Ovid, describing a wound inflicted on a superannuated ram, has the same circumstance:

——guttura cultro

Fodit et exiguo maculavit sanguine ferrum.

Met. l. 7. STEEVENS.

81. *My mind she has mated,*——] Astonished, confounded. JOHNSON.

See catch-word Alphabet.

[The expression is taken from *chess-playing*:

“——that so young a warrior

“Should bide the shock of such approved knights,

“As he this day hath *match'd* and *mated* too.”

Soliman and Perseda.

STEEVENS.

85. *His uncle Siward,*——] “Duncan had two sons

sons (says Holinshed) by his wife, who was the daughter of Siward, Earl of Northumberland." STEEVENS.

88. *Excite the mortified man.*] By *the mortified man*, is meant a *religious*; one who has subdued his passions, is *dead* to the world, has abandoned it, and all the affairs of it: an *Ascetic*. WARBURTON.

So, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:

"He like a *mortified* hermit sits."

Again, in Green's *Never too late*, 1616: "I perceived in the words of the hermit the perfect idea of a *mortified man*." STEEVENS.

94. — *Unrough youths*—] An odd expression. It means smooth-fac'd, unbearded. STEEVENS.

111. *When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?*] That is, when all the faculties of the mind are employed in self-condemnation. JOHNSON.

115. — *The medicin*—] *i. e.* physician. Shakspeare uses this word in the feminine gender, where Lafau speaks of Helen in *All's Well that Ends Well*; and Florizel, in *The Winter's Tale*, calls Camillo, "the *medicin* of our house." STEEVENS.

119. *To dew the sovereign flower, &c.*] This uncommon verb occurs in *Look about You*, 1600:

"*Dewing* your princely hand with pity's tear."
Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iv. c. 8.

"*Dew'd* with her drops of bounty souveraine."

STEEVENS.

121. *Bring me no more reports, &c.*] *Tell me not any
more*

more of desertions—Let all my subjects leave me—I am safe
till, &c.

JOHNSON,

128. ——— *English epicures* :] The reproach of
epicurism, on which Mr. Theobald has bestowed a
note, is nothing more than a natural invective uttered
by an inhabitant of a barren country, against those
who have more opportunities of luxury. JOHNSON,

Shakspeare took the thought from Holinshed, p. 180.
of his *History of Scotland*: “For manie of the people
abhorring the riotous manners and superfluous gor-
mandizing brought in among them by the Englishe-
men, were willing inough to receive this Donald for
their king, trusting (because he had beene brought up
in the isles, with the old customes and manners of
their antient nation, without tast of *English likerous
delicats*),” &c. The same historian informs us, that
in those ages the Scots eat but once a day, and even
then very sparingly. It appears from Dr. Johnson’s
Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland, that the na-
tives had neither *kail* nor *brogues*, till they were taught
the art of planting the one, and making the other, by
the soldiers of Cromwell; and yet King James VI. in
his 7th parliament, thought it necessary to form an act
“against superfluous banqueting.” STEEVENS.

130. *Shall never saggy with doubt*,——] *To saggy* is
to fluctuate, to waver. So, in the 16th song of Dray-
ton’s *Polyolbion*:

“This said, the aged Street *sag’d* sadly on alone.”

Drayton is speaking of a river.

STEEVENS.

To sag, or *swag*, is to sink down by its own weight,

R

or

or by an overload. See Junius's *Etymologicon*. It is common in Staffordshire to say, "a beam in a building *sags*, or has *sagged*." TOLLET.

131. —loon!] At present this word is only used in Scotland, and signifies a base fellow. STEEVENS.

132. Where got'st thou that *goose* look?] So, in *Coriolanus*:

"——ye souls of *geese*,

"That bear the shape of men, how have ye run

"From slaves that apes would beat?"

MALONE.

137. —lily-livered boy. —] Chapman thus translates a passage in the 20th Iliad:

"—his sword that made a vent for his *white*
liver's blood,

"That caus'd such pitiful effect——"

Again, Falstaff says, in the Second Part of *King Henry IV*. "—left the liver *white and pale*, which is the badge of *pusillanimity and cowardice*."

STEEVENS.

—patch?] An appellation of contempt, alluding to the *py'd*, *patch'd*, or parti-coloured coats anciently worn by the fools belonging to noble families.

STEEVENS.

138. —those linen cheeks of thine

Are counsellors to fear. —] The meaning is, they infect others who see them, with cowardice.

WARBURTON.

143. —or disseat me now.] This word occurs in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Beaumont, Fletcher, and Shakspeare,

Shakspere, scene the last, where Perithous is describing the fall of Arcite from his horse :

“ ———— seeks all foul means

“ Of boisterous and rough jadry, to disseat

“ His lord that kept it bravely.”

Dr. Percy would read :

“ *Will chair me ever, or disseat me now.*”

STEEVENS.

144. ———— *my way of life*

Is fall'n into the sear, ————] As there is no relation between the *way of life*, and *fallen into the sear*, I am inclined to think that the *W* is only an *M* inverted, and that it was originally written :

——— *my May of life.*

I am now passed from the spring to the autumn of my days : but I am without those comforts that should succeed the sprightliness of bloom, and support one in this melancholy season.

The author has *May* in the same sense elsewhere.

JOHNSON.

——— *my way of life*

Is fall'n into the sear, ————

An anonymous would have it :

——— *my May of life :*

But he did not consider that Macbeth is not here speaking of his *rule* or government, or of any sudden change ; but of the gradual decline of life, as appears from that line :

And that, which should accompany old age.

And *way* is used for course, progress.

WARBURTON.

R ij

To

To confirm the justness of *May* of life for *way* of life, Mr. Colman quotes from *Much Ado about Nothing*,

"*May* of youth and bloom of lustyhood."

And *Henry V.*

"My puissant liege is in the very *May*-morn of his youth."

LANGTON.

So, in Sidney's *Astrophil and Stella*, stanza 21.

"If now *the May* of my years much decline."

Again, in *The Spanish Curate* of Beaumont and Fletcher :

"——— you met me

"With equal ardour in your *May* of blood."

Again, in *The Guardian* of Massinger :

"I am in the *May* of my abilities,

"And you in your December."

And in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607 :

"Had I in this fair *May* of all my glory," &c.

Again, in *The Sea Voyage*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

"And in their *May* of youth," &c.

Again, in *King John and Matilda*, by R. Davenport, 1655.

"Thou art yet in thy green *May*, twenty-seven summers," &c.

Again, in *The Renegado* of Massinger :

"Having my heat and *May* of youth, to plead

"In my excuse."

STEEVENS.

I have now no doubt that Shakspeare wrote *May* and not *Way*. It is observable in this very play, that the contrary error of the press has happened from a mistake of the same letters.

"Hear

"Hear not my steps which *may* they walke."

Besides, that a similarity of expression in other passages of Shakspeare, and the concinnity of the figure, both unite to support the proposed emendation. Thus in his *Sonnets* :

"Two beauteous *springs* to yellow autumns turn'd."

Again, in *King Richard II.*

"He that hath suffered this disorder'd *spring*,

"Hath now himself met with the *fall* of leaf."

The sentiment in Macbeth I take to be this: *The tender leaves of hope, the promise of my greener days, are now in my autumn, wither'd and fruitless: my mellow hangings are all shook down, and I am left bare to the weather.*

HENLEY.

The old reading is, in my apprehension, the true one. The passage in one of our author's *Sonnets*, quoted by Mr. Steevens, may prove the best comment on the present:

"That *time* of year in *me* you may behold,

"When *yellow leaves* or few or none do hang

"Upon those boughs," &c.

He who could say that you might behold *autumn* in *him*, would not scruple to write that *he* was fallen into the *autumn* of his days; and how easy is the transition from this to saying, that the course or progress of his life had reached the autumnal season?

The using "the sear, the yellow leaf," simply and absolutely for *autumn*, or rather *autumnal decay*, because in autumn the leaves of trees turn yellow, and begin to fall and decay, is certainly a licentious mode
of

of expression, but it is such a licence as is to be found in almost every page of our author's works. It would also have been more natural for Macbeth to have said, that in the course or progress of life *he* had arrived at his autumn, than to say, that the course of his life itself had fallen into autumn or decay; but this too is much in Shakspeare's manner. With respect to the word *fallen*, which at first view seems a very singular expression, I strongly suspect that he caught it from the language of conversation: in which we at this day often say, that this or that person is "*fallen into a decay*:" a phrase that might have been current in his time also. It is the very idea here conveyed: Macbeth is *fallen into his autumnal decline*.

When a passage can be thus easily explained, and the mode of expression is so much in our author's general manner, any attempt at emendation is not only unnecessary but dangerous.

In *King Henry VIII.* the word *way* seems to signify (as it does here) *course*, or *tenour*.

"The way of our profession is against it."

And in *King Richard II.* the *fall of leaf* is used in a sense not very different from that presented by the remaining words in the passage before us:

"He who hath suffered this disorder'd spring,

"Hath now himself met with *the fall of leaf*."

MALONE.

145. —*the sear*,—] *Sear* is dry. Shakspeare has the same thought in his 73d sonnet:

"That

"That time of year thou may'st in me behold,

"When *yellow leaves*," &c.

And Milton has—"Ivy never *sear*." STEEVENS.

159. ———skirr *the country round*;] To *skirr*, I believe, signifies to scour, to ride hastily. The word is used by Beaumont and Fletcher in the *Martial Maid*:

"Whilst I, with this and this, well mounted
skirr'd

"A horse troop, through and through," &c.

Again, in *Henry V.*

"And make them *skirr* away, as swift as stones

"Enforced from the old Assyrian slings."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*:

"———the light shadows,

"That, in a thought, *scur* o'er the fields of corn,

"Halted on crutches to them." STEEVENS.

160. ———*talk of fear*.] The second folio reads,
stand in fear. HENDERSON.

170. *Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff*,] *Stuff'd* is the reading of the old copy; but for the sake of the ear, which must be shocked by the recurrence of so harsh a word, I am willing to read, *foul*, as there is authority for the change from Shakspeare himself, *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 6.

"Cleanse the *foul* body of th' infected world."

STEEVENS.

The recurrence of the word *stuff* in the original is certainly unpleasing; but I have no doubt the old reading was the true one, because Shakspeare was extremely

tremely fond of such repetitions. Of this several instances may be produced; and with respect to the word *stuf*, however mean it may sound at present, it, like many other terms, has been debased by time, and appears to have been formerly considered as a word proper to be used in passages of the greatest dignity.

MALONE.

177. ————cast

The water of my land,——] To cast the water was the phrase in use for finding out disorders by the inspection of urine. So, in *Eliosto Libidinoso*, a novel, by John Hinde, 1606: “Lucilla perceiving, without casting her water, where she was pained,” &c. Again, in *The Wise Woman of Hogsdon*, 1638: “Mother Nottingham, for her time, was pretty well skilled in casting waters.”

STEEVENS.

182. —senna,—] The old copy reads—cyme.

STEEVENS.

201. —but the confident tyrant] Macbeth was confident of success; so confident that he would not fly, but endure their setting down before his castle.

JOHNSON.

205. For where there is advantage to be given,

Both more and less have given him the revolt;]

The propriety of the expression, *advantage to be given*, instead of *advantage given*, and the disagreeable repetition of the word *given* in the next line, incline me to read:

——where there is a 'vantage to be gone,

Both more and less have given him the revolt.

Advantage,

Advantage, or *'vantage*, in the time of Shakspeare, signified *opportunity*. He shut up himself and his soldiers (says Malcolm) in the castle, because when there is an opportunity to be gone, they all desert him.

More and less is the same with *greater and less*. So, in the interpolated *Mandeville*, a book of that age, there is a chapter of *India the More and the Less*.

JOHNSON.

I would read, if any alteration were necessary :

For where there is advantage to be got.

But the words, as they stand in the text, will bear Dr. Johnson's explanation, which is most certainly right.—“ For wherever an opportunity of flight is given them,” &c.

More and less for *greater and less*, is likewise found in Chaucer :

“ From Boloigne is the erle of Pavie come,

¶ Of which the fame yspronge to *most* and *leste*.”

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song the 12th :

“ Of Britain's forests all from th' *less* unto the
more.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. v. c. viii.

“ —all other weapons *lesse* or *more*,

“ Which warlike uses had devis'd of yore.”

STEEVENS.

Surely, there can be little doubt that the word *given*, was caught by the Printer's eye glancing on the subsequent line ; and I think as little, that we ought to read either *gone*, *got*, or *gain'd* ; any of which will serve equally well.

MALONE.

S

Where

Where there is advantage to be given, I believe, means where advantageous offers are made to allure the adherents of Macbeth to forsake him. HENLEY.

209. *Let our just censures*

Attend the true event,] See catch-word Alphabet.

214. *What we shall say we have, and what we owe,*
i. e. *property and allegiance.* WARBURTON.

What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
When we are governed by legal kings, we shall know the limits of their claim, i. e. shall know what we have of our own, and what they have a right to take from us. STEEVENS.

The issue of the contest will soon decide what we shall say we *have*, and what may be accounted *our own*. To *owe* here is to *possess*. HENLEY.

216. — *arbitrate:*] i. e. *determine.*

JOHNSON.

So, in the 18th Odyssey, translated by Chapman:

“ ———straight

“ Can *arbitrate* a war of deadliest weight.”

STEEVENS.

228. ———fell of hair] My hairy part, my *capillitium*. *Fell* is *skin*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany*:

“ ———Where the lyon's hide is thin and scant,

“ I'll firmly patch it with the fox's *fell*.”

So, again, in *King Lear*:

“ The goujeres shall devour them flesh and *fell*.”

A dealer

A dealer in hides is still called a *fell-monger*.

STEEVENS.

230. —[*I have supt full with horrors*;] Statius has a similar thought in the second book of his *Thebais*:

“—attollit membra, toroque,

“*Brigitur plenus monstis, vanumque cruorem*

“*Excutiens.*”

The conclusion of this passage may remind the reader of lady Macbeth's behaviour in her sleep.

STEEVENS.

234. *She should have dy'd hereafter*;

There would have been a time for such a word.—]

Macbeth might mean, that there would have been a more convenient *time* for such a *word*, for such *intelligence*, and so fall into the following reflection: We say we send *word* when we give intelligence.

JOHNSON.

236. *To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,*]

This repetition, as Dr. Farmer observed to me, occurs in *Barclay's Ship of Fools*, 1570.

“*Cras, cras, cras, to-morrow we shall amende.*”

STEEVENS.

238. *To the last syllable of recorded time*;] *Recorded time* seems to signify the time fixed in the decrees of Heaven for the period of life. The *record* of *futurity* is indeed no accurate expression; but, as we only know transactions past or present, the language of men affords no term for the volumes of prescience, in which future events may be supposed to be written.

JOHNSON.

§ ij

So,

So, in *All's Well that Ends Well* :

“To the utmost syllable of your worthiness.”

Récorded is probably here used for *recording* or *recordable*; one participle for the other, of which there are many instances, both in Shakspeare and other English writers. Virgil uses *penetrabile frigus*, for *penetrans frigus*; and *penetrabile telum*, for *telum penetrans*.

STEEVENS.

240. *The way to dusty death.*—] We should read *dusky*, as appears from the figurative term *lighted*. The Oxford editor has condescended to approve of it.

WARBURTON.

Dusty is a very natural epithet. The second folio has :

The way to study death.—

Which Mr. Upton prefers, but it is only an error by an accidental transposition of the types. JOHNSON.

The dust of death is an expression used in the 22d Psalm. *Dusty death* alludes to the expression of *dust to dust* in the burial service, and to the sentence pronounced against Adam : “*Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return.*”—Shakspeare, however, in the first act of this play, speaks of the thane of cawdor, as of one “—who had been *studied* in his death.”

STEEVENS.

260. ‘*Till famine cling thee* :—] *Clung*, in the northern counties, signifies any thing that is shrivelled or shrunk up. By *famine*, the intestines are, as it were, stuck together. In *Pierce’s Supererogation, or a New Praise of the Old Asse*, &c. 1593 : “Who would have

have thought, or could have imagined, to have found the wit of Pierce so starved and *clunged*?" Again, in George Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576:

"My wither'd corps with deadly cold is *clung*." Again, in Heywood's *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637:

"His entrails with long fast and hunger *clung*."

To *cling*, likewise signifies, to *gripe*, to *compress*, to *embrace*. So, in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607:

"——side from the mother,

"And *cling* to the daughter."

Again, in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602.

"And found even *cling'd* in sensuality."

Again, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607.

"I will never see a white flea before I will *cling* you."

Mr. Whalley however observes, that till famine *cling* thee, means—till it *dry thee up*, or *exhaust all thy moisture*. *Clung wood* is wood of which the sap is entirely dried or spent.

STEEVENS.

262. *I pull in resolution; and begin*

To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,

That lies like truth:———] Though this

is the reading of all the editions, yet, as it is a phrase without either example, elegance, or propriety, it is surely better to read:

I pall in resolution,——

I languish in my constancy, my confidence begins to forsake me. It is scarcely necessary to observe, how easily *pall* might be changed into *pull* by a negligent writer,

or

or mistaken for it by an unskilful Printer. With this emendation Dr. Warburton and Mr. Heath concur.

JOHNSON.

There is surely no need of change; for Shakspeare, who made Trinculo, in the *Tempest*, say,

“ I will *let loose* my opinion,”

might have written,

I pull in my resolution.

He had permitted his courage (like a fiery horse) to carry him to the brink of a precipice; but, seeing his danger, resolves to *check* that confidence to which he had *given the rein before*.

STEEVENS.

272. *harness*] An old word for armour. So, in *The Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

“ His *harness* is converted to soft silke.”

HENDERSON.

285. — *I must fight the course*—] A phrase taken from bear-baiting. So, in *The Antipodes*, by Brome, 1638:

“ Also you shall see two ten dog *courses* at the great bear.”

STEEVENS.

309. *Seems bruited*:—] From *bruit*, Fr. To *bruit* is to report with clamour; to noise. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II.

“ ———his death

“ Being *bruited* once,” &c.

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

“ ———I am not

“ One that rejoices in the common wreck,

“ As common *bruit* doth put it.”

Again,

Again, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540: "Lais was one of the most *bruited* common women that clerks do write of."

STEEVENS.

330. *As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air*] That is, air which cannot be cut.

JOHNSON.

As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air

With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed.

So, Milton, *Paradise Lost*, b. vi.

"Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound

"Receive, no more than can the fluid air."

STEEVENS.

333. *I bear a charmed life,———*] In the days of chivalry, the champion's arms being ceremoniously blessed, each took an oath that he used no *charmed* weapons. Macbeth, according to the law of arms, or perhaps only in allusion to this custom, tells Macduff of the security he had in the prediction of the spirit.

To this likewise Posthumus alludes in *Cymbeline*, act v.

"———I in my own woe *charm'd*,

"Could not find death."

UPTON.

So, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633, by L. Machin:

"Here you shall swear by hope, by heaven, by Jove,

"And by the right you challenge in true fame,

"That here you stand, not arm'd with any guile,

"Of philters, *charms*, of night-spells, characters,

"Or other black infernal 'vantages," &c.

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. i. c. 4.

"———*he*

"——— *he bears a charmed shield,*

"And eke enchanted arms that none may pierce." STEEVENS.

342. ——— *palter with us in a double sense:]* That shuffle with ambiguous expressions. JOHNSON.

So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

"Now fortune, frown and *palter* if thou please." Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"——— Romans that have spoke the word,

"And will not *palter*." STEEVENS.

357. ——— *Hold, enough.]* See Mr. Tollet's note on the words, "To cry, *hold! hold!*" act i. sc. 5. Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, one of the combatants was an esquire, and knighted after the battle, which the king terminated by crying *Hoo*, i. e. hold.

STEEVENS.

"To cry *hold*, is the word of yielding," says Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, p. 74. i. e. when one of the combatants cries so. TOLLET.

358. *Re-enter—]* This stage-direction is taken from the folio, and proves, that the players were not even skilful enough to prevent impropriety in those circumstances which fell immediately under their own care. Macbeth is here killed on the stage, and a moment after Macduff enters, as from another place, with his head on a spear. Of the propriety of ancient stage directions, the following is no bad specimen: *Enter Sybilla lying in childbed, with her child lying by her, and her nurse,*" &c. Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611.

STEEVENS.

374. *Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:*

And so his knell is knoll'd.] This incident is thus related from Henry of Huntingdon, by Camden, in his *Remains*, from which our author probably copied it.

When Siward, the martial earl of Northumberland, understood that his son, whom he had sent in service against the Scotchmen, was slain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore part or hinder part of his body. When it was answered, in the fore part, he replied, "I am right glad; neither wish I any other death to me or mine." JOHNSON.

384. ——— *thy kingdom's pearl,*] Whether this is a metaphorical expression, or only a blunder of the press, I cannot determine. Mr. Rowe first made the alteration, which has been continued by succeeding editors, who read, *peers*. The following passage from Ben Jonson's *Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Althorpe*, may countenance the old reading, which I have inserted in the text:

"Queen, prince, duke, and earls,

"Countesses, ye courtly *pearls*," &c.

Again, in Shirley's *Gentlemen of Venice*:

"——— he is the very *pearl*

"Of courtesy." —

STEEVENS.

Thy kingdom's pearl is a phrase of the same import with *thy kingdom's wealth*, or rather ornament. So, C. Fitz-Jeffrey, cited in *England's Parnassus*, 1600, calls Homer,

T

"Chief

"Chief grace of Greece, best *pearle* of poetry."
So, again, J. Sylvester, quoted in the same book:

"———peace,

"Honour of cities, *pearle* of kingdoms all."

Again, in *Endymion's Song and Tragedy*, 1606:

"———an earl,

"And worthily then termed Albion's *pearl*."

MALONE.

THE END.



Bell's Edition.

KING JOHN,
BY
WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of
SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'ful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,
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M D C C L X X X V I.

KING JOHN

WILL SHAKESPEARE

THE HISTORY OF KING JOHN

ACT I. SCENE I. KING JOHN, HERBERT, BASTARD, &c.

HERBERT. My lord, the king is sick.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

KING JOHN.

THE Troublesome Reign of King John was written in two parts, by W. Shakspeare and W. Rowley, and printed 1611. But the present play is entirely different, and infinitely superior to it.

POPE.

The edition of 1611 has no mention of Rowley, nor in the account of Rowley's works is any mention made of his conjunction with Shakspeare in any play. *King John* was reprinted in two parts in 1622. The first edition that I have found of this play in its present form, is that of 1623, in fol. The edition of 1591 I have not seen.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson mistakes when he says there is no mention in Rowley's works of any conjunction with Shakspeare: the *BIRTH of Merlin* is ascribed to them jointly; though I cannot believe Shakspeare had any thing to do with it. Mr. Capel is equally mistaken when he says (pref. p. 15.) that Rowley is called his partner in the title-page of the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*.

There must have been some tradition, however erroneous, upon which Mr. Pope's account was founded; I make no doubt that Rowley wrote the first *King John*: and when Shakspeare's

Shakspeare's play was called for, and could not be procured from the players, a piratical bookseller reprinted the old one, with W. Sh. in the title-page.

FARMER.

The first edition of *The Troublesome Raigne of John King of England, with the Discoverie of King Richard Cordelion's base Son, vulgarly named the Bastard Fawconbridge: also the Death of King John at Swinstead-Abbey*—As it was (sundry Times) publikely acted by the Queen's Majesties Players in the honourable Citie of London.—Imprinted at London for Sampson Clarke, 1591—has no author's name in the title. On the republication in 1611, the printer who inserted the letters W. Sh. in order to conceal his fraud, omitted the words—*publikely*—in the honourable Citie of London, which he was aware would proclaim this play not to be Shakspeare's *King John*; the company to which he belonged, having no publick theatre in London: that in Black-Friars being a private play-house, and the Globe, which was a publick theatre, being situated in Southwark. He also, probably, with the same view, omitted the following lines addressed to the *Gentlemen Readers*, which are prefixed to the first edition of the old play:

“ You that with friendly grace of smoothed brow

“ Have entertain'd the *Scythian Tamburlaine*,

“ And given applause unto an infidel;

“ Vouchsafe to welcome, with like curtesie,

“ A warlike Christian and your countryman.

“ For Christ's true faith indur'd he many a storme,

“ And set himselfe against the man of *Rome*,

“ Until base treason by a damned wight

“ Did all his former triumphs put to flight.

“ Accept

"Accept of it, sweete gentles, in good sort,
 "And thinke it was prepar'd for your disport."

From the mention of *Tamburlaine*, I conjecture that Marlowe was the author of the old *King John*. If it was written by a person of the name of Rowley, it probably was the composition of that "*Maister Rowley*," whom Meres mentions in his *Wits Treasury*, 1598, as "once a rare scholar of learned Pembroke-Hall, in Cambridge." W. Rowley was a player in the King's Company, so late as the year 1625, and can hardly be supposed to have introduced a play thirty-four years before. MALONE.

Hall, Holinshed, Stowe, &c. are closely followed not only in the conduct, but sometimes in the expressions throughout the following historical dramas; viz. *Macbeth*, this play, *Richard II.* *Henry IV.* 2 parts, *Henry V.* *Henry VI.* 3 parts, *Richard III.* and *Henry VIII.*

"A booke called *The Hystorie of Lord Faulconbridge, bastard Son to Richard Cordelion*," was entered at Stationers' Hall, Nov. 29. 1614; but I have never met with it, and therefore know not whether it was the old black letter history, or a play on the same subject. For the original *K. John*, see *Six old Plays, on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross. STEEVENS.

Though this play hath the title of *The Life and Death of King John*, yet the action of it begins at the thirty-fourth year of his life; and takes in only some transactions of his reign at the time of his demise, being an interval of about seventeen years. THEOBALD.

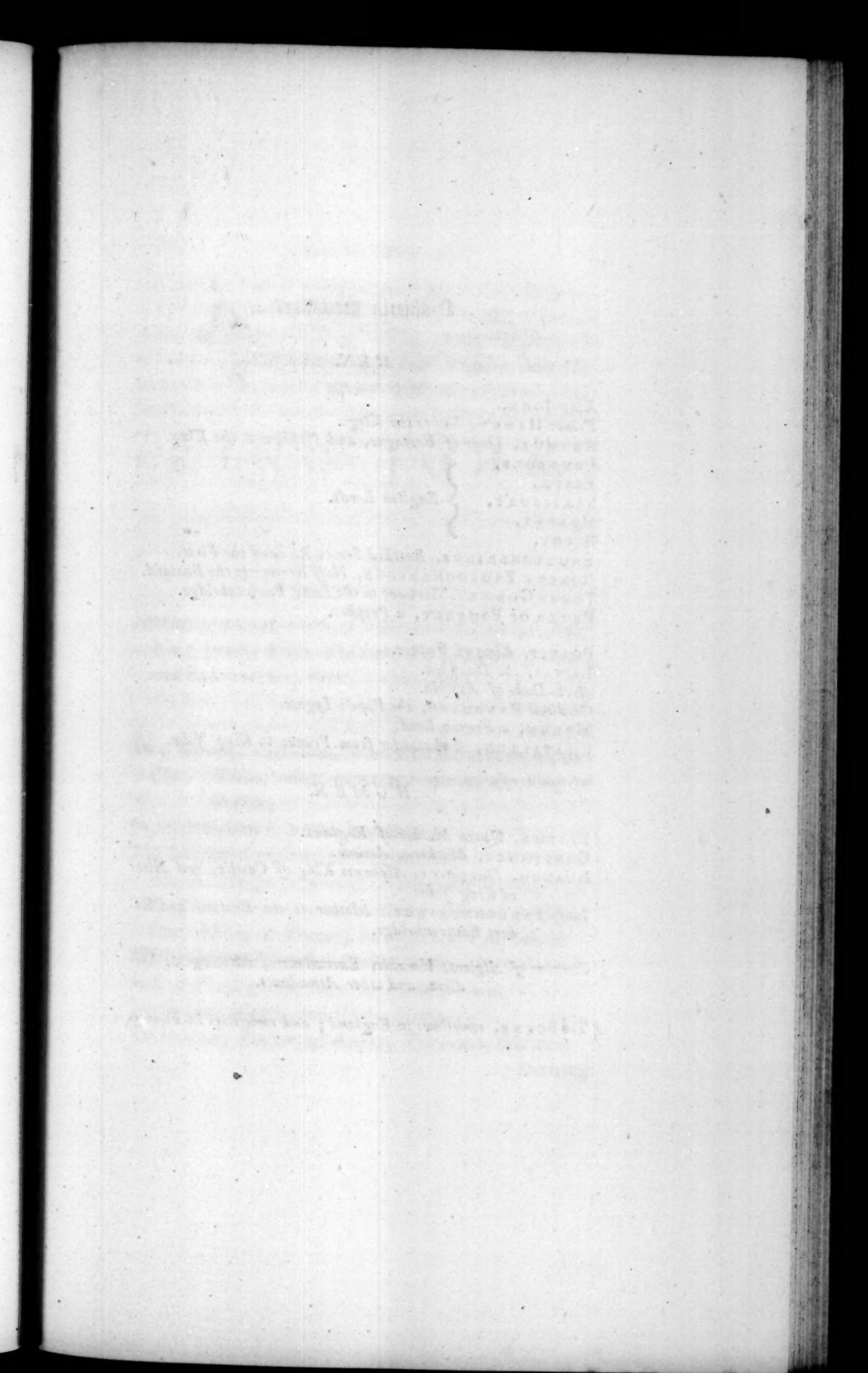
The tragedy of *King John*, though not written with the utmost power of Shakspeare, is varied with a very pleasing interchange of incidents and characters. The lady's grief is

very affecting; and the character of the bastard contains that mixture of greatness and levity which this author delighted to exhibit.

JOHNSON.

There is extant another play of *King John*, published in 1611. Shakspeare has preserved the greatest part of the conduct of it, as well as some of the lines. A few of these I have pointed out in the notes, and others I have omitted as undeserving notice. What most inclines me to believe it was the work of some contemporary writer, is the number of quotations from Horace, and similar scraps of learning scattered over it. There is likewise a quantity of rhiming Latin, and ballad-metre, in a scene where the Bastard is represented as plundering a monastery; and some strokes of humour, which seem, from their particular turn, to have been most evidently produced by another hand than that of Shakspeare.

Of this historical drama there is said to have been an edition in 1591 for Sampson Clark, but I have never seen it; and the copy in 1611, which is the oldest I could find, was printed for John Helme, whose name appears before no other of the pieces of Shakspeare. I admitted this play some years ago as our author's own, among the twenty which I published from the old editions; but a more careful perusal of it, and a further conviction of his custom of borrowing plots, sentiments, &c. disposes me to recede from that opinion. STEEVENS.



Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

King JOHN.

Prince HENRY, Son to the King.

ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, and Nephew to the King.

PEMBROKE,

ESSEX,

SALISBURY,

HUBERT,

BIGOT,

FAULCONBRIDGE, Bastard Son to Richard the First.

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, Half Brother to the Bastard.

JAMES GURNEY, Servant to the Lady Faulconbridge.

PETER OF POMFRET, a Prophet.

PHILIP, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

Arch-Duke of Austria.

Cardinal PANDULPH, the Pope's Legate.

MELUN, a French Lord.

CHATILLON, Ambassador from France to King John.

WOMEN.

ELINOR, Queen Mother of England.

CONSTANCE, Mother to Arthur.

BLANCH, Daughter to Alphonso King of Castile, and Niece to King John.

Lady FAULCONBRIDGE, Mother to the Bastard and Robert Faulconbridge.

Citizens of Algiers, Heralds, Executioners, Messengers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE, sometimes in England; and sometimes in France.



KING JOHN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Northampton. A Room of State in the Palace. Enter King JOHN, Queen ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, and SALISBURY, with CHATILLON.

King John.

Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,

In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories; 10
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:

Desiring

Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles;
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for
blood,

Controlment for controlment; so answer France. 20

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my
mouth,

The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have;—
Pembroke, look to't:—Farewel, Chatillon. 30

[*Exeunt* CHAT. and PEM.]

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
'Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right, for
us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your
right; 40

Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear;
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

*Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers
Essex.*

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.— [*Exit Sheriff.*]
Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay

*Re-enter Sheriff with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, and
PHILIP, his Brother.*

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Phil. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman, 50
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Phil. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:

But,

But, for the certain knowledge of that truth, 261
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy
mother,

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Phil. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow.—Why, being
younger born, 71
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whe'r I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him;—
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a mad-cap hath heaven lent
us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my son

In

In the large composition of this man ? 88

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land ?

Phil. Because he hath a half-face, like my father ;
With that half-face would he have all my land :
A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a year !

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much.—

Phil. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land ;
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor, 100

To treat of high affairs touching that time :

The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's ;

Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak :

But truth is truth ; large lengths of seas and shores

Between my father and my mother lay

(As I have heard my father speak himself),

When this same lusty gentleman was got.

Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd

His lands to me ; and took it on his death, 110

That this, my mother's son, was none of his ;

And, if he were, he came into the world

Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.

Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,

My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate ;

Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him :

C

And,

And, if she did play false, the fault was her's;
 Which fault lies on the hazard of all husbands
 That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
 Who, as you say, took pains to get this son, 121
 Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
 In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
 This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
 In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
 My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
 Being none of his, refuse him: This concludes—
 My mother's son did get your father's heir;
 Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
 To dispossess that child which is not his? 131

Phil. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
 Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather—be a Faulcon-
 bridge,

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
 Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
 Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Phil. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
 And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;
 And if my legs were two such riding-rods, 140
 My arms such eel-skins stufte; my face so thin,
 That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
 Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings
 goes!

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
 'Would I might never stir from off this place,

I'd

I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well; Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France. 150

Phil. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my
chance:
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year:
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Phil. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Phil. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose
form thou bear'st: 160

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great;
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Phil. Brother by the mother's side, give me your
hand;

My father gave me honour, your's gave land:—
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.

Phil. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: What
though?

Something about, a little from the right, 170
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:

Cij

Who

Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;
 And have is have, however men do catch:
 Near or far off, well won is still well shot;
 And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy
 desire,

A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire.—
 Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed
 For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Phil. Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee,
 For thou wast got i' the way of honesty! 181

[*Exeunt all but PHILIP.*]

A foot of honour better than I was;
 But many a many foot of land the worse.
 Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—
Good den, Sir Richard—God-a-mercy, fellow;—
 And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
 For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
 'Tis too respective, and too sociable,
 For your conversing. Now your traveller—
 He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess; 190
 And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
 Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
 My piked man of countries:—*My dear sir*
 (Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin)
*I shall beseech you—*That is question now;
 And then comes answer like an ABC-book:—
O sir, says answer, *at your best command;*
At your employment; at your service, sir:—
No, sir, says question; *I, sweet sir, at your's:*

And

And so, e'er answer knows what question would 200
 (Saying in dialogue of compliment;
 And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,
 The Pyrenean, and the river Pö),
 It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
 But this is worshipful society,
 And fits the mounting spirit, like myself:
 For he is but a bastard to the time,
 That doth not smack of observation
 (And so am I, whether I smack, or no);
 And not alone in habit and device, 210
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
 But from the inward motion to deliver
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
 Which though I will not practise to deceive,
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
 But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
 What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
 That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE, and JAMES GURNEY.

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?
 What brings you here to court so hastily? 221

Lady. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he?
 That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Phil. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?
 Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
 Is it Sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

Lady.

Lady. Sir Robert's son ! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son : Why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert ?
He is Sir Robert's son ; and so art thou.

Phil. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a
while ? 230

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Phil. Philip ?—sparrow !—James,
There's toys abroad ; anon I'll tell thee more.

[Exit JAMES.]

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son ;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast :
Sir Robert could do well ; Marry, to confess !
Could he get me ? Sir Robert could not do it ;
We know his handy-work :—Therefore, good mo-
ther,

To whom am I beholden for these limbs ? 240
Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

Lady. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine ho-
nour ?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave ?

Phil. Knight, knight, good mother—Basilisco like :
What ! I am dub'd ; I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son ;
I have disclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land ;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone : 249

Then, good my mother, let me know my father ;
Some proper man, I hope ; Who was it, mother ?

Lady. Hast thou deny'd thyself a Faulconbridge ?

Phil.

Phil. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father ;
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed :——
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge !——
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

Phil. Now, by this light, were I to get again, 260
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth your's ; your fault was not your folly :
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose——
Subjected tribute to commanding love——
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother, 270
With all my heart I thank thee for my father !
Who lives and dares but say, thou did'st not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will shew thee to my kin ;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin :
Who says, it was, he lies ; I say, 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the Walls of Angiers in France. Enter PHILIP King of France, LEWIS the Dauphin, the Arch-Duke of Austria, CONSTANCE, and ARTHUR.

Lewis.

BEFORE Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
 Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,
 Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
 By this brave duke came early to his grave:
 And, for amends to his posterity,
 At our importance hither is he come,
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
 And to rebuke the usurpation
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John : 10
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arthur. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,

The rather, that you give his offspring life,
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war :
 I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
 But with a heart full of unstained love :
 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lewis. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
 As seal to this indenture of my love ; 20

That

That to my home I will no more return,
 'Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
 Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
 And coops from other lands her islanders,
 Even 'till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure
 And confident from foreign purposes,
 Even 'till that utmost corner of the west,
 Salute thee for her king: 'till then, fair boy, 30
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's
 thanks,
 'Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
 To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their
 swords
 In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phil. Well then, to work; our cannon shall be
 bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.—
 Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
 To cull the plots of best advantages:— 40
 We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
 Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
 But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
 Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:
 My lord Chatillon may from England bring
 That right in peace, which here we urge in war;

D

And

And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phil. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.— 51
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I:
His marches are expedient to this town, 60
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her, her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king deceas'd:
And all the unsettled humours of the land—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs, 70
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.

The

The interruption of their churlish drums

[Drums beat.

Cuts off more circumstance : they are at hand
To parley, or to fight ; therefore, prepare.

K. Phil. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much 80
We must awake endeavour for defence ;
For courage mounteth with occasion :
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter King JOHN, FAULCONBRIDGE, ELINOR,
BLANCH, PEMBROKE, and others.*

K. John. Peace be to France ; if France in peace
permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own !
If not ; bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven !
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Phil. Peace be to England ; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace ! 90
England we love ; and, for that England's sake,
With burthen of our armour here we sweat :
This toil of ours should be a work of thine ;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought its lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face ;—

D ij

These

These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his :
This little abstract doth contain that large, 101
Which dy'd in Geffrey ; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son ; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's : In the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'er-masterest ?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commis-
sion, France, 110

To draw my answer from thy articles ?

K. Phil. From that supernal judge, that stirs good
thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy :
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong ;
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phil. Excuse it ; 'tis to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France ? 120

Const. Let me make answer ;—Thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent ! thy bastard shall be king ;
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world !

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband : and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John in manners ; being as like,

As

As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,
His father never was so true begot; 130
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Faulc. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Faulc. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard; 140
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Faulc. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass:—
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back;
Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath? 150
King Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

K. Phil. Women, and fools, break off your conference.—

King John, this is the very sum of all—
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In

In right of Arthur do I claim of thee :
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms ?

K. John. My life as soon :—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand ;
 And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
 Than e'er the coward hand of France can win : 160
 Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child :
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig :
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace !
I would, that I were low laid in my grave ;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps. 170

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth !

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights, 180
Of this oppressed boy: This is the eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;

The

The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say—

That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague 190
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her.—Plague her son; his injury,
Her injury, the beadle to her sins,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; A plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked
will;

A woman's will; a cankred grandam's will!

K. Phil. Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate:
It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim 201
To these ill-tuned repetitions.—

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's, or John's.

[*Trumpets sound.*]

Enter Citizens upon the Walls.

1 *Cit.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phil. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself:

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects—

K. Phil.

K. Phil. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects, 210

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For our advantage ;—Therefore, hear us first.—

These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement :
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath ;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French, 220
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates ;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king——
Who, painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates, 230
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks—
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle :
And now, instead of bullets wrap'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears :
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,

And

And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,
 Forweary'd in this action of swift speed,
 Crave harbourage within your city walls. 240

K. Phil. When I have said, make answer to us
 both.

Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
 Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
 Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet;
 Son to the elder brother of this man,
 And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
 For this down-trodden equity, we tread
 In warlike march these greens before your town;
 Being no further enemy to you,
 Than the constraint of hospitable zeal, 250
 In the relief of this oppressed child,
 Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
 To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
 To him that owes it; namely, this young prince:
 And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
 Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
 Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
 Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
 And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
 With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruised,
 We will bear home that lusty blood again, 261
 Which here we came to spout against your town,
 And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
 But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
 'Tis not the roundure of your old fac'd walls
 Can hide you from our messengers of war;

E

Though

Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it? 270
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me
in.

Cit. That can we not: but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; 'till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the
king?

And, if not that, I bring you witnesses, 280
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed—

Faulc. Bastards, and else.

K. John.—To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phil. As many, and as well-born bloods as
those—

Faulc. Some bastards too.

K. Phil.—Stand in his face, to contradict his
claim.

Cit. 'Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those
souls,

That to their everlasting residence, 290
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,

In

In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king !

K. Phil. Amen, Amen !— Mount, chevaliers ! to arms !

Faulc. Saint George—that swing'd the dragon, and e'er since,

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence !—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.— [To AUSTRIA.

Aust. Peace ; no more. 300

Faulc. O, tremble ! for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain ; where we'll set forth,

In best appointment, all our regiments.

Faulc. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phil. It shall be so ;—and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

After Excursions, enter the Herald of France, with Trumpets, to the Gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in ;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother, 310

E ij

Whose

Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground :
 Many a widow's husband groveling lies,
 Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth ;
 And victory, with little loss, doth play
 Upon the dancing banners of the French ;
 Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
 To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
 Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter English Herald, with Trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your
 bells ;

King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
 Commander of this hot malicious day ! 321
 Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
 Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood ;
 There stuck no plume in any English crest,
 That is removed by a staff of France ;
 Our colours do return in those same hands
 That did display them when we first march'd forth ;
 And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
 Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes : 330
 Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
 From first to last, the onset and retire
 Of both your armies ; whose equality
 By our best eyes cannot be censured :
 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd
 blows ;

Strength

Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted
power :

Both are alike ; and both alike we like.

One must prove greatest : while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither ; yet for both. 340

Enter the two Kings with their Powers, at several Doors.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast
away ?

Say, shall the current of our right run on ?
Whose passage vex't with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores ;
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phil. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop
of blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France ;
Rather, lost more : And by this hand I swear, 350
That sways the earth this climate overlooks—
Before we will lay down by our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we
bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead ;
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Faulc. Ha, majesty ! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire !
Oh, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel ;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his phangs ; 360
And

And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men,
 In undetermin'd differences of kings.—
 Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
 Cry, havock, kings! back to the stained field,
 You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits!
 Then let confusion of one part confirm
 The other's peace; 'till then, blows, blood, and
 death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phil. Speak, citizens, for England; who's
 your king?

Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phil. Know him in us, that here hold up his
 right. 371

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
 And bear possession of our person here;
 Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. A greater power, than ye, denies all this;
 And, 'till it be undoubted, we do lock
 Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
 King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,
 Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Faulc. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout
 you, kings; 380

And stand securely on their battlements,
 As in a théâtre, whence they gape and point
 At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
 Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
 Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
 Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend

Yours

Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town :
 By east and west let France and England mount
 Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths ;
 'Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
 The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city : 391
 I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
 Even 'till unfenced desolation
 Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
 That done, dissever your united strengths,
 And part your mingled colours once again ;
 Turn face to face, and bloody point to point :
 Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
 Out of one side her happy minion ;
 To whom in favour she shall give the day, 400
 And kiss him with a glorious victory.
 How like you this wild counsel, mighty states ?
 Smacks it not something of the policy ?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our
 heads,

I like it well :—France, shall we knit our powers,
 And lay this Angiers even with the ground ;
 Then, after, fight who shall be king of it ?

Faulc. An if thou hast the mettle of a king—
 Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town—
 Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery, 410
 As we will ours, against these saucy walls :
 And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
 Why, then defy each other ; and, pell-mell,
 Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phil. Let it be so : Say, where will you assault ?

K. John.

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phil. Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town. 420

Faulc. O prudent discipline ! From north to south ;
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth :

[*Aside.*

I'll stir them to it : Come, away, away !

Cit. Hear us, great kings : vouchsafe a while to
stay,

And I shall shew you peace, and fair-fac'd league ;
Win you this city without stroke or wound ;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field :
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour ; we are bent to
hear. 430

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,
Is near to England ; Look upon the years
Of Lewis the dauphin, and that lovely maid :
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch ?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch ?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch ?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth, 440
Is the young dauphin every way complete :
If not complete, oh say, he is not she ;

And

He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
 Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
 But buffets better than a fist of France:
 Zounds! I was never so bethumpt with words,
 Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
 Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
 For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
 Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown, 480
 That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
 The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
 I see a yielding in the looks of France;
 Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their
 souls

Are capable of this ambition;
 Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
 Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
 Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
 This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town? 490

K. Phil. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
 To speak unto this city: What say you?

K. John. If that the dauphin there, thy princely son,
 Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
 Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
 For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
 And all that we upon this side the sea
 (Except this city now by us besieg'd)
 Find liable to our crown and dignity,
 Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich 500

In

In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phil. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's
face.

Lewis. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest, I never lov'd myself, 510
'Till now infixed I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with BLANCH.*

Faulc. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—

And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should
be,

In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine:
If he see aught in you, that makes him like, 520
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or, if you will (to speak more properly)
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this—that nothing do I see in you

Fij

(Though

(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge),

That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece? 530

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince dauphin; can you love this lady?

Lewis. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love; For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,

Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—

Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal, 540
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phil. It likes us well;—Young princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd,
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.

K. Phil. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at saint Mary's chapel, presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?—
I know, she is not; for this match, made up, 550
Her presence would have interrupted much:—
Where is she and her son; tell me, who knows?

Lewis.

Lewis. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. Phil. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,

Will give her sadness very little cure.—

Brother of England, how may we content

This widow lady? In her right we came;

Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,

To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all : 560

For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,

And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town

We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance;

Some speedy messenger bid her repair

To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,

If not fill up the measure of her will,

Yet in some measure satisfy her so,

That we shall stop her exclamation.

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,

To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp. 570

[*Exeunt all but FAULCONBRIDGE.*]

Faulc. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,

Hath willingly departed with a part:

And France (whose armour conscience buckled on;

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,

As God's own soldier) rounded in the ear

With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;

That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;

That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,

Of

Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
(Who having no external thing to lose 581
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that)
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity—
Commodity, the bias of the world ;
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground ;
'Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent : 590
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapt on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this commodity ?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet :
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm ; 600
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say—there is no sin, but to be rich ;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say—there is no vice, but beggary :
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord ; for I will worship thee ! [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The French King's Pavillion. Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

Constance.

GONE to be marry'd! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?

It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so;
I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary. 10

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears:
And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest,
With my vext spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son? 20
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?

Be

Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. Oh, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die; 30
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch! Oh, boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is, 40
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bidst me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown. 50
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,

And

And with the half-blown rose : but fortune, oh !
 She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee ;
 She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John ;
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
 And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
 France is a bawd to fortune, and king John ; 60
 That strumpet fortune, that usurping John :—
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn ?
 Envenom him with words ; or get thee gone,
 And leave those woes alone, which I alone
 Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
 I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with
 thee :

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout. 70
 To me, and to the state of my great grief,
 Let kings assemble ; for my grief's so great,
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth
 Can hold it up : here I and sorrows sit ;
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[Throws herself on the Ground.]

*Enter King JOHN, King PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH,
 ELINOR, FAULCONBRIDGE, and AUSTRIA.*

K. Phil. 'Tis true, fair daughter ; and this blessed
 day

Ever in France shall be kept festival :

G

To

To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
 Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist ;
 Turning, with splendor of his precious eye, 80
 The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold :
 The yearly course, that brings this day about,
 Shall never see it but a holy-day.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy-day! —

[*Rising.*

What hath this day deserv'd ? what hath it done ;
 That it in golden letters should be set,
 Among the high tides, in the kalendar ?
 Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week ;
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury :
 Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child 90
 Pray, that their burthens may not fall this day,
 Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crost :
 But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck ;
 No bargains break, that are not this day made :
 This day, all things begun come to ill end ;
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change !

K. Phil. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
 To curse the fair proceedings of this day :
 Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty ? 99

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
 Resembling majesty ; which, being touch'd, and
 try'd,

Proves valueless : You are forsworn, forsworn ;
 You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
 But now in arms you strengthen it with your's :
 The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,

Is cold in amity and painted peace,
 And our oppression hath made up this league :—
 Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings !
 A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !
 Let not the hours of this ungodly day 110
 Wear out the day in peace ; but, ere sun-set,
 Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings !
 Hear me, oh, hear me !

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War ! war ! no peace ! peace is to me a war.
 O Lymoges ! O Austria ! thou dost shame
 That bloody spoil : Thou slave, thou wretch, thou
 coward ;

Thou little valiant, great in villany !
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !
 Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight 120
 But when her humourous ladyship is by
 To teach thee safety ! thou art perjur'd too,
 And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
 A ramping fool ; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
 Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded slave,
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?
 Been sworn my soldier ? bidding me depend
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength ?
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?
 Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame, 130
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man would speak those words to me !

Faulc. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant
 limbs.

G ij

Aust.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Faulc. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phil. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.

I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal, 140
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name, to interrogatories,
Can task the free breath of a sacred king? 150
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand: 160

So

So tell the pope ; all reverence set apart,
To him, and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phil. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christ-
endom,

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out ;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself :
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led, 170
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish ;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate :
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretick ;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canoniz'd, and worship'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course 180
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while !
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses ; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too ; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong :

Law

Law cannot give my child his kingdom here; 190
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law :
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretick ;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France ? do not let go thy
hand.

Const. Look to that, devil ! lest that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul. 200

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Faulc. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because——

Faulc. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal ?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal ?

Lewis. Bethink you, father ; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend : 210
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast ; the devil tempts thee
here
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her
faith,
But from her need.

Const.

Const. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle——
That faith will live again by death of need : 220
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up ;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Aust. Do so, king Philip ; hang no more in doubt.

Faulc. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet
lout.

K. Phil. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee
more,

If thou stand excommunicate, and curst ?

K. Phil. Good reverend father, make my person
your's, 230

And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit ;
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows ;
The latest breath, that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves ;
And even before this truce, but new before—
No longer than we well could wash our hands, 240
To clap this royal bargain up of peace——
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-stain'd
With slaughter's pencil ; where revenge did paint

The

The fearful difference of incensed kings :
 And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
 So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
 Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret ?
 Play fast and loose with faith ? so jest with heaven,
 Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
 As now again to snatch our palm from palm ; 250
 Unswear faith sworn ; and on the marriage bed
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
 And make a riot on the gentle brow
 Of true sincerity ? O holy sir,
 My reverend father, let it not be so :
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
 Some gentle order ; and then we shall be blest
 To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
 Save what is opposite to England's love. 260
 Therefore, to arms ! be champion of our church !
 Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
 A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
 France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
 A cased lion by the mortal paw,
 A fasting tyger safer by the tooth,
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phil. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith ;
 And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath, 270
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
 First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd ;
 That is, to be the champion of our church !

What

What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,
 And may not be performed by thyself:
 For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
 Is't not amiss, when it is truly done?
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
 The truth is then most done not doing it:
 The better act of purposes mistook 280
 Is, to mistake again; though indirect,
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
 And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire,
 Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
 It is religion, that doth make vows kept;
 But thou hast sworn against religion:
 By which thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st;
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
 Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure
 To swear, swear only not to be forsworn; 290
 Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
 Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:
 And better conquest never canst thou make,
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
 Against these giddy loose suggestions:
 Upon which better part our prayers come in,
 If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know, 300
 The peril of our curses light on thee;
 So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
 But, in despair, die under their black weight.

H

Aut.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Faulc. Will't not be?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lewis. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?

Against the blood that thou hast married? 309

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums—

Clamours of hell—be measures to our pomp?

O husband, hear me!—aye, alack, how new

Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,

Which 'till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms

Against mine uncle.

Const. Oh, upon my knee,

Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,

Thou virtuous dauphin, alter not the doom 320

Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; What motive
may

Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee up-
holds,

His honour: Oh, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lewis. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,

When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phil. Thou shalt not need:—England, I'll fall
from thee!

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty! 330

Eli.

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within
this hour.

Faulc. Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton
time,

Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: Fair day,
adieu!

Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;

And, in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win; 340

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lewis. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my
life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—

[Exit FAULCONBRIDGE.]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;

A rage, whose heat hath this condition, 350

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood, of France.

K. Phil. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou
shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:

Hij

Look

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens.—To arms,
let's hie ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Field of Battle. Alarums, Excursions : Enter FAULCONBRIDGE, with AUSTRIA's Head.

Faulc. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous
hot ;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there ;
While Philip breathes. 360

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy :—Philip, make
up ;
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Faulc. My lord, I rescu'd her ;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not :
But on, my liege ; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

Act 5

KING JOHN

Scene 2



A Design of the King as he appears in the Play.

Engraved by J. G. Smith.

MR. HOLMAN in FAULCONBRIDGE.

"Australia's Head be there."

London: Printed for J. D. All Beards Library Strand June 4. 1786.

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens.—To arms,
let's lie! [Exit.]

SCENE II.

*A Field of Battle. Alarum, Excursion: Enter PAUL
CORBRIDGE, with AUSTRIA'S Head.*

Paul. Now, by my life, this day grows wonderful
hot;

Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head he takes
While Philip breathes.

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy;—Philip, stand
up;

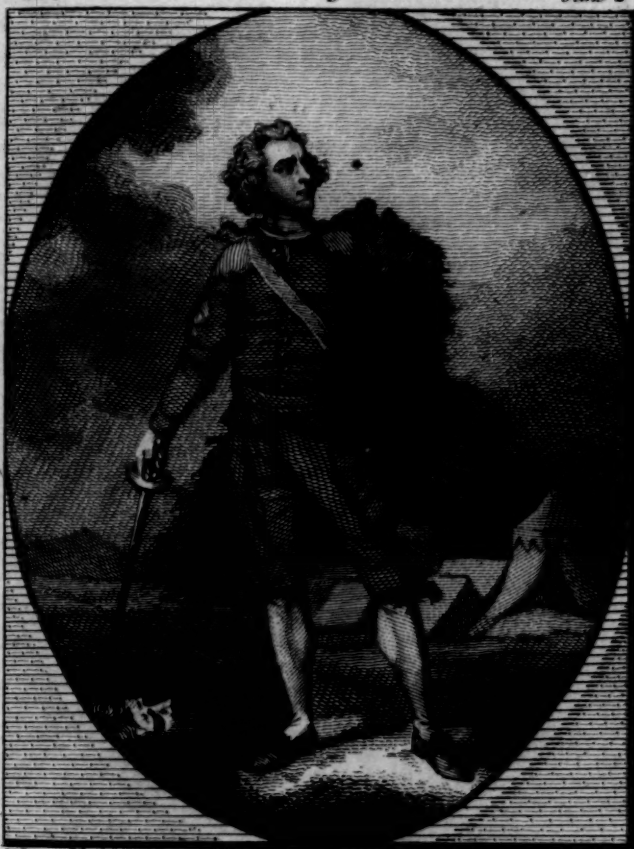
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Paul. My lord, I rescu'd her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not;
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end.

Act 3

KING JOHN

Scene 2



At Brown del. from a Portrait by M^r Stewart.

Thornthwaite sculp.

M^r HOLMAN in FAULCONBRIDGE.

"Austria's Head lie there"

London. Printed for J Bell British Library Strand June 4. 1786.

11

SCENE III.

Alarums, Excursions, Retreat. Re-enter King JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, FAULCONBRIDGE, HUBERT, and Lords.

K. John. So shall it be ; your grace shall stay behind,
[*To ELINOR.*

So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad :

[*To ARTHUR.*

Thy grandam loves thee ; and thy uncle will 370
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin, away for England ; haste before :

[*To FAULCONBRIDGE.*

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots ; imprisoned angels
Set at liberty : the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry, now be fed upon :
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Faulc. Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me back,

When gold and silver becks me to come on. 380

I leave your highness :—Grandam, I will pray

(If ever I remember to be holy)

For your fair safety ; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewel, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewel. [*Exit FAULC.*

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman ; hark, a word.

[*Taking him to one Side of the Stage.*

K. John.

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much ; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love : 390
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so
yet :

But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good. 400
I had a thing to say—But let it go :
The sun is in the heaven ; and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience :—If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on unto the drowsy race of night ;
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy, 410
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick ;
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,

A passion

A passion hateful to my purposes)
 Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
 Then, in despite of broad-ey'd watchful day, 420
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
 But, ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well;
 And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
 By heaven I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou would'st?
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
 He is a very serpent in my way; 430
 And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
 He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?
 Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord!

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough. 440

I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee;
 Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
 Remember.—Madam, fare you well:
 I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Ex.

Eli. My blessing go with thee !

K. John. For England, cousin, go :
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The French Court. Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

K. Phil. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of collected sail 450
Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort ! all shall yet go well.

K. Phil. What can go well, when we have run so
ill ?

Are we not beaten ? Is not Angiers lost ?
Arthur ta'en prisoner ? divers dear friends slain ?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, spite of France ?

Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd :
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause, 460
Doth want example ; Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this ?

K. Phil. Well could I bear that England had this
praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
 Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
 In the vile prison of afflicted breath:—
 I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

K. Phil. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Con-
 stance!

470

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
 But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
 Death, death!—Oh amiable lovely death!
 Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
 Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
 Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
 And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
 And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
 And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
 And stop this gasp of breath with fulsome dust, 480
 And be a carrion monster like thyself:
 Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
 And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
 Oh, come to me!

K. Phil. Oh fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—
 Oh, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
 Then with a passion would I shake the world;
 And rouze from sleep that fell anatomy,
 Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice, 490
 Which scorns a modern invocation.

I

Pand.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art unholy to belie me so ;

I am not mad ; this hair I tear is mine ;

My name is Constance ; I was Geoffrey's wife ;

Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost :

I am not mad ;—I would to heaven, I were !

For then, 'tis like I should forget myself :

Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget !—

Preach some philosophy to make me mad, 500

And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal ;

For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,

My reasonable part produces reason

How I may be deliver'd of these woes,

And teaches me to kill or hang myself :

If I were mad, I should forget my son ;

Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he :

I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel

The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phil. Bind up those tresses : Oh, what love I

note

510

In the fair multitude of those her hairs !

Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,

Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends

Do glew themselves in sociable grief ;

Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,

Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phil. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will ! And wherefore will I do it ?

I tore them from their bonds ; and cry'd aloud, 520

Oh

*Oh that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!*

But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,

530

There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief. 540

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—

550

I'll

I will

I will not keep this form upon my head,

[Tearing off her Head-Dress.]

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!

My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure! *[Exit.]*

K. Phil. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[Exit.]

Lewis. There's nothing in this world can make
me joy:

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,

Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man; 559

And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,

That it yields nought, but shame, and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,

Even in the instant of repair and health,

The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,

On their departure most of all shew evil:

What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.

No, no: when fortune means to men most good,

She looks upon them with a threatening eye. 570

'Tis strange, to think how much king John hath lost

In this which he accounts so clearly won:

Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lewis. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit;

For even the breath of what I mean to speak

Shall

Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
 Out of the path which shall directly lead
 Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.
 John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be, 581
 That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
 The mis-plac'd John should entertain an hour,
 One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:
 A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
 Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd:
 And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
 Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
 That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
 So be it, for it cannot be but so. 590

Lewis. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
 May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lewis. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old
 world!

John lays you plots; the times conspire with you:
 For he, that steeps his safety in true blood,
 Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
 This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
 Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal; 600
 That none so small advantage shall step forth,
 To check his reign, but they will cherish it:
 No natural exhalation in the sky,
 No scape of nature, no distemper'd day,
 No common wind, no custom'd event,
 But they will pluck away his natural cause,

And

And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
 Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
 Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lewis. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's
 life, 610

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
 If that young Arthur be not gone already,
 Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts
 Of all his people shall revolt from him,
 And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
 And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
 Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.

Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;
 And, O, what better matter breeds for you, 620
 Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Faulconbridge
 Is now in England, ransacking the church,
 Offending charity: If but a dozen French
 Were there in arms, they would be as a call
 To train ten thousand English to their side;
 Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
 Anon becomes a mountain: O noble dauphin,
 Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful,
 What may be wrought out of their discontent:
 Now that their souls are top-full of offence, 630
 For England go; I will whet on the king.

Lewis. Strong reasons make strong actions: Let
 us go;

If you say, Ay, the king will not say, No. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

England. Northampton. A Room in the Castle. Enter
HUBERT, and Executioners.

Hubert.

HEAT me these irons hot; and, look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth;
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

Exec. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.—

[Exit Executioners.]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince. 10

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks, no body should be sad, but I:

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

Only for wantonness. By my christendom,

So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,

I should

I should be as merry as the day is long ; 20
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me :
He is afraid of me, and I of him :

Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son ?
No, indeed, is't not ; And I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. [*Aside.*

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale to-day :

In sooth, I would you were a little sick ; 31
That I might sit all night, and watch with you :
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur— [*Shewing a Paper.*
How now, foolish rheum ! [*Aside.*

Turning spiteous torture out of door ?
I must be brief ; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it ? is it not fair writ ? 40

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you ?

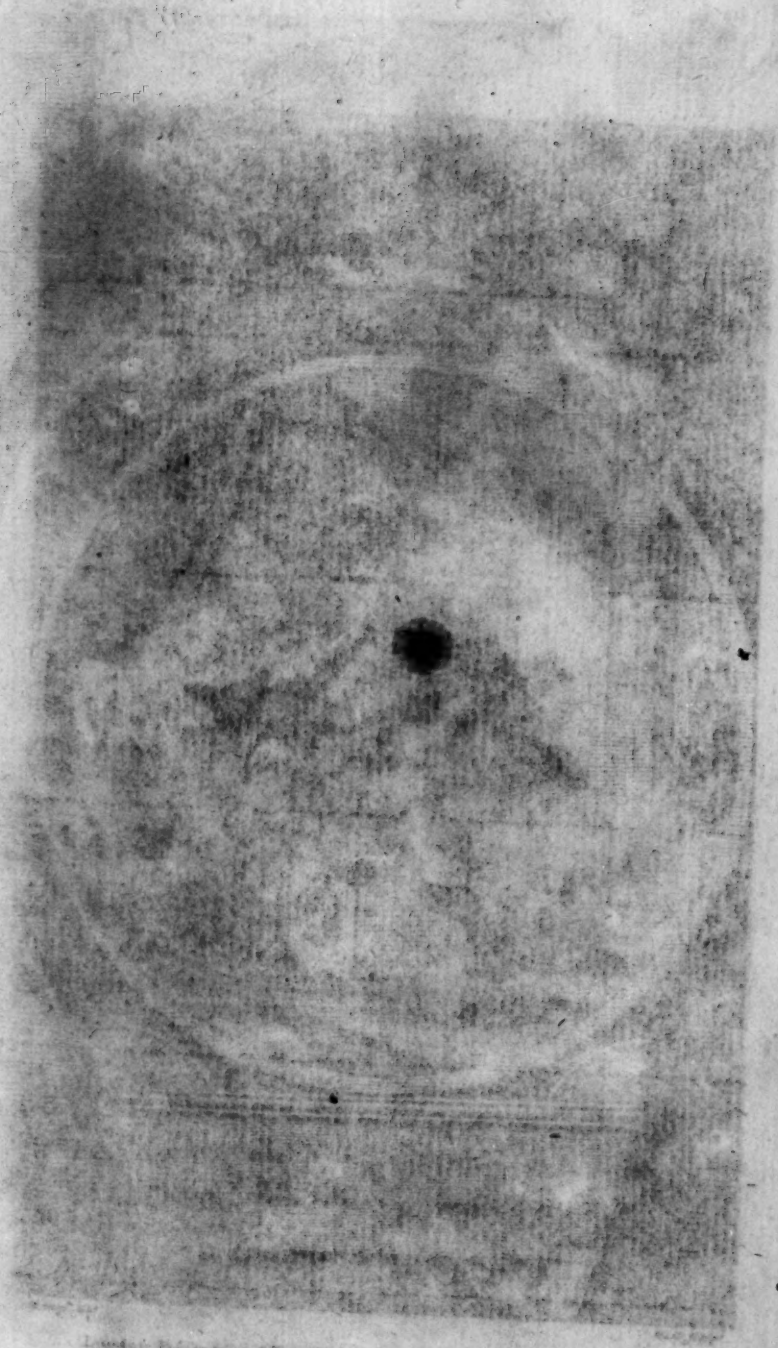
Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart ? When your head did
but ake,

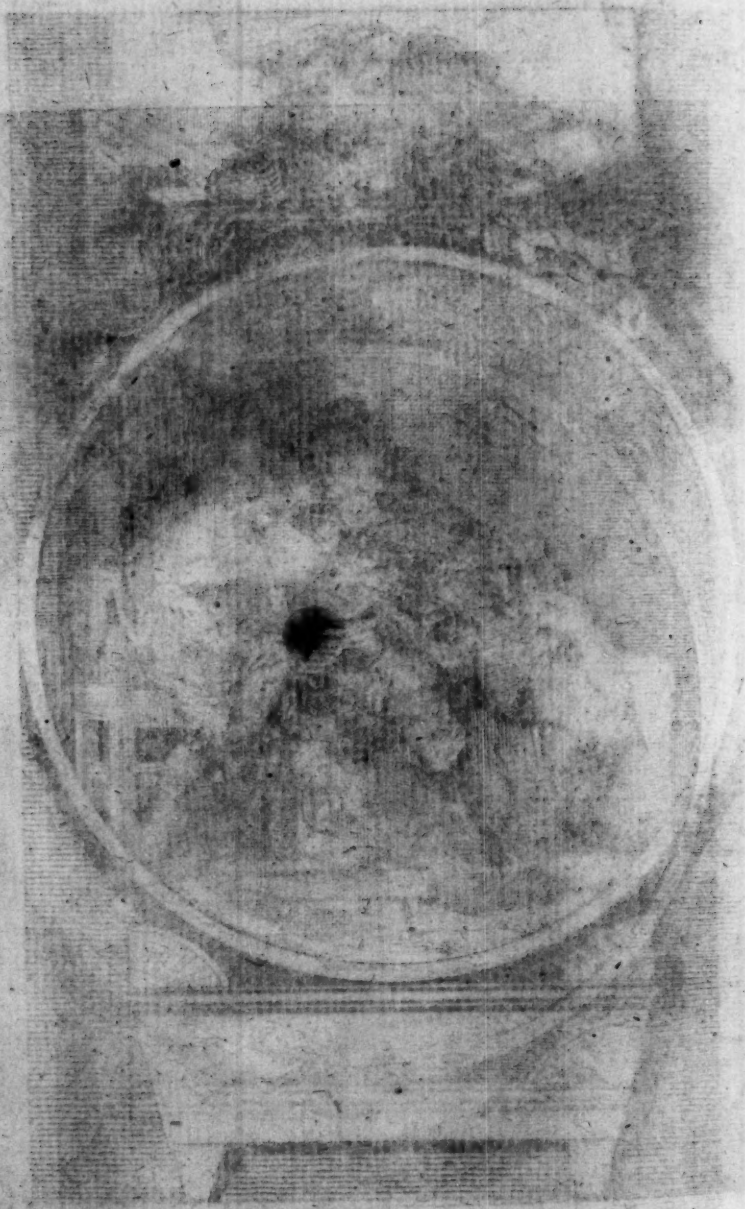
I knit my handkerchief about your brows

(The





London: Published by J. B. G. & Co. 1854.





London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand June 9th 1786.

(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),
 And I did never ask it you again:
 And with my hand at midnight held your head; 50
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
 Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
 Or, What good love may I perform for you?
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
 But you at your sick service had a prince.
 Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
 And call it, cunning: Do, an if you will:
 If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill, 60
 Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
 These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
 So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
 The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
 And quench this fiery indignation,
 Even in the matter of mine innocence: 70

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
 An if an angel should have come to me,
 And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hu-
 bert's. [*HUBERT stamps, and the Men enter.*

K

Hub.

Hub. Come forth; do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men. 79

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous rough? I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away.

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angrily:

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him. 90

Exe. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—

Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to your's.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a moth in your's,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandring hair, 100

Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you! 110
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,

Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes: See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy. 120

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes: 131

Kij

Yet

Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world, 140
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

*The Court of England. Enter King JOHN, PEMBROKE,
SALISBURY, and other Lords.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again
crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pemb. This once again, but that your highness
pleas'd,

Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt; 150
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess. 160

Pemb. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told;
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected, 170
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen strive to do better than
well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness:
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness
To overbear it; and we are all well pleas'd; 18
Since

Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear)
I shall endue you with: Mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests. 190

Pemb. Then I (as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts),
Both for myself and them (but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies) heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument—
If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears (which, as they say, attend 200
The steps of wrong) should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choak his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise:
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty. 210

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

Enter

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

Pemb. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do. 219

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pemb. And, when it breaks, I fear, will issue
thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong
hand:—

Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead;
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night. 229

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

Pemb. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on
me?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal.

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it:—
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

Pemb. Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold; Bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt.*

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast; Where is that blood, 250
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?

Mes. From France to England.—Never such a
power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been
drunk? 260
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care?
That such an army could be drawn in France,

And

And she not hear of it ?

Mes. My liege, her ear

Is stopt with dust : the first of April, dy'd
Your noble mother : And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy dy'd
Three days before : but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard ; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion !
O, make a league with me, 'till I have pleas'd 271
My discontented peers !—What ! mother dead ?
How wildly then walks my estate in France ?—
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That, thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here ?

Mes. Under the dauphin.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE and PETER OF POMFRET.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings ? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full. 280

Faul. But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin ; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide : but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood ; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Faulc. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasy'd ; 290

L

Possess'd

Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams ;
 Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear :
 And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
 From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
 With many hundreds treading on his heels ;
 To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhimes,
 That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
 Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'st thou
 say so ? 299

Peter. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him ; imprison him ;
 And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
 I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd :
 Deliver him to safety, and return,
 For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,

[Exit HUBERT, with PETER.]

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd ?

Faulc. The French, my lord ; men's mouths are
 full of it :

Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury
 (With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire),
 And others more, going to seek the grave 310
 Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
 On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
 And thrust thyself into their companies :
 I have a way to win their loves again ;
 Bring them before me.

Faulc. I will seek them out.

K. John.

K. John. Nay, but make haste ; the better foot before.—

O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns 320
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!—
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels ;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Faulc. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.
[*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him ; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers ;
And be thou he.

Mes. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead ! 330

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-night :

Four fixed ; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons !

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously :
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths :
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear ;
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist ;
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action 341
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.

L ij

I saw

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent: 350
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these
fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did not you pro-
voke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life: 360
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven
and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,

Makes

Makes deeds ill done? Hadst not thou been by, 370
 A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
 Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
 This murder had not come into my mind:
 But, taking note of thy abhorred aspect,
 Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
 Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
 I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
 And thou, to be endeared to a king,
 Madst it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord——

380

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made
 a pause,

When I spake darkly what I purposed;
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face;
 Or bid me tell my tale in express words;
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
 But thou didst understand me by my signs,
 And didst in signs again parley with sin;
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 And, consequently, thy rude hand to act 390
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to
 name.—

Out of my sight, and never see me more!
 My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns

Between

Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you. 400
Young Arthur is alive : This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form ;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live ? O, haste thee to the
peers, 410
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience !
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, answer not ; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste :
I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Street before a Prison. Enter ARTHUR on the Walls.

Arth. The wall is high ; and yet will I leap down :—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!— 421
There's

There's few, or none, do know me ; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid ; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away :
As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

[Leaps down.

Oh me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones :—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones !

[Dies.

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at saint Edmund's-
Bury ;

It is our safety, and we must embrace 431
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pemb. Who brought that letter from the cardinal ?

Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France ;
Whose private with me, of the dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or, rather, then set forward : for 'twill be
Two long days journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faulc. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd
lords ! 440

The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us ;
We will not line his thin bestained cloak

With

With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks :
Return, and tell him so ; we know the worst.

Faulc. Whate'er you think, good words, I think,
were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Faulc. But there is little reason in your grief ;
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now. 450

Pemb. Sir, sir, impatience hath its privilege.

Faulc. 'Tis true ; to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison : What is he lies here ?

[Seeing ARTHUR.

Pemb. O death, made proud with pure and princely
beauty !

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Bigot. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to the grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you ? Have you be-
held, 460

Or have you read, or heard ? or could you think ?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see ? could thought, without this object,
Form such another ? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms : this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pemb.

Pemb. All murders past do stand excus'd in this :
And this, so sole, and so unmatchable, 471
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sins of time ;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

Faulc. It is a damned and a bloody work ;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand ?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue : 480
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand ;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king :—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to this breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow ;
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
'Till I have set a glory to this hand, 490
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pemb. Bigot. Our souls religiously confirm thy
words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you :
Arthur doth live ; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. Oh, he is bold, and blushes not at death :—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

M

Hub.

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law? [*Drawing his Sword.*]

Faulc. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

Sal. Not 'till I sheath it in a murderer's skin. 500

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as your's:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Bigot. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a noble-
man?

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer. 510

Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet, I am none: Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pemb. Cut him to pieces.

Faulc. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you, Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Thou wert better gaul the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime; 520
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Bigot. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulcon-
bridge?

Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub.

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Bigot. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well :
I honour'd him, I lov'd him ; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum ; 531
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house ;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Bigot. Away, toward Bury, to the dauphin there !

Pemb. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

Faulc. Here's a good world !—Knew you of this
fair work ?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach 540
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Faulc. Ha ! I'll tell thee what ;
Thou art damn'd so black—nay, nothing is so black ;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer :
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul—

Faulc. If thou didst but consent 550
To this most cruel act, do but despair,

Mij

And,

And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
 That ever spider twisted from her womb
 Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be a beam
 To hang thee on : or, would'st thou drown thyself,
 Put but a little water in a spoon,
 And it shall be as all the ocean,
 Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
 I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought, 560
 Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
 Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
 Let hell want pains enough to torture me !
 I left him well.

Faulc. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
 I am amaz'd, methinks ; and lose my way
 Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
 How easy dost thou take all England up !
 From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
 The life, the right, and truth of all this realm 570
 Is fled to heaven ; and England now is left
 To tug, and scramble, and to part by the teeth
 The un-owed interest of proud-swelling state.
 Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,
 Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
 And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace :
 Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
 Meet in one line ; and vast confusion waits
 (As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast)
 The imminent decay of wrested pomp. 580
 Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can

Hold

Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed; I'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Court of England. Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH,
and Attendants.*

King John

THUS have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory. [*Giving up the Crown.*]

Pan. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the
French:

And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualify'd.

10

Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,

That

That present medicine must be ministred,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope:

But, since you are a gentle convertite, 20

My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.

On this Ascension-Day, remember well,

Upon your oath of service to the pope,

Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Ascension-Day? Did not the prophet

Say, that, before Ascension-Day at noon,

My crown I should give off? Even so I have:

I did suppose it should be on constraint;

But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary. 30

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faulc. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds
out,

But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,

Like a kind host, the dauphin and his powers:

Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone

To offer service to your enemy;

And wild amazement hurries up and down

The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Faulc. They found him dead, and cast into the
streets; 40

An

An empty casket, where the jewel of life,
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me, he did live.

Faulc. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.

But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?

Be great in act, as you have been in thought;

Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,

Govern the motion of a kingly eye:

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;

Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow 50

Of bragging horror; so shall inferior eyes,

That borrow their behaviours from the great,

Grow great by your example, and put on

The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away; and glister like the god of war,

When he intendeth to become the field:

Shew boldness, and aspiring confidence.

What, shall they seek the lion in his den?

And fright him there; and make him tremble there?

Oh, let it not be said!—Forage, and run 60

To meet displeasure farther from the doors;

And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,

And I have made a happy peace with him;

And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers

Led by the dauphin.

Faulc. Oh inglorious league!

Shall we, upon the footing of our land,

Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,

Insinuation, parley, and base truce,

70

To

To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
 A cocker'd silken wanton brave our fields,
 And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
 Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
 And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
 Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
 Or if he do, let it at least be said,
 They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present
 time. 79

Faulc. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
 Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The Dauphin's Camp at St. Edmund's-Bury. Enter, in
 Arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE,
 BIGOT, and Soldiers.*

Lewis. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
 And keep it safe for our remembrance:
 Return the precedent to these lords again;
 That, having our fair order written down,
 Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
 May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
 And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
 And, noble dauphin, albeit we swear 90
 A voluntary zeal, and an unurg'd faith,

To

To your proceedings ; yet, believe me, prince,
 I am not glad that such a sore of time
 Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
 And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
 By making many : Oh, it grieves my soul,
 That I must draw this metal from my side
 To be a widow-maker ; oh, and there,
 Where honourable rescue, and defence,
 Cries out upon the name of Salisbury : 100
 But such is the infection of the time,
 That, for the health and physick of our right,
 We cannot deal but with the very hand
 Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
 And is't not pity, oh my grieved friends !
 That we, the sons and children of this isle,
 Were born to see so sad an hour as this ;
 Wherein we step after a stranger march
 Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
 Her enemies' ranks (I must withdraw and weep 110
 Upon the spot of this enforced cause),
 To grace the gentry of a land remote,
 And follow unacquainted colours here ?
 What, here ?—O nation, that thou could'st remove !
 That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
 And grapple thee unto a Pagan shore ;
 Where these two Christian armies might combine
 The blood of malice in a vein of league,
 And not to spend it so unneighbourly ! 120

Lewis. A noble temper dost thou shew in this;
 And great affections wrestling in thy bosom,
 Do make an earthquake of nobility.
 Oh, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
 Between compulsion, and a brave respect!
 Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
 That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
 My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
 Being an ordinary inundation;
 But this effusion of such manly drops, 130
 This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
 Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
 Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
 Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
 And with a great heart heave away this storm:
 Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
 That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
 Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
 Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping. 140
 Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
 Into the purse of rich prosperity,
 As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
 That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
 Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
 To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;
 And

And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France! 150
The next is this—king John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in shew.

Lewis. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not
back; 160

I am too high-born to be property'd,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right, 170
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;

Nij

And,

And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
 Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
 Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
 What men provided, what munition sent, 180
 To underprop this action? is't not I,
 That undergo this charge? who else but I,
 And such as to my claim are liable,
 Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,
 To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
 No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said. 190

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lewis. Outside or inside, I will not return
 'Till my attempt so much be glorify'd
 As to my ample hope was promised
 Before I drew this gallant head of war,
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
 To out-look conquest, and to win renown
 Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE, attended.

Faulc. According to the fair-play of the world,
 Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:— 201
 My holy lord of Milan, from the king
 I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
 And,

And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Faulc. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well:—Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me. 211

He is prepar'd; and reason too, he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your
door,

To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch; 220
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking this voice an armed Englisman;—
Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms; 230
And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—

And

And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
 You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame :
 For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
 Like Amazons, come tripping after drums ;
 Their thimbles into armed gantlets change,
 Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
 To fierce and bloody inclination. 240

Lewis. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in
 peace ;

We grant, thou canst out-scold us : fare thee well ;
 We hold our time too precious to be spent
 With such a brabler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Faulc. No, I will speak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither :—

Strike up the drums ; and let the tongue of war
 Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Faulc. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry
 out ; 250

And so shall you, being beaten : Do but start
 An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
 And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
 That shall reverberate all as loud as thine ;
 Sound but another, and another shall,
 As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
 And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder : for at hand
 (Not trusting to this halting legate here,
 Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need)
 Is warlike John ; and in his forehead sits 260

A bare-

A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lewis. Strike up our drums, to find this danger
out.

Faulc. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not
doubt. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*A Field of Battle. Alarums. Enter King JOHN, and
HUBERT.*

K. John. How goes the day with us? oh, tell me,
Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; Oh, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulcon-
bridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field; 270
And send him word by me, which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey
there.

Mes. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
That was expected by the dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
 And will not let me welcome this good news.—
 Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight; 280
 Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*The French Camp. Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE,
 and BIGOT.*

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

Pemb. Up once again; put spirit in the French;
 If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
 In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pemb. They say, king John, sore sick, hath left
 the field.

Enter MELUN wounded, and led by Soldiers.

Melun. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pemb. It is the count Melun. 290

Sal. Wounded to death.

Melun. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold?
 Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
 And welcome home again discarded faith.
 Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
 For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
 He means to recompence the pains you take,

By

By cutting off your heads : Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury ; 300
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible ! may this be true !

Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life ;
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire ?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit ?
Why should I then be false ; since it is true 310
That I must die here, and live hence by truth ?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of your's
Behold another day break in the east :
But even this night—whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire ;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives, 320
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king ;
The love of him—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field ;

O

Where

Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
 In peace, and part this body and my soul
 With contemplation and devout desires. 339

Sal. We do believe thee—And beshrew my soul
 But I do love the favour and the form
 Of this most fair occasion, by the which
 We will untread the steps of damned flight;
 And, like a bated and retired flood,
 Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
 Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-look'd,
 And calmly run on in obedience,
 Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence; 340
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death
 Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight;
 And happy newness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off MELUN.*]

SCENE V.

*A different Part of the French Camp. Enter LEWIS, and
 his Train.*

Lewis. The sun of heaven, methought was loth to
 set;
 But staid, and made the western welkin blush,
 When the English measur'd backward their own
 ground
 In faint retire: Oh, bravely came we off,

When

When with a volley of our needless shot,
 After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
 And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up, 350
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it!—

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my prince, the dauphin?

Lewis. Here:—What news?

Mes. The count Melun is slain; the English lords,

By his persuasion, are again fallen off:
 And your supplies, which you have wish'd so long,
 Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

Lewis. Ah foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night,
 As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said, 360
 King John did fly, an hour or two before
 The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mes. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lewis. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night:

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
 To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

An open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinstead-Abbey. Enter FAULCONBRIDGE, and HUBERT, severally.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Faulc. A friend:—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Faulc. Whither dost thou go? 375

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may I not demand

Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Faulc. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:

I will, upon all hazards, well believe

Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:

Who art thou?

Faulc. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets. 380

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless night,

Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Faulc.

Faulc. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,

To find you out.

Faulc. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O my sweet sir, news fitted to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible. 390

Faulc. Shew me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Faulc. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king 400
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Faulc. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not, the lords are all come
back,

And brought prince Henry in their company?
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them:
And they are all about his majesty.

Faulc. Withhold thine indignation mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!—
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,

Passing

Passing these flats, are taken by the tide, 410
 These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
 Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.
 Away, before! conduct me to the king;
 I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

*The Orchard in Swinstead-Abbey. Enter Prince HENRY,
 SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
 Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
 (Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-
 house)
 Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
 Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pemb. His highness yet doth speak; and holds be-
 lief, 420
 That being brought into the open air,
 It would allay the burning quality
 Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard
 here.—

Doth he still rage?

Pemb. He is more patient
 Than when you left him; even now he sung.

Hen.

Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts 430
Leaves them: invisible his siege is now,
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies;
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death should
sing.—

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are
born 440
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

King JOHN brought in.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-
room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

Hen. How fares your majesty? 450

K. John. Poison'd—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast
off:

And

And none of you will bid the winter come,
 To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
 Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
 Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
 To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
 And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you
 much,

I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
 And so ingrateful, you deny me that. 459

Hen. Oh, that there were some virtue in my tears,
 That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt of them is hot.—
 Within me is a hell; and there the poison
 Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
 On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faulc. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion,
 And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. Oh cousin, thou art come to set mine
 eye:

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt; 469
 And all the shrowds, wherewith my life should sail,
 Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
 My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
 Which holds but 'till thy news be uttered;
 And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
 And module of confounded royalty.

Faulc. The dauphin is preparing hitherward;

Where,

Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him :
 For, in a night, the best part of my power,
 As I upon advantage did remove,
 Were in the washes, all unwarily, 480
 Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*]

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an
 ear.—

My liege ! my lord !—But now a king—now thus.

Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
 What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
 When this was now a king, and now is clay !

Faulc. Art thou gone so ? I do but stay behind,
 To do the office for thee of revenge ;
 And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
 As it on earth hath been thy servant still.— 490
 Now, now, you stars, that move in your right
 spheres,

Where be your powers ? Shew now your mended
 faiths ;

And instantly return with me again,
 To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
 Out of the weak door of our fainting land :
 Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought ;
 The dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not then so much as we :
 The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest, 499
 Who half an hour since came from the dauphin ;
 And brings from him such offers of our peace
 As we with honour and respect may take,
 With purpose presently to leave this war.

Faulc. He will flic rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords, 510
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Faulc. Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.

Faulc. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land! 520
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you
thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Faulc. Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been before hand with our griefs.—
This England never did (nor never shall), 530
Lye at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.

Now

ÆV.

KING JOHN.

111

Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them : Nought shall make us
rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE END.



How these two princes are come to this point,
(From the first centre of their wild career)
And we shall seek them: though shall make us

THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY OF KING JOHN
By the same Author.

THE SECOND PART OF THE HISTORY OF KING JOHN
By the same Author.

THE END.

LONDON, Printed by J. Sturges, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1719.

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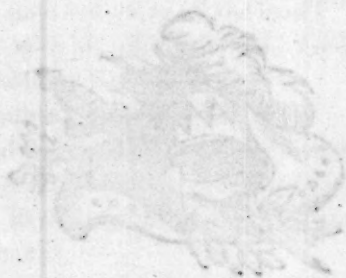
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ANNOTATIONS
BY
SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,
AND
THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS,
UPON
KING JOHN,
WRITTEN BY
WILL. SHAKSPERE.

—SIC ITUR AD ASTRA. VIRG.

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AND

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REVISED BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

LONDON

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1880.



ANNOTATIONS

UPON

KING JOHN.

ACT I.

Line 3. IN my behaviour,——] The word *behaviour* seems here to have a signification that I have never found in any other author. *The king of France*, says the envoy, *thus speaks in my behaviour to the majesty of England*; that is, the king of France speaks in the character which I here assume. JOHNSON.

17. ——*control,——]* *Opposition*, from *controller*.

JOHNSON.

19. *Here have we war for war, and blood for blood, Controlment for controlment, &c.]* King John's reception of Chatillon not a little resembles that which

Andrea

Andréa meets with from the king of Portugal in the first part of *Jerónimo*, &c. 1605:

“*And.* Thou shalt pay tribute, Portugal, with blood.—

“*Bal.* *Tribute for tribute* then; and *foes for foes*.

“*And.* —I bid you sudden wars.”

STEEVENS.

24. *Be thou as lightning*—] The simile does not suit well: the lightning indeed appears before the thunder is heard, but the lightning is destructive, and the thunder innocent.

JOHNSON.

The allusion may, notwithstanding, be very proper so far as Shakspeare has applied it, *i. e.* merely to the *swiftness* of the lightning, and its *preceding* and *foretelling* the thunder. But there is some reason to believe that *thunder* was not thought to be *innocent* in our author's time, as we elsewhere learn from himself. See *King Lear*, act iii. scene 2. *Antony and Cleopatra*, act ii. scene 5. *Julius Cæsar*, act i. scene 3. and still more decisively in *Measure for Measure*, act ii. scene 2. This old superstition is still prevalent in many parts of the country.

REMARKS.

37. —*the manage*—] *i. e.* conduct, administration. So, in *King Richard II.*

“—————for the rebels

“Expedient *manage* must be made, my liege.”

STEEVENS.

44. *Enter the sheriff of Northamptonshire*, &c.] This stage direction I have taken from the old quarto.

STEEVENS.

49. —and Philip, his brother.] Though Shakspeare adopted this character of Philip Faulconbridge from the old play, it is not improper to mention, that it is compounded of two distinct personages.

Matthew Paris says:—"Sub illius temporis curriculo, *Falcasius de Brete*, Neusteriensis, et spurius ex parte matris, atque Bastardus, qui in vili jumento manticato ad Regis paulo ante clientelam descenderrat," &c.

Matthew Paris, in his *History of the Monks of St. Albans*, calls him *Falco*; but in his *General History*, *Falcasius de Brete*, as above.

Holinshed says, "that Richard I. had a natural son named Philip, who in the year following killed the viscount De Limoges to revenge the death of his father."

STEEVENS.

I rather imagine that our author's bastard is compounded of the natural son of Richard I. above noticed, and of a personage mentioned by the Continuator of Harding's *Chronicle*, 1543, fol. 24. b. ad an. 1472,—“one *Falconbridge*, therle of Kent his *bastarde*, a stoute-harted manne.”

MALONE.

61. But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.]

The resemblance between this sentiment, and that of Telemachus in the first book of the *Odyssey*, is apparent.

The passage is thus translated by Chapman:

“My mother, certaine, sayes I am his sonne;

“I know not; nor was ever simply knowne,

“By any child, the sure truth of his sire.”

B

Mr.

Mr. Pope has observed that the like sentiment is found in *Euripides*, *Menander*, and *Aristotle*. Shakspeare expresses the same doubt in several of his other plays.

STEEVENS.

Perhaps, Shakspeare looked no further than the old adage: "He's a wise son that knows his own father."

HENLEY.

85. *He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,*] The *trick*, or *tricking*, is the same as the tracing of a drawing, meaning that peculiarity of face which may be sufficiently shewn by the slightest outline. This expression is used by Heywood and Rowley in their comedy called *Fortune by Land and Sea*:—"Her face, *the trick of her eye*, her leer." The following passages may more evidently prove the expression to be borrowed from delineation. Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*:

"—You can blazon the rest, Signior?

"O ay, I have it in writing here o' purpose; it cost me two shillings the *tricking*." So again, in *Cynthia's Revels*:

"—the parish-buckets with his name at length *trick'd* upon them."

STEEVENS.

93. *With half that face—*] But why with *half* that face? There is no question but the poet wrote, as I have restored the text: *With that half-face*—Mr. Pope, perhaps, will be angry with me for discovering an anachronism of our poet's in the next line, where he alludes to a coin not struck till the year 1504, in the reign of king Henry VII. viz. a groat, which, as

well as the half groat, bare but half faces impressed. *Vide Stowe's Survey of London*, p. 47. *Holinshed, Camden's Remains*, &c. The poet sneers at the meagre sharp visage of the elder brother, by comparing him to a silver groat, that bore the king's face in profile, so shewed but half the face; the groats of all our kings of England, and indeed, all their other coins of silver, one or two only excepted, had a full face crowned, till Henry VII. at the time above-mentioned, coined groats and half-groats, as also some shillings, with half faces, *i. e.* faces in profile, as all our coin has now. The first groats of king Hen. VIII. were like those of his father; though afterwards he returned to the broad faces again. These groats, with the impression in profile, are undoubtedly here alluded to: though, as I said, the poet is knowingly guilty of an anachronism in it: for in the time of king John there were no groats at all; they being first, as far as appears, coined in the reign of king Edward III.

THEOBALD.

The same contemptuous allusion occurs in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"You half-fac'd groat, you thick-cheek'd chitty-face."

Again, in *Histriomastix*, 1610:

"Whilst I behold you half-fac'd minion."

STEEVENS.

127. *This concludes—*] This is a *decisive argument*. As your father, if he liked him, could not have
Bij
been

been forced to resign him, so, not liking him, he is not at liberty to reject him. JOHNSON.

137. *Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?*] *Lord of thy presence* can signify only, *master of thyself*; and it is a strange expression to signify even *that*. However *that* he might be, without parting with his land. We should read: *Lord of the presence*, i. e. prince of the blood. WARBURTON.

Lord of thy presence may signify something more distinct than *master of thyself*: it means master of that dignity and grandeur of appearance that may sufficiently distinguish thee from the vulgar, without the help of fortune.

Lord of his presence apparently signifies, *great in his own person*, and is used in this sense by king John in one of the following scenes. JOHNSON.

139. *And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;*] This is obscure and ill expressed. The meaning is: *If I had his shape—Sir Robert's—as he has.*

Sir Robert his, for *Sir Robert's*, is agreeable to the practice of that time, when the 's added to the nominative was believed, I think erroneously, to be a contraction of *his*. So, Donne:

“ —Who now lives to age,

“ Fit to be call'd Methusalem *his* page?”

JOHNSON.

This ought to be printed:

Sir Robert his like him.

His according to a mistaken notion formerly received, being

being the sign of the genitive case. As the text before stood there was a double genitive. MALONE.

141. ——— my face so thin,

That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,

Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes !]

In this very obscure passage our poet is anticipating the date of another coin ; humorously to rally a thin face, eclipsed, as it were, by a full blown *rose*. We must observe, to explain this allusion, that queen Elizabeth was the first, and indeed the only prince or princess, who coined in England three-half-pence and three-farthing pieces. She coined shillings, six-pences, groats, three-pences, two-pences, three-half-pence, pence, three-farthings, and half-pence. And these pieces all had her head, and were alternately with the *rose* behind, and without the *rose*. The shilling, groat, two-pence, penny, and half-penny had it not : the other intermediate coins, *viz.* the six-pence, three-pence, three-half-pence, and three-farthings had the *rose*. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has not mentioned the most material circumstance relative to these three-farthing pieces, on which the propriety of the allusion entirely depends ; *viz.* that they were made of silver, and consequently extremely *thin*. From their thinness they were very liable to be cracked. Hence Ben Jonson, in his *Every Man in his Humour*, says : “ He values me at a crack’d three-farthings.” MALONE.

So, in *The Shoemaker’s Holiday*, &c. 1610 :

“ Here’s

"Here's a *three-penny piece* for thy tidings."

"*Firk*. 'Tis but three-half-pence I think : yes, 'tis three-pence ; I smell the *rose*." STEEVENS.

142. *That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,*] The sticking *roses* about them was then all the court-fashion, as appears from this passage of the *Confession Catholique du S. de Sancy*, l. ii. c. 1. "*Je luy ay appris à mettre des roses par tous les coins,*" i. e. *in every place about him*, says the speaker, of one to whom he had taught all the court-fashions. WARBURTON.

These *roses* were, I believe, only *roses* composed of ribbands. In Marston's *What you will* is the following passage :

"Dupatzo the elder brother, the fool, he that bought the half-penny *ribband*, wearing it in his *ear*," &c.

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour* : "—This *ribband* in my *ear*, or so." Again, in *Love and Honour*, by S. W. Davenant, 1649 :

"A lock on the left side, so rarely hung

"With *ribbanding*," &c.

I think I remember, among Vandyck's pictures in the duke of Queensbury's collection at Ambrosbury, to have seen one with the lock nearest the ear ornamented with ribbands which terminate in *roses* ; and Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, says, "that it was once the fashion to stick real *flowers* in the *ear*."

STEEVENS.

147. The old copy reads—*It would not be.* I
am

am not sure that the change, which was made by the editor of the second folio, is necessary. MALONE.

154. ——— *unto the death.*] This expression is common among our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

162. *Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.*] It is a common opinion, that *Plantagenet* was the surname of the royal house of England, from the time of king Henry II. but it is, as Camden observes in his *Remains*, 1614, a popular mistake. *Plantagenet* was not a family name, but a nick-name, by which a grandson of Geoffrey, the first Earl of Anjou, was distinguished, from his wearing a *broom-stalk* in his bonnet. But this name was never borne either by the first Earl of Anjou, or by Henry II. the son of that Earl by the Empress Maude, he being always called Henry Fitz-*empress*; his son, Richard Cœur-de-lion; —and the prince who is exhibited in the play before us, John *sans-terre*, or *Lackland*. MALONE.

169. *Madam, by chance, but not by truth: what though?*] I am your grandson, madam, by chance, but not by honesty—what then? JOHNSON.

171. *In at the window, &c.*] These expressions mean, to be *born out of wedlock*. So, in *The Family of Love*, 1608:

“Woe worth the time that ever I gave suck to a child that *came in at the window!*”

So, in *Northward Ho*, by Decker and Webster, 1607:

“———kindred that comes in *o'er the hatch*, and sailing to Westminster,” &c. STEEVENS.

182. *A foot of honour—*] *A step, un pas.*

JOHNSON.

185. —*Sir Richard—*] Thus the old copy, and rightly. In act iv. Salisbury calls him *Sir Richard*, and the king has just knighted him by that name. The modern editors arbitrarily read, *Sir Robert*. Faulconbridge is now entertaining himself with ideas of greatness, suggested by his recent knighthood.—*Good den, Sir Richard*, he supposes to be the salutation of a vassal, *God-a-mercy, fellow*, his own supercilious reply to it.

STEEVENS.

188. *'Tis too respectful, &c.*] i. e. *respectful*. So, in the old comedy called *Michaelmas Term*, 1607:

“Seem *respectful*, to make his pride swell like a toad with dew.”

So, in *The Merchant of Venice*, act v.

“You should have been *respectful*,” &c.

Again, in *The Case is alter'd*, by Ben Jonson, 1609:

“I pray you, sir; you are too *respectful*, in good faith.”

STEEVENS.

189. *For your conversing.—*] The old copy reads—*conversion*, which may be right; meaning his late change of condition from a private gentleman to a knight.

STEEVENS.

—*Now your traveller,—*] It is said in *All's Well that Ends Well*, that “a traveller is a good thing after dinner.” In that age of newly excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been the discourse of a traveller.

JOHNSON.

190.

190. *He and his tooth-pick—*] It has been already remarked, that *to pick the tooth*, and wear a *piqued beard*, were, in that time, marks of a man affecting foreign fashions.

JOHNSON.

Among Gascoigne's poems I find one entitled, *Councell given to Maister Bartholomew Withipoll, a little before his latter Journey to Geane, 1572*. The following lines may, perhaps, be acceptable to the reader who is curious enough to inquire about the fashionable follies imported in that age :

"Now, sir, if I shall see your mastership

"Come home disguis'd, and clad in quaint array ;—

"As with a *pike-tooth* byting on your lippe ;

"Your brave mustachios turn'd the Turkie way ;

"A coptankt hat made on a Flemish blocke ;

"A night-gowne cloake down trayling to your toes ;

"A slender slop close couched to your dock ;

"A curtolde slipper, and a short silk hose," &c.

Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson, 1601 :

"—A traveller, one so made out of the mixture and shreds and forms that himself is truly deformed. He walks most commonly with a clove or *pick-tooth* in his mouth."

Again, in *The Honest Man's Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

"You have travell'd like a fidler, to make faces ; and brought home nothing but a case of *tooth-picks*."

STEEVENS.

C

So,

So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*, 1616 [Article, *An Affected Traveller*]: "He censures all things by countenances and shrugs, and speaks his own language with shame and lispings; he will choke rather than confess beere good drink; and his *tooth-pick* is a main part of his behaviour." MALONE.

193. *My piked man of countries*:—] The word *piked* may not refer to the beard, but to the shoes, which were once worn of an immoderate length. To this fashion our author has alluded in *King Lear*, where the reader will find a more ample explanation. *Piked* may, however, mean only spruce in dress.

Chaucer says in one of his prologues:—"Fresh and new her geare *ypiked* was." And in the *Merchant's Tale*:—"He kempeth him, and proineth him, and *piketh*." In Hyrd's translation of *Vive's Instruction of a Christian Woman*, printed in 1591, we meet with "*picked* and apparelled goodly—goodly and *pickedly* arrayed.—Licurgus, when he would have women of his country to be regarded by their virtue and not their ornaments, banished out of the country by the law, all painting, and commanded out of the town all crafty men of *picking* and apparelling."

Again, in a comedy called *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1602:

"'Tis such a *picked* fellow, not a haire

"About his whole bulk, but it stands in print."

Again, in *Love's Labour Lost*: "He is too *piqued*, too spruce," &c. Again, in Greene's *Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592, in the description of a pretended traveller:

traveller: "There be in England, especially about London, certain quaint *picht*, and neat companions, attired, &c. *alamode de France*," &c.

If a comma be placed after the word *man*:——
"I catechize

"*My picked man*, of countries."

the passage will seem to mean, "I catechise my selected man, about the countries through which he travelled."

STEEVENS.

196. ———*like an ABC-book*:——] An *ABC-book*, or as they spoke and wrote it, an *absey-book*, is a *catechism*.

JOHNSON.

So, in the ancient *Interlude of Youth*, bl. let. no date:

"In the A. B. C. of bokes the least,

"Yt is written, *deus charitas est*."

Again, in Tho. Nash's dedication to Greene's *Arcadia*, 1616:

"———make a patrimony of *In speech*, and more than a younger brother's inheritance of their *Abcie*."

STEEVENS.

200. *And so, e'er answer knows what question would*
(*Saving in dialogue of compliment*;] Sir W. Cornwallis's 28th essay thus ridicules the extravagance of compliments in our poet's days, 1601: "We spend even at his (*i. e.* a friend's or a stranger's) entrance, a whole volume of words.——What a deal of synamon and ginger is sacrificed to dissimulation! *Oh, how blessed do I take mine eyes for presenting me with this sight!* *O Signior, the star that governs my life in contentment,*

Cij

give

give me leave to interre myself in your arms !—Not so, sir, it is too unworthy an inclosure to contain such preciousness, &c. &c. This, and a cup of drink, makes the time as fit for a departure as can be. TOLLET.

214. *Which though, &c.*] The construction will be mended, if instead of *which though*, we read *this though*.

JOHNSON.

217. *But who comes, &c.*—] Milton, in his tragedy, introduces Dalilah with such an interrogatory exclamation.

JOHNSON.

219. —to blow a horn—] He means, that a woman who travelled about like a *post*, was likely to horn her husband.

JOHNSON.

225. *Colbrand*—] *Colbrand* was a Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of king Athelstan. The combat is very pompously described by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*.

JOHNSON.

231. *Good leave, &c.*] *Good leave* means a ready assent. So, in *King Henry VI.* Part III. act iii. scene 2.

“*K. Edw.* Lords, give us leave: I’ll try this widow’s wit.

“*Glo.* Ay, *good leave* have you, for you will have leave.”

STEEVENS.

232. *Philip !—sparrow !—James,*] Dr. Grey observes, that Skelton has a poem to the memory of Philip Sparrow; and Mr. Pope in a short note remarks that a Sparrow is called Philip.

JOHNSON.

Gascoigne has likewise a poem, entitled, *The Praise of Phil. Sparrow*; and in *Jack Drum’s Entertainment*, 1601, is the following passage:

“The

"The birds sit chirping, chirping, &c.

"*Philip* is treading, treading," &c.

Again, in the *Northern Lass*, 1633:

"A bird whose pastime made me glad,

"And *Philip* 'twas my *sparrow*."

Again, in *Magnificence*, an ancient *Interlude* by Skelton, published by Rastell:

"With me in keypyng such a *Phylip Sparowe*."

STEEVENS.

233. *There's toys abroad; &c.*] *i. e.* rumours, idle reports. So, in B. Jonson's *Sejanus*:

"———*Toys, mere toys,*

"What wisdom's in the streets."

So, in a postscript to a letter from the countess of Essex to Dr. Forman, in relation to the trial of Anne Turner, for the murder of Sir Tho. Overbury:

"——they may tell my father and mother, and fill their ears full of *toys*." *State Trials*, vol. i. p. 322.

STEEVENS.

235. ———*might have eat his part in me*

Upon good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:]

This thought occurs in Heywoods's *Dialogues upon Proverbs*, 1562:

"——he may his parte on good Fridaie eate,

"And fast never the wurs, for ought he shall geate."

STEEVENS.

245. Knight, knight, *good mother—Basilisco-like:]*

Thus must this passage be pointed; and to come at the humour of it, I must clear up an old circumstance of stage-history. Faulconbridge's words here carry a concealed

concealed piece of satire on a stupid drama of that age, printed in 1599, and called *Soliman and Perseda*. In this piece there is a character of a bragging cowardly knight, called Basilisco. His pretension to valour is so blown, and seen through, that Piston, a buffoon-servant in the play, jumps upon his back, and will not disengage him, till he makes Basilisco swear upon his dudgeon dagger to the contents, and in the terms he dictates to him: as, for instance:

“*Bas.* O, I swear, I swear.

“*Pist.* By the contents of this blade.

“*Bas.* By the contents of this blade.

“*Pist.* I, the foresaid Basilisco.

“*Bas.* I, the aforesaid Basilisco, *knight* good fellow, *knight*, *knight*——

“*Pist.* Knave, good fellow, knave, knave.”

So that it is clear, our poet is sneering at this play; and makes Philip, when his mother calls him *knave*, throw off that reproach by humorously laying claim to his new dignity of *knighthood*; as Basilisco arrogantly insists on his title of *knight* in the passage above quoted. The old play is an execrable bad one; and, I suppose, was sufficiently exploded in the representation: which might make this circumstance so well known, as to become the butt for a stage-sarcasm.

THEOBALD.

The character of *Basilisco* is mentioned in Nash's *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, &c. printed in 1596.

STEEVENS.

262. *Some sins—*] There are *sins*, that whatever be determined of them above, are not much censured on earth. JOHNSON.

264. *Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose, &c. Against whose fury and unmatched force*

The awless lion could not wage the fight, &c.]

Shakspeare here alludes to the metrical romance of *Richard Cœur de Lion*, wherein this once celebrated monarch is related to have acquired his distinguishing appellation, by having plucked out a lion's heart to whose fury he was exposed by the duke of Austria, for having slain his son with a blow of his fist. From this ancient romance the story has crept into some of our old chronicles: but the original passage may be seen at large in the introduction to the third volume of *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. PERCY.

ACT II.

Line 3. *RICHARD, that robb'd, &c.*] So, Rastal in his *Chronicle*: "It is sayd that a *lyon* was put to kynge *Richard*, beyng in prison, to have devoured him, and when the *lyon* was gapyng he put his arme in his mouth, and pulled the *lyon* by the harte so hard that he slewe the *lyon*, and therefore some say he is called *Rycharde Cure de Lyon*; but some say he is called *Cure de Lyon*, because of his boldness and hardy stomake."

GREY.

I have

I have an old *black-lettered History of lord Faulconbridge*, whence Shakspeare might pick up this circumstance.

FARMER.

5. *By this brave duke came early to his grave :*] The old play led Shakspeare into this error of ascribing to the duke of Austria the death of Richard, who lost his life at the siege of Chaluz; long after he had been ransom'd out of Austria's power.

STEEVENS.

7. *At our importance——*] *At our importunity.*

JOHNSON.

23. *—that pale, that white-fac'd shore,*] England is supposed to be called Albion from the *white rocks* facing France.

JOHNSON.

34. *To make a more requital, &c.*] I believe it has been already observed, that *more* signified in our author's time, *greater*.

STEEVENS.

40. *To cull the plots of best advantages :*] *i. e.* to mark such stations as might most overawe the town.

HENLEY.

50. *A wonder, lady !——*] The wonder is only that Chatillon happened to arrive at the moment when Constance mentioned him ; which the French king, according to a superstition which prevails more or less in every mind agitated by great affairs, turns into a miraculous interposition, or omen of good.

JOHNSON.

60. *——expedient——*] Immediate, *expeditious*.

JOHNSON.

63. *An Até, stirring him, &c.*] *Até* was the Goddess of Revenge. The player-editors read—*an Ace*.

This

This image might have been borrowed from the celebrated libel, called, *Leicester's Commonwealth*, originally published about the year 1584. "—She standeth like a fiend or *fury* at the elbow of her Amadis, to *stirre* him forward when occasion shall serve."

STEEVENS.

65. *With them a bastard of the king deceas'd :*] This line, except the word *with*, is borrowed from the old play of *King John*, already mentioned. MALONE.

70. *Bearing their birth-rights, &c.*] So, *King Henry VIII.*

"Many broke their backs with bearing manors on them."

JOHNSON.

73. *Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er—*] *Waft* for *wafted*. So, again in this play :

"The iron of itself, though *heat* red hot—"

i. e. heated.

STEEVENS.

75. —*scath—*] Destruction, harm.

JOHNSON.

95. —*under-wrought—*] *i. e.* underworked, undermined.

STEEVENS.

114. *To look into the blots and stains of right.*] Mr. Theobald reads, with the first folio, *blots*, which being so early authorised, and so much better understood, needed not to have been changed by Dr. Warburton to *bolts*, though bolts might be used in that time for spots : so Shakspeare calls Banquo "*spotted with blood*, the *blood-bolter'd* Banquo." The verb to *blot* is used figuratively for to *disgrace* a few lines lower. And,

D

perhaps,

perhaps, after all, *bolts* was only a typographical mistake.

JOHNSON.

Blot is certainly right. The illegitimate branch of a family always carried the arms of it with what, in ancient heraldry, was called a *blot* or *difference*. So, in Drayton's *Epistle from Q. Isabel to K. Richard II.*

"No bastard's mark doth *blot* his conqu'ring shield."

Blots and *stains* occur again together in the first scene of the third act.

STEEVENS.

It is common to say of a person who hath disgraced himself by a base action, that it is a *blot* in his scutcheon.

* * *

139. *You are the hare,——*] So, in the *Spanish Tragedy*:

"He hunted well that was a lion's death;

"Not he that in a garment wore his skin:

"So *hares* may pull dead lions by the beard."

STEEVENS.

145. *It lies as sightly on the back of him,*

As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass:——] The shoes of Hercules are more than once introduced in the old comedies on much the same occasions. So, in *The Isle of Gulls*, by J. Day, 1606:

"—are as fit, as Hercules's shoe for the foot of a pigmy."

Again, in Greene's *Epistle Dedicatory to Perimedes the Blacksmith*, 1588: "—and so lest I should shape Hercules' shoe for a child's foot, I commend your worship to the Almighty." Again, in Greene's *Penelope's*

Web,

Web, 1601: "I will not make a long harvest for a small crop, nor go about to pull a *Hercules' shoe* on Achilles' foot." Again, *ibid.* "*Hercules' shoe* will never serve a *child's foot*." Again, in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579: "—to draw the lyon's skin upon Æsop's asse, or *Hercules' shoes* on a *childe's feete*."

STEEVENS.

151. *King Lewis*,—] Thus the folio. The modern editors read—*Philip*, which appears to be right. It is however, observable, that the answer is given in the old copy to *Lewis*, as if the dauphin, who was afterwards Lewis VIII. was meant to have been the speaker. The speech itself, indeed, seems appropriated to the king, and nothing can be inferred from the folio with any certainty, but that the editors of it were careless and ignorant.

STEEVENS.

171. *Now shame upon you whe'r she does or no.*] *Whe'r* for *whether*. See note on Julius Cæsar.

MALONE.

188. *I have but this to say—*

That he's not only plagued for her sin,

But, &c.] This passage appears to me very obscure. The chief difficulty arises from this, that Constance having told Elinor of her *sin-conceiving womb*, pursues the thought, and uses *sin* through the next lines in an ambiguous sense, sometimes for *crime*, and sometimes for *offspring*.

He's not only plagued for her sin, &c. He is not only made miserable by vengeance for her *sin* or *crime*; but her *sin*, her *offspring*, and she, are made the instru-

D i j

ments

ments of that vengeance on this descendant; who, though of the second generation, is *plagued for her and with her*; to whom she is not only the cause but the instrument of evil.

The next clause is more perplexed. All the editions read,

———*plagu'd for her,*
And with her plague her sin; his injury,
Her injury, the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child.

I point thus:

———*plagu'd for her*
And with her.—Plague her son! his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her sin.

That is, instead of inflicting vengeance on this innocent and remote descendant, *punish her son*, her immediate offspring: then the affliction will fall where it is deserved; *his injury* will be *her injury*, and the misery of her *sin*; her son will be a *beadle*, or chas-tiser, to her *crimes*, which are now *all punish'd in the person of this child*.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Roderick reads,

———*plagu'd for her,*
And with her plagu'd; her sin, his injury.

We may read,

———*this I have to say,—*
That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her;

And,

*And, with her sin, her plague, his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her sin.*

i. e. God hath made her, and her sin together, the plague of her most remote descendants, who are plagued for her; the same power hath likewise made her sin her own plague, and the injury she has done to him her own injury, as a beadle to lash that sin, i. e. Providence has so ordered it, that she who is made the instrument of punishment to another, has, in the end, converted that other into an instrument of punishment for herself. STEEVENS.

Constance observes, that *he* (*iste*, pointing to *King John*, "whom from the flow of gall she names not") is not only plagued [with the present war] for his mother's sin, but God hath made her sin and her the plague also on this removed issue, Arthur, plagued on her account, and by the means of her sinful offspring, whose injury [the usurpation of Arthur's rights] may be considered as her injury, or the injury of her sin-conceiving womb; and John's injury may also be considered as the beadle or officer of correction employed by her crimes to inflict all these punishments on the person of this child. TOLLET.

If part of this obscure sentence were included in a parenthesis, the sense would, perhaps, be somewhat clearer:

But God hath made her sin and her (the plague
On this removed issue—plagued for her,
And with her) plague her son; his injury, &c.
Instead of—"the beadle to her sin"—I would read—
"the beadle to her sins."

Removed,

Removed, I believe, here signifies *remote*. So, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“From Athens is her house *remov'd* seven leagues.” MALONE.

Much as the text of this note has been belaboured, the original reading needs no alteration.

I have but this to say,—

*That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this remov'd issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague, her sin ; his injury,
Her injury, the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child.*

The key to these words is contained in the last speech of Constance, where she alludes to the denunciation in the *second commandment*, of “*visiting the iniquities of the parents upon the children unto the THIRD and FOURTH generation*,” &c.—

“Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth !

* * * * *

—————“This is the eldest son's son,

* * * * *

“Thy sins are *visited* in this poor child ;

“The *canon of the law* is laid on him,

“Being but the *second generation*

“Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.”

Young Arthur is here represented as not only suffering *from* the guilt of his grandmother ; but, also, by *her*, in person, she being made the very instrument
of

of his sufferings. As he was not her *immediate*, but *REMOVED issue*—the *second generation from her sin-conceiving womb*—it might have been expected, that the evils to which, upon her account, he was obnoxious, would have *incidentally* befallen him; instead of his being punished for them all, by her *immediate infliction*.—He is not only plagued on account of her sin, according to the threatening of the commandment; but, she is preserved alive to her *second generation*, to be the instrument of inflicting on her grandchild the penalty annexed to her sin; so that *he is plagued on her account, and with her plague*, which is, *her sin*, that is [taking, by a common figure, the cause for the consequence] the *penalty intailed upon it*. His *injury*, or *the evil he suffers*, her *sin brings upon him*, and *HER injury*, or, *the evil she inflicts*, *he suffers from her*, as *the beadle to her sin, or executioner of the punishment annexed to it*.

HENLEY.

201. *It ill beseems this presence to cry aim*

To these ill-tuned repetitions.] Dr. Warburton has well observed on one of the former plays, that to *cry aim* is to *encourage*. I once thought it was borrowed from archery; and that *aim!* having been the word of command, as we now say *present!* to *cry aim* had been to *incite notice*, or *raise attention*. But I rather think; that the old word of applause was *J'aime, I love it*, and that to applaud was to *cry J'aime*, which the English, not easily pronouncing *Je*, sunk into *aime* or *aim*. Our exclamations of applause are still borrowed, as *bravo* and *encore*.

JOHNSON.

Dr.

Dr. Johnson's first thought, I believe, is best. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Love's Cure*, or *The Martial Maid*:

"———Can I cry aim

"To this against myself?"——

So, in our author's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act ii. scene v. where Ford says: "——and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim."

STEEVENS.

212. *For our advantage;—Therefore hear us first.—*]

If we read *for* your *advantage*, it would be a more specious reason for interrupting Philip. TYRWHITT.

221. *Confronts your city's eyes,—*] The old copy reads:—*Comforts*, &c. Mr. Rowe made this necessary change.

STEEVENS.

230. ——*a countercheck*——] This, I believe, is one of the ancient terms used in the game of chess. So, in *Mucedorus*:

"Post hence thyself, thou *counterchecking* trull."

STEEVENS.

264. '*Tis not the roundure*, &c.] *Roundure* means the same as the French *rondeur*, i. e. the circle.

So, in *All's lost by Lust*, a tragedy by Rowley, 1633:

"——will she meet our arms

"With an alternate *roundure*?"

Again, in Shakspeare's 21st sonnet:

"——all things rare,

"That heaven's air in this huge *roundure* hems."

STEEVENS.

298.

298. *I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,*] So, in the old spurious play of *K. John*,

"But let the frolick Frenchman take no scorn,

"If Philip front him with an English horn."

STEEVENS.

307. *You men of Angiers, &c.*] This speech is very poetical and smooth, and except the conceit of the widow's husband embracing the earth, is just and beautiful.

JOHNSON.

319. *Rejoice, you men of Angiers, &c.*] The English herald falls somewhat below his antagonist. *Silver armour gilt with blood* is a poor image. Yet our author has it again in *Macbeth*:

"——Here lay Duncan,

"His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood."

JOHNSON.

328. *And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen,——*] It was, I think, one of the savage practices of the chase, for all to stain their hands in the blood of the deer, as a trophy.

JOHNSON.

332. *Heralds, from off, &c.*] These three speeches seem to have been laboured. The citizen's is the best; yet *both alike we like* is a poor gingle.

JOHNSON.

342. *——run on?*] The old copy has—*rome* on. The alteration was made by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

361. *——mouthing the flesh of men,*] The old copy reads—*mousing*.

STEEVENS.

I do not see any necessity for departing from the old copy, which reads *mousing*; though it is not very easy precisely to ascertain its meaning, it is used in two other places by our author, apparently in the sense required here, in *Macbeth*:

“A falcon tow’ring in her pride of place,

“Was by a *mousing* owl hawk’d at and kill’d.”

Again, in the *Midsummer’s Night’s Dream*:

“Well *mous’d*, Lion!”

Mousing, I suppose, in all these places, means *mamocking*; tearing to pieces, as a cat tears a *mouse*.

MALONE.

364. Cry, *havock* kings!—] That is, *command slaughter to proceed*; so, in another place: “He with Até by his side, *Cries, havock!*”

JOHNSON.

365. *You equal* potents,—] *Potents* for potentates. So, in *Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatise intituled PHILOTUS, &c.* 1603: “Ane of the *potentes* of the town.”

STEEVENS.

375. In the old copy:

A greater pow’r than we, denie all this;—

Kings of our fears;] We should read, *than ye*.

What power was this? their *fears*. It is plain therefore we should read, *Kings are our fears,—i. e.* our fears are the kings which at present rule us.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton saw what was requisite to make this passage sense; and Dr. Johnson, rather too hastily, I think,

I think, has received his emendation into the text.
He reads,

“ *Kings are our fears,—*”

which he explains to mean, “ our fears are the kings
which at present rule us.”

As the same sense may be obtained by a much
slighter alteration, I am more inclined to read,

King'd of *our fears*—

King'd is used as a participle passive by Shakspeare
more than once, I believe. I remember one instance
in *Henry the Fifth*, act ii. sc. 5. The Dauphin says of
England,

“ —she is so idly *king'd*.”

It is scarce necessary to add, that *of*, here (as in
numberless other places), has the signification of, *by*.

TYRWHITT.

A greater power than we, may mean *the Lord of hosts*,
who has not yet decided the superiority of either
army ; and till it be undoubted, the people of Angiers
will not open their gates. *Secure and confident as lions*,
they are not at all afraid, but are *kings*, i. e. masters
and commanders of their fears, until their fears or
doubts about the rightful king of England are re-
moved.

TOLLET.

I see no reason for substituting *ye* in the room of
we, which is the reading of the old copy. Before I
read Mr. Tollet's note, I thought, that by a *greater*
power, the power of Heaven was intended.

It is manifest that the passage is corrupt, and that it
must have been so worded, as that their *fears* should

Eij

be

be styled their *kings* or masters, and not they, kings or masters of their fears; because in the next line mention is made of these same *fears* being *deposed*. Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation produces this meaning by a very slight alteration, and is therefore, I think, entitled to a place in the text.

The following passage in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* strongly, in my opinion, confirms his conjecture :

" So shall these *slaves* [the *passions* of lust, shame, &c.] be *kings*, and thou their slave."

Again, in *King Lear* :

" ——— It seems she was a queen

" Over her *passion*, who most rebel-like,

" Sought to be *king* o'er her."

The participle *king'd* is again used by our author in *Richard II.*

" Then I am *king'd* again."

This passage in the folio is given to Faulconbridge, and in a subsequent part of this scene, all the speeches of the citizens are given to Hubert ; which I mention, because these and innumerable other instances, where the same error has been committed in that edition, justifies some licence in transferring speeches from one person to another. From too great a scrupulousness in this respect, a speech in *Measure for Measure* is yet suffered to stand in the name of *the Clown*, though it evidently belongs to *Abhorson*.

MALONE.

380. —these scroyles of Angiers—] *Escrouelles*,
Fr. i. e. scabby scrophulous fellows.

Ben Jonson uses the word in *Every Man in his Humour*:

“ —hang them scroyles !” STEEVENS.

383. *At your industrious scenes—*] Your industrious scenes and acts of death, is the same as if the speaker had said—your laborious industry of war. So in *Macbeth*.

“ —and put we on

Industrious soldiership.” STEEVENS.

386. *Be friends a while, &c.*] This advice is given by the bastard in the old copy of the play, though comprised in fewer and less spirited lines. STEEVENS.

390. *Till their soul-fearing clamours—*] i. e. soul-apalling. MALONE.

431. —the lady Blanch,] The lady Blanch was daughter to Alphonso the Ninth, king of Castile, and was niece to king John by his sister Elianor.

STEEVENS.

436. *If zealous love, &c.*] *Zealous* seems here to signify pious, or influenced by motives of religion.

JOHNSON.

445. *He is the half part of a blessed man,*
Left to be finished by such a she ;] Dr. Thirlby prescribed that reading, which I have here restored to the text. THEOBALD.

455. —at this match,
With swifter spleen, &c.] Our author uses
spleen

spleen for any violent hurry, or tumultuous speed. So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; he applies *spleen* to the *lightning*. I am loath to think that Shakspeare meant to play with the double of *match* for *nuptial*, and the *match* of a *gun*. JOHNSON.

464. *Here's a stay,*

That shakes the rotten carcass of old death

Out of his rags!——] Shakspeare seems to

have taken the hint of this speech from the following in the *Famous History of Tho. Stukely*, 1606. bl. let.

“*Why here's a gallant, here's a king indeed!*

“*He speaks all Mars:—tut, let me follow such*

“*A lad as this:—This is pure fire:*

“*Ev'ry look he casts flasheth like lightning:*

“*There's mettle in this boy.*

“*He brings a breath that sets our sails on fire:*

“*Why now I see we shall have cuffs indeed.*”

Perhaps the force of the word *stay* is not exactly known. I meet with it in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

“*Not to prolong my lyfe thereby, for which I reckon not this,*

“*But to set my things in a stay.*”

Perhaps by a *stay*, in this instance, is meant a *steady posture*. Shakspeare's meaning may therefore be:—

“*Here's a steady, resolute fellow, who shakes, &c.*”

So, in Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*, bl. let. 4to. 1567,

“*——more apt to follow th' inclination of vaine and lascivious desyer than disposed to make a staye of herselfe in the trade of honest vertue.*” A *stay*, however,

ever, seems to have been meant for something *active*, in the following passage in the 6th canto of Drayton's *Barons Wars* :

"Oh could ambition apprehend a *stay*,

"The giddy course it wandereth in, to *guide*."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. 10.

"Till riper years he raught, and stronger *stay*."

Perhaps the metaphor is from navigation. Thus, in Chapman's version of the tenth book of Homer's *Odyssey* :

"Our ship lay anchor'd close, nor needed we

"Feare harm on any *stays*."

A marginal note adds : "For being cast on the *staires*, as ships are by weather."

STEEVENS.

Mr. Malone says in a subsequent scene in this play, *to stay* signifies to support, and after quoting instances from Cæsar and Pompey, 1607, Davies's *Scourge of Folly*, *Tancred and Gismund*, 1592, adds, "these instances induce me to think that our author uses *stay* here for a *partizan or supporter of a cause*:"—"Here's an extraordinary supporter of the cause of France, that shakes," &c. "There is (he continues), I apprehend, no necessity that the metaphor here should suit with the image in the next line. Shakspeare seldom attends to the integrity of his metaphors."

REED.

486. *Lest zeal, now melted,—*] We have here a very unusual, and, I think, not very just image of *zeal*, which, in its highest degree, is represented by others

others as a flame, but by Shakspeare, as a frost. To *repress zeal*, in the language of others, is to *cool*; in Shakspeare's to *melt* it: when it exerts its utmost power it is commonly said to *flame*; but by Shakspeare to be *congealed*.

JOHNSON.

Sure the poet means to compare *zeal* to metal in a state of fusion, and not to dissolving ice. STEEVENS.

The allusion might, I think, have been to *dissolving ice*, and yet not subject to Dr. Johnson's objection.

The sense may be—*Lest the new zealous and well-affected heart of Philip, which but lately was as cold ice, and has newly been melted and softened by the warm breath of petitions, &c. should again be congealed and frozen*.—I rather incline to think this was the poet's meaning, because in a subsequent scene we meet a similar thought couched in nearly the same expressions:

“This act so evilly born shall *cool the hearts*

“Of all his people, and *freeze up their zeal*.”

We again meet with the same thought in *King Henry VIII*.

“———This makes bold mouths:

“Tongues spit their duties out, and *cold hearts freeze*

“*Allegiance in them*.”

MALONE.

496. In old editions:

For Angiers and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,

And all that we upon this side the sea

(Except this city now by us besieg'd),

Find liable, &c.] What was the city *besieged*, but Angiers?

Angiers? King John agrees to give up all he held in France, except the city of Angiers, which he now besieged and laid claim to. But could he give up all except Angiers, and give up *that* too? *Anjou* was one of the provinces which the English held in France.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald found, or might have found, the reading which he would introduce as an emendation of his own, in the old quarto.

STEEVENS.

536. — *Volquessen*, —] This is the ancient name for the country now called *the Vexin*, in Latin, *Pagus Velocassinus*. That part of it called the *Norman Vexin*, was in dispute between Philip and John.

STEEVENS.

543. — *I am well assur'd*,

That I did so when I was first assur'd.] *Assur'd* is here used both in its common sense, and in an uncommon one, where it signifies *affianced*, *contracted*. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“Called me Dromio, swore I was *assur'd* t’ her.”

STEEVENS.

573. — *departed with a part*:] To *part* and to *depart* were formerly synonymous.

STEEVENS.

576. — *rounded in the ear*] *i. e.* whispered in the ear.

STEEVENS.

584. *Commodity, the bias of the world*;] *Commodity* is interest. So, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

“——— for vertue’s sake only,

“They would honour friendship, and not for *commoditie*.”

F

Again:

Again:

"I will use his friendship to mine own *commoditie*." STEEVENS.

So, in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607:

"O the world is like a byas bowle, and it run all on the rich mens sides." HENDERSON.

599. —clutch *my hand*,] To *clutch* my hand, is to clasp it close. See note on *Macbeth*, act ii. sc. 1.

STEEVENS.

601. —*for*——] *i. e.* because. REED.

ACT III.

Line 12. *FOR* I am sick, and capable of fears;] *i. e.* I have a strong *sensibility*; I am tremblingly alive to apprehension. So, in *Hamlet*:

"His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,

"Would make them *capable*." MALONE.

23. *Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?*] This seems to have been imitated by Marston, in his *Insatiate Countess*, 1613:

"Then how much more in me, whose youthful veins,

"*Like a proud river, overflow their bounds——*"

MALONE.

24. *Be these sad sighs confirmers of thy words?*] For this reading, as in other editions, there is no authority. Both the first and second folio, the only authentick copies of this play, read :

“ Be these sad *signs* confirmers of thy words ?”

There is clearly no need of change. The sad *signs* are—the shaking of his head—laying his hand on his breast, &c.

MALONE.

43. *If thou, &c.*] Massinger appears to have copied this passage in *The Unnatural Combat* :

“ ———If thou hast been born

“ Deform’d and crooked in the features of

“ Thy body, as the manners of thy mind,

“ Moor-lip’d, flat-nos’d, &c. &c.

“ I had been blest.”

STEEVENS.

45. —*sightless*——] The poet uses *sightless* for that which we now express by *unsightly*, disagreeable to the eyes.

JOHNSON.

46. —*prodigious*,] That is, *portentous*, so deformed as to be taken for a *foretoken of evil*. JOHNSON.

In this sense it is used by Decker in the first part of the *Honest Whore*, 1635 :

“ —yon comet shews his head again ;

“ Twice hath he thus at cross-turns thrown on us

“ *Prodigious* looks.”

STEEVENS.

70. *For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.*] The old editions have—*makes its owner stoop*: the emendation is Hanmer’s.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Daniel’s Civil Wars*, B. VI.

Fij

“ Full

“ Full with *stout grief* and with disdainful woe.”

STEEVENS.

71. *To me, and to the state of my great grief,*

Let kings assemble ;———] In *Much Ado about*

Nothing, the father of Hero, depressed by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued by grief that a *thread may lead him*. How is it that grief in Leonato and lady Constance produces effects directly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature? Sorrow softens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by despair. Distress, while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible; but when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn: angry alike at those that injure, and at those that do not help; careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the passions.

JOHNSON.

74. *——here I and sorrows sit ;*] I believe the author meant to personify *sorrow*, and wrote :

——here I and Sorrow sit ;

which gives a more poetical image.

The transcriber's ear might easily have deceived him, the two readings, when spoken, sounding exactly alike.

Marlowe had, before our author, introduced the same personage in his *Edward II*.

“ While I am lodg'd within this cave of Care,

“ Where *Sorrow* at my elbow still attends.”

MALONE.

75. ——— *bid kings come bow to it.*] I must here account for the liberty I have taken to make a change in the division of the second and third acts. In the old editions, the second act was made to end here; though it is evident, lady Constance here, in her despair, seats herself on the floor: and she must be supposed, as I formerly observed, immediately to rise again, only to go off and end the act decently; or the *flat scene* must shut her in from the sight of the audience, an absurdity I cannot accuse Shakspeare of. Mr. Gildon, and some other criticks, fancied, that a considerable part of the second act was lost, and that the chasm began here. I had joined in this suspicion of a scene or two being lost; and unwittingly drew Mr. Pope into this error. "*It seems to be so*, says he, *and it were to be wish'd the restorer (meaning me) could supply it.*" To deserve this great man's thanks, I'll venture at the task; and hope to convince my readers, that nothing is lost; but that I have supplied the suspected chasm, only by rectifying the division of the acts. Upon looking a little more narrowly into the constitution of the play, I am satisfied that the third act ought to begin with that scene which has hitherto been accounted the last of the second act; and my reasons for it are these: the match being concluded, in the scene before that, betwixt the Dauphin and Blanch, a messenger is sent for lady Constance to king Philip's tent, for her to come to St. Mary's church to the solemnity. The princes all go out, as to the marriage; and the bastard staying a little behind,

hind, to descant on interest and commodity, very properly ends the act. The next scene then, in the French king's tent, brings us Salisbury delivering his message to Constance, who, refusing to go to the solemnity, sets herself down on the floor. The whole train returning from the church to the French king's pavilion, Philip expresses such satisfaction on occasion of the happy solemnity of that day, that Constance rises from the floor, and joins in the scene by entering her protest against their joy, and cursing the business of the day. Thus, I conceive, the scenes are fairly continued; and there is no chasm in the action, but a proper interval made both for Salisbury's coming to lady Constance, and for the solemnization of the marriage. Besides, as Faulconbridge is evidently the poet's favourite character, it was very well judged to close the act with his soliloquy.

THEOBALD.

This whole note seems judicious enough; but Mr. Theobald forgets that there were, in Shakspeare's time, no moveable scenes in common playhouses.

JOHNSON.

It appears from many passages, that the ancient theatres had the advantages of machinery, as well as the more modern stages. See a note on the fourth scene of the fifth act of *Cymbeline*.

How happened that Shakspeare himself should have mentioned the act of *shifting scenes*, if in his time there were no scenes capable of being *shifted*. Thus in the chorus to *King Henry V.*

“Unto

"Unto Southampton do we *shift our scene*."

This phrase was hardly more ancient than the custom which it describes. STEEVENS.

78. *To solemnize this day, &c.*] From this passage Rowe seems to have borrowed the first lines of his *Fair Penitent*. JOHNSON.

79. ———and *plays the alchymist*;] Milton has borrowed this thought, *Paradise Lost*, B. III.

"———when with one virtuous touch

"*Th' arch-chemic sun*," &c. STEEVENS.

84. *A wicked day, &c.*] There is a passage in *The Honest Whore*, by Decker, 1604, so much resembling the present, that I cannot forbear quoting it.

"Curst be that day for ever, that robb'd her

"Of breath, and me of bliss! henceforth let it stand

"Within the wizzard's book (the kalendar)

"Mark'd with a marginal finger, to be chosen

"By thieves, by villains, and black murderers,

"As the best day for them to labour in.

"If henceforth this adulterous bawdy world

"Be got with child, with treason, sacrilege,

"Atheism, rapes, treacherous friendship, perjury,

"Slander (the beggar's sin), lies (the sin of fools),

"Or any other damn'd impieties,

"On Monday let them be delivered," &c.

HENDERSON.

87. ———*high tides*,———] *i. e.* solemn seasons, times to be observed above others. STEEVENS.

92. —prodigiously *be crost*:] *i. e.* be disappointed by the production of a prodigy, a monster. So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“Nor mark *prodigious*, such as are

“Despised in nativity.”

STEEVENS.

93. *But on this day,——*

No bargains break, &c.] That is, *except* on this day. JOHNSON.

In the ancient almanacks (one of which I have in my possession, dated 1562) the days supposed to be favourable or unfavourable to bargains, are distinguished among a number of other particulars of the like importance. This circumstance is alluded to in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

“By the almanack, I think

“To choose good days and shun the critical.”

Again, in *The Elder Brother* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“——an almanack

“Which thou art daily poring in, to pick out

“Days of iniquity to cozen fools in.”

STEEVENS.

100. *You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,*
Resembling majesty;) *i. e.* a false coin.—A *counterfeit* formerly meant also a portrait.—A representation of the king being usually impressed on his coin, the word seems to be here used equivocally.

MALONE.

103. *You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,*
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:]
I am afraid here is a clinch intended; *You came in war*
to

to destroy my enemies, but now you strengthen them in embraces.

JOHNSON.

112. *Set armed discord, &c.*] Shakspeare makes this bitter curse effectual.

JOHNSON.

116. *O Lymoges! O Austria!*—] The propriety or impropriety of these titles, which every editor has suffered to pass unnoted, deserves a little consideration. Shakspeare has, on this occasion, followed the old play, which at once furnished him with the character of Faulconbridge, and ascribed the death of Richard I. to the duke of Austria. In the person of Austria he has conjoined the two well-known enemies of Cœur-de-lion. Leopold, duke of Austria, threw him into prison, in a former expedition; but the castle of Chalus, before which he fell, belonged to Vidomar, viscount of Lymoges; and the archer who pierced his shoulder with an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand de Gourdon. The editors seem hitherto to have understood *Lymoges* as being an appendage to the title of Austria, and therefore inquired no further about it.

Holinshed says on this occasion: "The same yere, Phillip, bastard sonne to king Richard, to whom his father had given the castell and honor of Coinacke, killed the viscount of *Limoges*, in revenge of his father's death," &c. Austria, in the spurious play, is called *Lymoges the Austrich duke*.

With this note I was favoured by a gentleman to whom I have yet more considerable obligations in regard to Shakspeare. His extensive knowledge of his-

tory and manners, has frequently supplied me with apt and necessary illustrations, at the same time that his judgment has corrected my errors; yet such has been his constant solicitude to remain concealed, that I know not but I may give offence, while I indulge my own vanity in affixing to this note the name of my friend HENRY BLAKE, esq. STEEVENS.

130. ———doff it for shame,] To doff is to do off, to put off. So, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1603:

“Sorrow must doff her sable weeds.”

STEEVENS.

131. *And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.*] When fools were kept for diversion in great families, they were distinguished by a *calf's-skin coat*, which had the buttons down the back; and this they wore that they might be known for fools, and escape the resentment of those whom they provoked with their waggeries.

In a little penny book, entitled, *The Birth, Life, and Death of John Franks, with the Pranks he played though a meer Fool*, mention is made in several places of a *calf's-skin*. In chap. x. of this book, Jack is said to have made his appearance at his lord's table, having then a new *calf-skin*, red and white spotted. This fact will explain the sarcasm of Constance and Faulconbridge, who mean to call Austria a *fool*.

Sir J. HAWKINS.

I may add, that the custom is still preserved in Ireland; and the fool, in any of the legends which the mummers act at Christmas, always appears in a *calf's*

OR

or cow's *skin*. In the prologue to *Wily Beguiled*, are the two following passages :

" I'll make him do penance upon the stage in a *calf's-skin*."

Again :

" His *calf's-skin* jests from hence are clean exil'd."

Again, in the play :

" I'll come wrapp'd in a *calf's-skin*, and cry bo, bo."——

Again :—" I'll wrap me in a rousing *calf's-skin* suit, and come like some Hobgoblin."——" I mean my *Christmas calf-skin* suit."

STEEVENS.

It does not appear that Constance means to call Austria a *fool*, as Sir John Hawkins would have it ; but she certainly means to call him *coward*, and to tell him that a *calf's-skin* would suit *his recreant limbs* better than a lion's. They still say of a dastardly person that he is a *calf-hearted fellow* ; and a run-away school-boy is usually called a great *calf*. REMARKS.

133. Here Mr. Pope inserts the following speeches from the old play of *King John*, printed in 1591 (before Shakspeare appears to have commenced a writer), with the following note upon them :

" *Aust.* Methinks, that Richard's pride, and Richard's fall,

" Should be a precedent to fright you all.

" *Faulc.* What words are these? how do my sinews shake!

" My father's foe clad in my father's spoil!

" How doth Alecto whisper in my ears,

G ij

" *Delay*

" *Delay not, Richard, kill the villain strait ;*

" *Disrobe him of the matchless monument,*

" *Thy father's triumph o'er the savages.—*

" *Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,*

" *Twice will I not review the morning's rise,*

" *Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,*

" *And split thy heart, for wearing it so long.*

" *Methinks, that Richard's pride, &c.]* What was the ground of this quarrel of the bastard to Austria, is no where specified in the present play: nor is there in this place, or the scene where it is first hinted at (namely the second of act ii.), the least mention of any reason for it. But the story is, that Austria, who killed king Richard Cœur-de-lion, wore, as the spoil of that prince, a lion's hide which had belonged to him. This circumstance renders the anger of the Bastard very natural, and ought not to have been omitted. In the first sketch of this play (which Shakspeare is said to have had a hand in, jointly with William Rowley) we accordingly find this insisted upon, and I have ventured to place a few of those verses here."—Here Dr. Johnson adds:—

" To the insertion of these lines I have nothing to object. There are many other passages in the old play of great value. The omission of this incident, in the second draught, was natural. Shakspeare, having familiarized the story to his own imagination, forgot that it was obscure to his audience; or, what is equally probable, the story was then so popular, that a hint was sufficient at that time to bring it to mind, and those

those plays were written with very little care for the approbation of posterity." STEEVENS.

Aust. *Methinks, &c.*] I cannot by any means approve of the insertion of these lines from the other play. If they were necessary to *explain the ground of the Bastard's quarrel to Austria*, as Mr. Pope supposes, they should rather be inserted in the first scene of the second act, at the time of *the first altercation* between the Bastard and Austria. But indeed the ground of their quarrel seems to be as clearly expressed in the first scene as in these lines: so that they are unnecessary in either place; and therefore, I think, should be thrown out of the text, as well as the three other lines, which have been inserted with as little reason in act iii. sc. 2. *Thus hath king Richard's, &c.*

TYRWHITT.

149. *What earthly name, to interrogatories,*] This must have been, at the time when it was written, in our struggles with popery, a very captivating scene.

So many passages remain, in which Shakspeare evidently takes his advantage of the facts then recent, and of the passions then in motion, that I cannot but suspect that time has obscured much of his art, and that many allusions yet remain undiscovered, which perhaps may be gradually retrieved by succeeding commentators.

JOHNSON.

The speech stands thus in the old spurious play:
 "And what hast thou or the pope thy master to do,
 to demand of me how I employ mine own? Know,
 sir priest, as I honour the church and holy church-
 men,

men, so I scorne to be subject to the greatest prelate in the world. Tell thy master so from me; and say John of England said it, that never an Italian priest of them all shall either have tythe, toll, or polling penny out of England; but as I am king, so will I reign next under God, supreme head both over spiritual and temporal: and he that contradicts me in this, I'll make him hop headless." STEEVENS.

The old copy reads:

What *earthy* name—

Can *taste*, &c.

Earthy occurs in another of our author's plays:

"To do his *earthy* and abhorr'd commands."

To *taste* is used ludicrously in *Twelfth Night*: "That puts quarrels purposely on others to *taste* their valour."—To "*taste the breath*," is, however, a very harsh phrase, and can hardly be right.

Breath for speech is common in our author. So, in a subsequent scene in this play:

"The latest *breath* that gave the sound of words."

Again:

"Or let the church, our mother, *breathe* her curse."

In another play we meet—"breathing courtesy," for—"verbal courtesy."

In this passage there should, I think, be a comma after *interrogatories*.—What earthly name, subjoined to interrogatories, can force a king to speak and answer them?

MALONE.

The

The emendation may be justified by the following passage in *King Henry IV. P. I.*

"How show'd his *tasking*? seem'd it in contempt?"

Again, in *King Henry V.*

"That *task* our thoughts concerning us and France."

STEEVENS.

180. *That takes away by any secret course, &c.*] This may allude to the bull published against queen Elizabeth. Or we may suppose, since we have no proof that this play appeared in its present state before the reign of king James, that it was exhibited soon after the Popish plot. I have seen a Spanish book in which Garnet, Faux, and their accomplices, are registered as saints.

JOHNSON.

209. *Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,*] It is a political maxim, that *kingdoms are never married*. Lewis, upon the wedding, is for making war upon his new relations.

JOHNSON.

213. ————*the devil tempts thee here*

In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.] *Trim* is dress. An *untrimmed* bride is a bride *undrest*. Could the tempter of mankind assume a semblance in which he was more likely to be successful? The devil (says Constance) raises to your imagination your bride disencumbered of the forbidding forms of dress, and the memory of my wrongs is lost in the anticipation of future enjoyment.

BEN Jonson, in his *New Inn*, says,

"*Bur.*

"Bur. Here's a lady gay.

"Tip. A well-trimm'd lady!"

Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown."

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. III. act ii.

"Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love."

Again, in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584.

"—a good huswife, and also well trimmed up in apparel."

Mr. Collins inclines to a colder interpretation, and is willing to suppose, that by an *untrimmed bride* is meant *a bride unadorned with the usual pomp and formality of a nuptial habit*. The propriety of this epithet he infers from the haste in which the match was made, and further justifies it from *King John's* preceding words:

"Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,

"To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp."

Mr. Tollet is of the same opinion, and offers two instances, in which *untrimmed* indicates a deshabelle or a frugal vesture. In *Minshew's Dictionary* it signifies one not finely drest or attired. Again, in *Vives's Instruction of a Christian Woman*, 1592, p. 98 and 99: "Let her [the mistress of the house] bee content with a maide not faire and wanton, that can sing a ballad with a clere voice, but sad, pale, and *untrimmed*." STEEVENS.

246. —so strong in both,] I believe the meaning is, *love so strong in both parties*.

JOHNSON.

Rather,

Rather, in *hatred* and in *love*; in deeds of *blood* or *amity*. HENLEY.

247. —[*this kind* greet?] A *greet* is an exchange of salutation. STEEVENS.

265. A *cased lion*—] A *cased* lion is a lion irritated by confinement. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III. act i. sc. 3.

“So looks the *pent-up* lion o’er the wretch

“That trembles under his devouring paws,” &c. The author might, however, have written, a *chased* lion. STEEVENS.

Cased, I believe, is the true reading. So, in Rowley’s *When you see Me you know Me*, 1632:

“The lyon in his *cage* is not so sterne

“As royal Henry in his wrathful spleene.”

MALONE.

277. Is not *amiss*, when it is truly done?] So the old copies.

Pandulf having conjured the king to perform his first vow to heaven—to be champion of the church—tells him that what he has since sworn, is sworn against himself, and therefore may not be performed by him: for *that*, says he, which you have sworn to *do amiss* is *not amiss* (*i. e.* becomes right when it is *done truly*—that is, as he explains it, not done at all); and being *not done* where it would be a *sin* to *do it*, the truth is *most done* when you *do it not*.

So, in *Love’s Labour Lost*:

“It is *religion* to be *thus forsworn*.” REMARKS.

286. But thou hast sworn against *religion*, &c.] The propositions,

H

propositions, that the *voice of the church is the voice of heaven*, and that the *pope utters the voice of the church*, neither of which Pandulph's auditors would deny, being once granted, the argument here used is irresistible; nor is it easy, notwithstanding the gingle, to enforce it with greater brevity or propriety. *In swearing by religion against religion, to which thou hast already sworn, thou makest an oath the security for thy faith against an oath already taken.* I will give, says he, a rule for conscience in these cases. Thou may'st be in doubt about the matter of an oath; *when thou swearest thou may'st not be always sure to swear rightly*, but let this be thy settled principle, *swear only not to be forsworn*; let not the latter oaths be at variance with the former.

Truth, through this whole speech, means *rectitude of conduct*.

JOHNSON.

326. I muse,] *i. e.* I wonder.

356. —*To arms, let's hie.*] I would point thus:—*To arms let's hie.*—The proposition is, I believe, single.
Let us begone to arms!

MALONE.

358. *Some airy devil*—] Shakspeare here probably alludes to the distinctions and divisions of some of the demonologists, so much read and regarded in his time. They distributed the devils into different tribes and classes, each of which had its peculiar qualities, attributes, &c.

These are described at length in Burton's *Anatomic of Melancholy*, Part I. sect. 2. p. 45, 1632:

“Of these sublunary devils—Psellus makes six kinds; fiery, *aeriall*, terrestriall, watery, and subterranean

raneean devils, besides those faeries, satyres, nymphes, &c.

“Fiery spirits or divells are such as commonly worke by blazing starres, fire-drakes, and counterfeit sunnes and moones, and sit on ship’s masts, &c. &c.

“Aeriall spirits or divells are such as keep quarter most part in the aire, cause many tempests, thunder and lightnings, teare oakes, fire steeples, houses, strike men and beasts, make it raine stones,” &c.

PERCY.

361. —Philip,—] Here the king, who had knighted him by the name of Sir *Richard*, calls him by his former name. Mr. Tyrwhitt would read :

Hubert, keep [thou] this boy, &c. STEEVENS.

379. *Bell, book, and candle, &c.*] In an account of the Romish curse, given by Dr. Grey, it appears that three candles were extinguished, one by one, in different parts of the execration. JOHNSON.

394. *But I will fit it with some better time.*] The first and second folio both read—*tune*; which, I think, can hardly be right. We meet, however, in *Macbeth* :

“*Mac.* Went it not so ?

“*Banq.* To the self-same *tune* and words.”

MALONE.

In the hand-writing of Shakspeare’s age, the words *time* and *tune* are scarcely to be distinguished from each other. STEEVENS.

Is not the sense of the context, with the following passage from *Hamlet*, a sufficient reason for restoring the reading of the folios ?—“ Thus has he only got

H ij

the

the TUNE of the time, and outward habit of encounter."

HENLEY.

404. —[full of gawds,] *Gawds* are any showy ornaments. So, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633:

"To caper in his grave, and with vain *gawds*

"Trick up his coffin."

STEEVENS.

407. *Sound on unto the drowsy race of night*;] We should read: *Sound one* —. WARBURTON.

I should suppose *sound on* (which is the reading of the old copy) to be the true one. The meaning seems to be this; *if the midnight bell, by repeated strokes, was to hasten away the race of beings who are busy at that hour, or quicken night itself in its progress, the morning bell (that is, the bell that strikes one) could not, with strict propriety, be made the agent; for the bell has ceased to be in the service of night, when it proclaims the arrival of day. Sound on has a peculiar propriety, because, by the repetition of the strokes at twelve, it gives a much more forcible warning than when it only strikes one.*

Such was once my opinion concerning the old reading; but, on re-consideration, its propriety cannot appear more doubtful to any one than to myself.

It is too late to talk of hastening the night, when the arrival of the morning is announced; and I am afraid that the repeated strokes have less of solemnity than the single notice, as they take from the horror and awful silence here described as so propitious to the dreadful purposes of the king. Though the hour of *one* be not the natural midnight, it is yet the most solemn

solemn moment of the poetical one; and Shakspeare himself has chosen to introduce his Ghost in *Hamlet*:

“The bell then beating *one*.”

Mr. Malone observes, “that *one* and *on* are perpetually confounded in the old copies of our author.”

STEEVENS.

One and *on* seem in our author's time to have been pronounced alike. Hence the transcriber's ear might have been easily deceived.

That these words were sometimes pronounced in the same manner, appears from a quibbling passage in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“*Speed*. Sir, your glove.

“*Valiant*. Not mine; my gloves are *on*.

“*Speed*. Why then this may be yours, for this is but *one*.”

So, *once* was anciently written, as it was probably pronounced, *ons*.

In Chaucer, and other old writers, *one* is usually written *on*. See the Glossary to the *Canterbury Tales*, Tyrwhitt's edition, 1775.

The instances that are found in the original editions of our author's plays, in which *on* is printed instead of *one*, are so numerous, that there cannot, in my apprehension, be the smallest doubt that the latter is the true reading in the line before us. Thus, in *Coriolanus*, edit. 1623.

“———This double worship,

“Where *on* past does disdain with cause, the
other

“Insult without all reason.”

Again,

Again, in *Cymbeline*, edit. 1623, p. 380,

“———Perchance he spoke not,

“ But like a full acorn’d boare, a Jarmen *on*,” &c.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, edit. 1623, p. 66,

“ And thou and *Romeo* press *on* heavie bier.”

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*, edit. 1623, p. 98,

“ *On*, whose hard heart is button’d up with steele.”

Again, in *All’s Well that Ends Well*, edit. 1623: “ A traveller is a good thing after dinner—but *on* that lies two thirds,” &c.

Again, in *Love’s Labour Lost*, 4to. 1598:

“ *On*, whom the musick of his own vain tongue—”

Again, *ibid.* edit. 1623:

“ *On*, her hair were gold, chrystal the other’s eyes.”

I should not have produced so many passages to prove a fact, of which no one can be ignorant, who has the slightest knowledge of the early editions of these plays, had not the author of *Remarks, &c. on the last edition of Shakspeare*, asserted, p. 238, with that modesty and accuracy which distinguish his writings, that the foregoing observation was made by one totally unacquainted with the old copies, and that “ it would be difficult to find a *single instance*” in which *on* and *one* were confounded in those copies. MALONE.

418. ————*using conceit alone*,] *Conceit* here, as in many other places, signifies *conception*, thought.

MALONE.

420. ————*broad-ry’d*——] The old copy reads—*brooded*. Mr. Pope made the alteration, which, however

ever elegant, may be unnecessary. All animals while brooded, i. e. with a brood of young ones under their protection, are remarkably vigilant. The king says of Hamlet:

“——something's in his soul

“O'er which his melancholy sits at brood.”

STEEVENS.

450. *A whole armado, &c.*] *Armado* is a Spanish word signifying a *fleet of war*. The *armado* in 1588 was called so by way of distinction. STEEVENS.

——of collected *sail*] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads—*convicted*. STEEVENS.

The true reading, I believe, is, *connected*: *u* is constantly used in the folio for *v*; in the present instance one of the *n*'s might have been turned upside down in the press, an accident which frequently happens. The words *scattered* and *disjoined* support this conjecture. *Convicted*, however, may be right, and might have meant *subdued*, *destroyed*, from the Latin participle *convictus*, or from the French *convaincre*. To *convince* is used, with equal licence, in the sense of to *conquer*:

“——This malady *convinces*

“The great assay of art——” *Macbeth*.

MALONE.

451. ——*scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.*] *Fellowship* formerly signified the aggregate of a military force under the same commander. Frequent instances of the word, in this acceptation, may be seen

seen in Fenn's Collection of the *Paston Letters*.

HENLEY.

460. —in so fierce a cause,] A fierce cause is a cause conducted with precipitation. "Fierce wretchedness," in Timon, is, *hasty, sudden misery*.

STEEVENS.

465. ———a grave unto a soul ;

Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,

In the vile prison of afflicted breath:] I think we should read *earth*. The passage seems to have been copied from Sir Thomas More: "If the body be to the soule a prison, how strait a prison maketh he the body, that stuffeth it with *riff-raff*, that the soule can have no room to stirre itself—but is, as it were, enclosed not in a prison, but in a *grave*." FARMER.

Perhaps the old reading is justifiable. So, in *Measure for Measure* :

"To be *imprison'd* in the viewless winds."

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's example is foreign to his purpose, as it refers to the situation of a soul *set free from the body*, and not *imprisoned in it*.

HENLEY.

471. *No, I defy, &c.] To defy* anciently signified to *refuse*.

STEEVENS.

480. *And stop this gap of breath—]* The *gap of breath* is the mouth; the outlet from whence the breath issues.

MALONE.

483. *And buss thee as thy wife!]* Thus the old copy. The word *buss*, however, being now only used in vulgar language, our modern editors have exchanged it for

for *kiss*. The former is used by Drayton in the 3d canto of his *Barons' Wars*, where queen Isabel says,

"And we by signs sent many a secret *buss*."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. 10.

"But every satyre first did give a *busse*

"To Hellenore; so *busses* did abound."

Again, Stanyhurst, the translator of *Virgil*, 1582, renders

"———*oscula libavit natæ*———

"*Bust* his pritty parrat prating," &c.

STEEVENS.

487. *Oh, that my tongue, &c.*] So, in *The Petite Palace of Pleasure*, 4to. bl. let. "O that my *mouthe* could cause my woordes to mount above the skies to make the gods bend down their eyes." HENDERSON.

491. —modern *invocation*.] It is hard to say what Shakspere means by *modern*: it is not opposed to *ancient*. In *All's Well that Ends Well*, speaking of a girl in contempt, he uses this word: "her *modern* grace." It apparently means something *slight* and *inconsiderable*.

JOHNSON.

Modern, I believe, is *trite*, *common*. STEEVENS.

493. *Thou art unholy*——] The old copy has:

Thou art holy——

Rowe reads:

"Thou art *not* holy to believe me so."

MALONE.

510. *Bind up those tresses*:——] It was necessary that Constance should be interrupted, because a passion so violent cannot be borne long. I wish the

I

following

following speeches had been equally happy ; but they only serve to shew, how difficult it is to maintain the pathetick ong.

JOHNSON.

513. — *wiry* friends] The old copy reads, *wiry* fiends. *Wiry* is an adjective used by Heywood in his *Silver Age*, 1613 :

“ My vassal furies, with their *wiry* strings,

“ Shall lash thee hence.”

STEEVENS.

Fiends is obviously a typographical error. As the epithet *wirey* is here attributed to *hair* ; so, in another description, the *hair* of Apollo supplies the office of *wire*.—In the *Instructions to the commissioners for the choice of a wife for prince Arthur*, it is directed “ to note the eye-browes” of the young queen of Naples (who, after the death of Arthur, was married to Henry VIII. and divorced by him for the sake of Anna Bulloyn). They answer, “ Her browes are of a browne heare, very small, like a *wyre* of heare.” Thus also, Gascoigne :

“ First for her head, the hairs were not of gold,

“ But of some other mettall farre more fine,

“ Wherof each crinet seemed to behold,

“ Like glistring *wyars* against the sunne that shine.—”

HENLEY.

530. — *but yesterday suspire,*] To *suspire*, in Shakspeare, I believe, only means to *breathe*. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II.

“ Did he *suspire*, that light and weightless down

“ Perforce must move.”

STEEVENS.

Both instances imply that *suspire* refers to a reclined

or

or prostrate state of the body, with the face upward.

HENLEY.

531. —a gracious creature born.] Gracious, i. e. graceful.

STEEVENS.

543. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,]

“Perfruitur lachrymis, et amat pro conjugeluctum.” Lucan, lib. ix.

A French poet, Maynard, has the same thought:

“Men deuil me plaît et me doit toujours plaire,

“Il me tient lieu de celle que je plains.” MALONE.

549. —had you such a loss as I,

I could give better comfort——]

This is a sentiment which great sorrow always dictates. Whoever cannot help himself, casts his eyes on others for assistance, and often mistakes their inability for coldness.

JOHNSON.

557. There's nothing in this, &c.] The young prince feels his defeat with more sensibility than his father. Shame operates most strongly in the earlier years; and when can disgrace be less welcome than when a man is going to his bride?

JOHNSON.

595. How green, &c.] Hall, in his Chronicle of Richard III. says, “—what neede in that grene worlde the protector had,” &c.

HENDERSON.

597. —true blood,] The blood of him that has the just claim.

JOHNSON.

The expression seems to mean no more than innocent blood in general.

REMARKS.

604. No scape of nature,—] The old copy reads: —No scope, &c.

STEEVENS.

The word *abortives*, in the latter part of this speech, referring apparently to these *scapes of nature*, confirms the emendation of the old copy that has been made.

MALONE.

624. —*they would be as a call*] The image is taken from the manner in which birds are caught; one being placed for the purpose of drawing others to the net, by his note or *call*.

MALONE.

626. *Or, as a little snow,—*] Bacon, in his *History of Henry VII.* speaking of Simnel's march, observes, that "their *snow-ball* did not gather as it went."

JOHNSON.

632. —*strong actions:—*] The oldest copy reads —*strange actions*: the folio 1632—*strong*. STEEVENS.

ACT IV.

Line 17. *YOUNG gentlemen, &c.*] It should seem that this affectation had found its way into England, as it is ridiculed by Ben Jonson in the character of Master Stephen in *Every Man in his Humour*. Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Queen of Corinth*, Onos says:

"Come let's be *melancholy*."

Again, in Lilly's *Midas*, 1592: "*Melancholy!* is *melancholy* a word for a Barber's mouth? Thou should'st say,

say, heavy, dull, and doltish : *melancholy* is the crest of courtiers, and now every base companion, &c. says he is *melancholy*." Again, in the *Life and Death of the Lord Cromwell*, 1613 :

" My nobility is wonderful *melancholy*.——

" Is it not most gentleman-like to be *melancholy* ?"

STEEVENS.

Lilly, in his *Midas*, ridicules the affectation of *melancholy*, " Now every base companion, being in his *muble fubles*, says, he is *melancholy*.—Thou should'st say thou art *lumpish*. If thou encroach on our courtly terms, weele trounce thee."

FARMER.

68. ——— would drink my tears,

And quench this fiery indignation,] These last words are taken from the Bible. In the Epistle to the Hebrews, we read—" a certain fearful looking for of judgment and *fiery indignation*." ch. x. ver. 27.

WHALLEY.

108. *Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,*] This is according to nature. We imagine no evil so great as that which is near us.

JOHNSON.

114. *No, in good sooth, &c.*] The sense is : *the fire, being created not to hurt, but to comfort, is dead with grief for finding itself used in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have not deserved.*

JOHNSON.

117. *There is no malice in this burning coal;*] Dr. Grey says, " that no malice in a burning coal is certainly absurd, and that we should read :

" *There is no malice burning in this coal.*"

STEEVENS.

143. Go closely in with me;] *i. e.* secretly, privately. So, in *Albumazar*, 1610, act iii. sc. 1.

“I’ll entertain him here, mean while, steal you

“Closely into the room,” &c.

Again, in *The Atheist’s Tragedy*, 1612, act iv. sc. 1.

“Enter Frisco closely.”

147. *This once again—was once superfluous:] This one time more was one time more than enough.*

JOHNSON.

It should be remembered that king John was at present crowned for the *fourth time*. STEEVENS.

154. *To guard a title that was rich before,] To guard, is to fringe.* JOHNSON.

173. *They do confound their skill in covetousness:] i. e.* Not by their avarice, but in an eager emulation, an intense desire of excelling; as in *Henry V*.

“But if it be a sin to covet honour,

“I am the most offending soul alive.”

THEOBALD.

177. ————*in hiding of the fault,*

Than did the fault——] Fault means *blemish*. STEEVENS.

184. *Some reasons of this double coronation*

I have possess’d you with, and think them strong;

And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear)

I shall endue you with:——] I have told you some reasons; in my opinion *strong*, and shall tell more *yet stronger*; for the stronger my reasons are, the *less is my fear* of your disapprobation. This seems to be the meaning. JOHNSON.

192. To sound the purposes—] To declare, to publish the desires of all those. JOHNSON.

199. If, what in rest you have,—] The argument, I think, requires that we should read,

If what in rest you have, in right you hold *not*.—
The word *not* might have dropped out at the press. If this was not the case, and the old reading be the true one, there ought to be a note of interrogation after the word *exercise*, at the end of the sentence; so that the meaning might be—*If you are entitled to what you now quietly possess, why then should your fears move you, &c.* MALONE.

Perhaps we should read,

If what in *wrest* you have, in right you hold.—
i. e. if what you possess by an act of seizure or violence, &c.

So again in this play:

The imminent decay of *wrested* pomp.

Wrest is a substantive used by Spenser, and by our author in *Troilus and Cressida*. STEEVENS.

The emendation proposed by Mr. Steevens is its own voucher. If *then* and *should* change places, and a mark of *interrogation* be placed after *exercise*, the full sense of the passage will be restored:

“ If, what in *wrest* you have, in right you hold,

“ Why *should* your fears (which as they say attend

“ The steps of wrong) then move you to mew up

“ Your tender kinsman, and to choak his days

“ With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth

“ The rich advantage of good exercise ?”—

HENLEY.

204. ——— *good exercise* :] In the middle ages the whole education of princes and noble youths consisted in martial exercises, &c. These could not be easily had in a prison, where mental improvements might have been afforded as well as any where else; but this sort of education never entered into the thoughts of our active, warlike, but illiterate nobility. PERCY.

221. *Between his purpose and his conscience*,] Between his consciousness of guilt, and his design to conceal it by fair professions. JOHNSON.

222. *Like heralds, 'twixt two dreadful battles set* :] But heralds are not planted, I presume, in the midst betwixt two lines of battle; though they, and trumpets, are often sent over from party to party, to propose terms, demand a parley, &c. I have therefore ventured to read, *sent*. THEOBALD.

This Dr. Warburton has followed without much advantage; *set* is not *fixed*, but only *placed*; heralds must be *set* between battles, in order to be *sent* between them. JOHNSON.

224. *And, when it breaks*——] This is but an indelicate metaphor, taken from an imposthumated tumour. JOHNSON.

254. *From France to England*.——] The king asks *how all goes in France*? the messenger catches the word *goes*, and answers, that *whatever* is in France *goes* now into England. JOHNSON.

260. *O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?*
Where hath it slept?] So, in *Macbeth*:

“Was

"Was the hope drunk

"Wherein you drest yourself? hath it *sleep* since?"

STEEVENS.

304. *Deliver him to safety,——*] That is, *Give him into safe custody.*

JOHNSON.

331. *———five moons were seen to-night, &c.]*

This incident is mentioned by few of our historians: I have met with it no where but in *Matthew of Westminster* and *Polydore Virgil*, with a small alteration. These kinds of appearances were more common about that time, than either before or since.

GREY.

This incident is likewise mentioned in the spurious copy of the play.

STEEVENS.

347. *———slippers (which his nimble haste*

Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet)] I know

not how the commentators understand this important passage, which in Dr. Warburton's edition is marked as eminently beautiful, and, on the whole, not without justice. But Shakspeare seems to have confounded the man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frightened or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot. The author seems to be disturbed by the disorder which he describes.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson forgets that ancient *slippers* might possibly be very different from modern ones. Scott, in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, tells us: "He that receiveth a mischance, will consider, whether he put not on his shirt the wrong side outwards, or his *left shoe* on his *right foot*." One of the jests of Scogan by

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Andrew

Andrew Borde, is how he defrauded two Shoemakers, one of a *right foot* boot, and the other of a *left foot* one. And Davies, in one of his epigrams, compares a man to "a soft-knit *hose that serves each leg*."

FARMER.

In the *Fleire*, 1615, is the following passage: "—This fellow is like your *upright shoe*, he will serve either foot." From this we may infer, that some shoes could only be worn on that foot for which they were made. And Barrett in his *Alvearie*, 1580, as an instance of the word *wrong*, says: "—to put on his shoes *wrong*." Again, in *A merye Jest of a Man that was called Howleglas*, bl. let. no date: "Howleglas had cut all the lether for the *lefte foote*. Then when his master sawe all his lether cut for the *lefte foote*, then asked he Howleglas if there belonged not to the *lefte foote* a *righte foote*? Then sayd Howleglas to his maister, If that he had tolde that to me before, I would have cut them, but an it please you I shall cut as mani *right shoone* unto them." STEEVENS.

See Martin's *Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*, 1703, p. 207: "The generality now only wear shoes having one thin sole only, and *shaped after the right and left foot*, so that what is for one foot will not serve the other." The meaning seems to be, that the extremities of the shoes were not round or square, but were cut in an oblique angle, or aslant from the great toe to the little one. See likewise, the *Philosophical Transactions abridged*, vol. iii. p. 432, and vol. vii. p. 23, where are exhibited shoes and sandals shaped

shaped to the feet, spreading more to the outside than the inside.

TOLLET.

358. *It is the curse of kings, &c.*] This plainly hints at Davison's case, in the affair of Mary queen of Scots.

WARBURTON.

372. *Quoted—*] *i. e.* observed, distinguished.

STEEVENS.

381. *Hadst thou but shook thy head, &c.*] There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches vented against Hubert are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another.

This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn *ab ipsis recessibus mentis*, from the intimate knowledge of mankind, particularly that line in which he says, that *to have bid him tell his tale in express words*, would have struck him dumb; nothing is more certain, than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges.

JOHNSON.

420. The spurious play is divided into two parts, the first of which concludes with the king's dispatch of Hubert on this message; the second begins with "Enter Arthur," &c. as in the following scene.

STEEVENS.

435. *Whose private, &c.*] *i. e.* whose private account of the Dauphin's affection to our cause, is much more ample than the letters. POPE.

439. ————*or e'er we meet.*] This phrase, so frequent in our old writers, is not well understood. *Or* is here the same as *ere*, *i. e.* *before*, and should be written (as it is still pronounced in Shropshire) *ore*. There the common people use it often. Thus, they say, *Ore to-morrow*, for *ere* or *before to-morrow*. The addition of *ever*, or *e'er*, is merely augmentative.

That *or* has the full sense of *before*, and that *e'er* when joined with it is merely augmentative, is proved from innumerable passages in our ancient writers, wherein *or* occurs simply without *e'er*, and must bear that signification. Thus, in the old tragedy of *Master Arden of Feversham*, 1599, quarto (attributed by some, though falsely, to Shakspeare), the wife says:

"He shall be murdered *or* the guests come in."

Sig. H. B. III.

PERCY.

That *or* should be written *ore*, I am by no means convinced. The vulgar pronunciation of a particular county ought not to be received as a general guide. *Ere* is nearer the Saxon primitive, ær. STEEVENS.

448. ————*reason now.*] To *reason*, in Shakspeare, is not so often to *argue*, as to *talk*. JOHNSON.

486. ————*a holy vow*;

Never to taste the pleasures of the world,] This is a copy of the vows made in the ages of superstition and chivalry. JOHNSON.

491. —[*the worship of revenge.*] The *worship* is the *dignity*, the *honour*. We still say *worshipful* of *magistrates*. JOHNSON.

'Till I have set a glory to this hand,

[*By giving it the worship of revenge.*] I think it should be—a *glory to this head*—Pointing to the dead prince, and using the word *worship* in its common acceptation. A *glory* is a frequent term:

“Round a Quaker’s beaver cast a *glory*,”

says Mr. Pope: the solemn confirmation of the other lords seems to require this sense. The late Mr. Gray was much pleased with this correction. FARMER.

The old reading seems right to me, and means—*'till I have famed and renowned my own hand by giving it the honour of revenge for so foul a deed.* *Glory* means splendour and magnificence, in Matthew iv. 29. So, in Markham’s *Husbandry*, 1631, p. 353: “But if it be where the tide is scant, and doth no more but bring the river to a *glory*,” *i. e.* fills the banks without overflowing. So, in act ii. sc. 2. of this play:

“Oh, two such silver currents, when they join,

“Do *glorify* the banks that bound them in.”

A thought almost similar to the present, occurs in Ben Jonson’s *Catiline*, who, act iv. sc. 4. says to Cethegus: “When we meet again we’ll sacrifice to liberty. *Cet.* And revenge. That we may praise our hands once!”

i. e. Oh! that we may set a *glory*, or procure honour and praise, to our *hands*, which are the instruments of action.

TOLLET.

504. —true defence;] Honest defence; defence in a good cause. JOHNSON.

511. Do not prove me so;

Yet, I am none:—] Do not make me a murderer by compelling me to kill you; I am hitherto not a murderer. JOHNSON.

521. —your toasting-iron,] The same thought is found in *King Henry V.* “I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one, but what though? it will toast cheese.” STEEVENS.

547. There is not yet, &c.] I remember once to have met with a book, printed in the time of Henry VIII. (which Shakspeare possibly might have seen) where we are told that the deformity of the condemned in the other world is exactly proportioned to the degrees of their guilt. The author of it observes how difficult it would be, on this account, to distinguish between Belzebub and Judas Iscariot.

STEEVENS.

573. The un-owed interest—] i. e. the interest which has no proper owner to claim it. STEEVENS.

580. The imminent decay of wrested pomp.] *Wrested pomp* is greatness obtained by violence. JOHNSON.

581. —and cincture—] The old copy reads—center, probably for ceinture, Fr. STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT V.

Line 20. ——— *A gentle convertite,*] *A convertite* is a *convert*. So, in Marlow's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

“No, governour, I'll be no *convertite*.”

STEEVENS.

60. ——— *Forage, and run*] To *forage* is here used in its original sense, for to *range abroad*. JOHNSON.

74. *Mocking the air with colours*——] He has the same image in *Macbeth*:

“Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky,

“And fan our people cold.”

JOHNSON.

From these two passages, Mr. Gray seems to have formed the first stanza of his celebrated ode:

“Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!

“Confusion on thy banners wait!

“Though fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,

“They mock the air in idle state.” MALONE.

80. *Away then, with good courage; yet I know,*

Our party may well meet a prouder foe.] Faulconbridge means; for all their boasting, I know very well that our party is able to cope with one yet prouder and more confident of its strength than theirs.

STEEVENS.

82. ——— *at St. Edmund's-Bury.*] I have ventured to fix the place of the scene here, which is specified by

by none of the editors, on the following authorities. In the preceding act, where Salisbury has fixed to go over to the Dauphin; he says,

Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmund's-Bury.

And count Melun, in this last act, says,

———*and many more with me,*

Upon the altar at St. Edmund's-Bury;

Even on that altar, where we swore to you

Dear amity, and everlasting love.

And it appears likewise from *The Troublesome Reign of King John, in two parts* (the first rough model of this play), that the interchange of vows betwixt the Dauphin and the English barons, was at *St. Edmund's-Bury*.

THEOBALD.

84. ———*the precedent, &c.] i. e. the original treaty between the Dauphin and the English lords.*

STEEVENS.

117. *And grapple thee, &c.]* The old copy reads: *And cripple thee, &c.* Perhaps our author wrote *griple*, a word used by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, song 1.

“That thrusts his *griple* hand into her golden maw.”

STEEVENS.

125. *Between compulsion, and a brave respect!]* This *compulsion* was the necessity of a reformation in the state; which, according to Salisbury's opinion (who, in his speech preceding, calls it an *enforced cause*), could only be procured by foreign arms: and the *brave respect* was the love of his country.

WARBURTON.

145. —an angel spake:] The Dauphin does not yet hear the legate indeed, nor pretend to hear him; but seeing him advance, and concluding that he comes to animate and authorise him with the power of the church, he cries out, *at the sight of this holy man, I am encouraged as by the voice of an angel.* JOHNSON.

186. —as I have bank'd their towns?] *Bank'd their towns* may mean, thrown up entrenchments before their towns.

The spurious play of *King John*, however, leaves this interpretation extremely disputable. It appears from thence, that these salutations were given to the Dauphin as he sailed along the banks of the river. This I suppose Shakspeare calls *banking* the towns.

“ —from the hollow holes of Thamesis

“ Echo apace replied, *Vive le roy!*

“ From thence along the wanton rolling glade

“ To Troynovant, your fair metropolis.”

We still say to *coast* and to *flank*; and to *bank* has no less of propriety, though it is not reconciled to us by modern usage. STEEVENS.

215. *This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,*] Another reading might be recommended:

This unair'd sauciness, —

i. e. *untravell'd* rudeness. In this sense the word is used in the *Queen of Corinth*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ —'tis a main posture,

“ And to all *unair'd* gentlemen will betray you.”

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*: “ —though I have
L been,

been, for the most part, *aired* abroad, I desire to lay my bones," &c. STEEVENS.

220. ——— *take the hatch*;] To *take the hatch*, is to *leap the hatch*. To *take a hedge* or a *ditch*, is the hunter's phrase. STEEVENS.

So, in Massinger's *Fatal Dowry*, 1632:

"I look about and neigh, *take hedge* and *ditch*,

"Feed in my neighbour's pastures." MALONE.

231. ——— *like an eagle o'er his airy towers*,] An *airy* is the nest of an eagle. STEEVENS.

239. *Their needles to lances*,——] Here we should read *neelds*, as in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"Have with our *neelds* created both one flower."
Fairfax has the same contraction of the word.

STEEVENS.

276. ——— *Richard*——] Sir *Richard Faulconbridge*; —and yet the king a little before (act iii. sc. 2.) calls him by his original name of *Philip*. STEEVENS.

293. *Unthread the rude eye of rebellion*,] Shakspeare elsewhere uses the same expression, *threading dark-ey'd night*. STEEVENS.

306. ——— *even as a form of wax*] This is said in allusion to the images made by witches. Holinshed observes, that it was alleged against dame Eleanor Cobham and her confederates, "that they had devised an *image of wax*, representing the king, which by their sorcerie by little and little consumed, intending thereby in conclusion to waste and destroy the king's person." STEEVENS.

319. ———*rated treachery,*] It were easy to change *rated* to *hated* for an easier meaning, but *rated* suits better with *fine*. The Dauphin has *rated* your treachery, and set upon it a *fine* which your lives must pay.

JOHNSON.

342. *Right in thine eye.*——] This is the old reading. *Right* signifies *immediate*. It is now obsolete. Some of the modern editors read, *pight*, *i. e.* pitched as a tent is; others, *fight in thine eye*.

STEEVENS.

343. ———*happy newness, &c.*] Happy innovation, that purposed the restoration of the ancient rightful government.

JOHNSON.

350. —*tatter'd*——] For *tatter'd*, the folio reads *tottering*.

JOHNSON.

It is remarkable through such old copies of our author as I have hitherto seen, that wherever the modern editors read *tatter'd*, the old editions give us *totter'd* in its room. Perhaps the present broad pronunciation, almost particular to the Scots, was at that time common to both nations.

So, in Marlow's *King Edward II.* 1622:

“This *tottered* ensign of my ancestors.”

Again,

“As doth this water from my *totter'd* robes.”

So, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

“I will not bid my ensign-bearer wave

“My *totter'd* colours in this worthless air.”

L i j

STEEVENS.

356.

356. *And your supplies,—*] The old copy has *supply*. There is no need of change. The poet has already used the word as a noun of multitude :

“ ———— for the great *supply*

“ *Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.*” MALONE.

416. *Is touch'd corruptibly ; ———*] *Corruptibly* for *corruptively*. The mistake was, however, probably the author's. MALONE.

431. *Leaves them : invisible his siege is now,*
Against the mind, ———] Thus the old copy, except that it reads—*invisible and, &c.*

STEEVENS.

434. *——— in their throng and press ———*] In their tumult and hurry of resorting to the last tenable part.

JOHNSON.

440. *——— you are born*

To set a form upon that indigest

Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.]

A description of the Chaos, almost in the very words of Ovid :

Quem dixere Chaos, rudis indigestaque moles.

Met. 1.

WHALLEY.

452. This scene has been imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Wife for a Month*, act iv.

STEEVENS.

453. *To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ;*] Decker, in the *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609, has the same thought :

“ ——— the

" —the morning waxing cold, thrust his frosty fingers into thy bosome."

Again, in a pamphlet entitled *The Great Frost, Cold Doings, &c. in London*, 1608. "The cold hand of winter is thrust into our bosoms." STEEVENS.

There is so strong a resemblance, not only in the thought, but in the expression, between these lines and the following passages, that we may fairly suppose an imitation:

"Oh I am dull, and the cold hand of sleep

"Hath thrust his icy fingers in my breast,

"And made a frost within me." *Lust's Dominion*.

Again,

"O poor Zabina, O my queen, my queen,

"Fetch me some water for my burning breast,

"To cool and comfort me with longer date."

Tamburlaine, 1591.

Lust's Dominion, like many of the plays of that time, remained unpublished for a great number of years, and was first printed in 1657, by one Kirkman. It must, however, have been written before 1593, in which year Marlowe died. MALONE.

536. *If England to itself do rest but true.*] This sentiment is borrowed from the conclusion of the old spurious play:

"If England's peers and people join in one,

"Nor pope, nor France, nor Spain, can do them wrong."

STEEVENS.

Shakspeare's

Shakspeare's conclusion seems rather to have been borrowed from these two lines of the old play :

" Let England live but true within itself,

" And all the world can never wrong her state."

MALONE.

THE END.



